

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to everyone according to his needs.

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NO. I.

JAPAN REVISITED.

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I., K.C.I.E.,
AND "CHOKUNIN" OF "THE RISING SUN OF JAPAN."

CITY AND COUNTRY.

IT is good for a man who wants a little repose to find himself back again in Japan; and best of all, perhaps, when he happens to arrive in the company of the Japanese spring. We brought the goddess up with us from Honolulu, where she seems to find a changeless refuge, along with the swallows and the scarlet hibiscus, until the equinox bids her steal home again to look after the plum and the cherry blossoms in Dai Nippon.

Not that one would exactly advise any intending visitor to this pleasant country to come so early as the 21st of March, the date when the steamship *Belgic*, for a second time, landed me on the shores of Japan. March, to speak strict truth, is one of the least agreeable months of the Japanese year—wild, windy and winterly, although the plum trees will all be in blossom then, with the camellias and the yamabuki. There were heavy snowstorms in Tokyo after we disembarked, and much unsettled weather, continuing well into April, towards the end of which month the true Japanese spring appears to commence in warm, delightful days, alternating, however, with heavy rains. Still, those who can come early in the season will lose much if they neglect their privileges. They will not be able immediately to lay aside overcoats and warm underclothing, nor will they realize, just at first, that they are in Asia, and upon the same parallel of latitude with Morocco and Port Said. But they will see the lowlands silvered with plum blooms while the hilltops are still white with snow; and they will watch the tender new foliage break suddenly, as if by magic, upon the willows and the azalea thickets, amidst the never-altering dark green masses of the pine and cryptomeria, and the equally permanent feathery forests of the bamboo. They may observe, if so inclined, the interesting toils by which the rice fields are prepared for their summer fertility; and, surely, nobody can ever eat a rice pudding or a curry again without gratitude and respect towards the Asiatic laborer, who has seen how he stands, calf-deep in the black mud, day after day, hooking the heavy dead roots over, one after the other, to make the planting bed for the spring crop.

There is, indeed, no harder agricultural labor than that involved in the cultivation of the rice plant, which, alas! is such damp, sticky work from beginning to end that one wonders the poor *hyakushô*—the farmer—does not become web-footed in the course of so many generations of wading and dabbling. In March the Japan-



ese rice fields are, no doubt, very ugly, dismal, black trapeziums, disconsolate rhomboids, depressing squares and damp ovals, of black mud, with cropped stumps of last year's harvest everywhere protruding. April will see the earth broken up, and May will cover every square foot with delicate green plants; but, meantime, if the beautiful, gradual brightening up of the Japanese hills does not suffice to content your eyes, the lowlands have, at least, the rape and the kabu in brilliant golden blossom, while all the drier fields, where the barley is beginning to ear and the sweet potatoes to show, are flushed with the delicate pink of the renga-bana, which the children pluck by armfuls for the joy of its color. The love of Japanese for flowers is, as everybody must confess, deep and sincere, and forms part of their nature; perhaps it is the artistic element in them which takes a sort of professional delight in the consummate perfection of the structure and the delicate harmony of tints which the commonest field flower exhibits. Where else in the world would you see woodcutters almost always finish off their heavy load of fuel with a great branch of wild plum blossom, or a big spray of red azalea bloom, or a large bunch of amaryllis, which they place proudly on the top of their burden before shouldering it to trudge wearily home?

The best season, on the whole, for a sojourn in Japan is from September until January, during which portion of the year you have dry and generally cloudless weather, most enjoyable for travelling, and an atmosphere cooled down from the moist, exhausting heats of the summer. If you have missed the season of the cherry blossoms—which, truly, is a serious loss, for words cannot tell how enchantingly fair is many a nook of Japan when the sakura is at its loveliest—you will be able to assist at the popular rejoicings over the maple leaf, the chrysanthemum and other floral favorites. The traveler who arrives in the early part of the year would do well to choose a steamer taking the route via the Sandwich islands to Yokohama, unless he voyages from Vancouver and by one of the Canadian "Empresses," which gives the advantage of a shorter passage. The middle route, too generally followed, is always cold and rough in winter and foggy in summer, be-

sides being blank, lonely and monotonous to a miserable degree. But if the steamer is to touch at Honolulu upon her trip to Japan, she runs, on the third day after starting, into the thirty-first parallel of latitude, where she is almost sure to find fine weather; and afterwards she picks up the trade winds, and gets a ten or twelve days' spell of typical Pacific days, blue, tranquil and restorative, besides that pleasant break in the long run which is derived from calling at the Hawaiian group and roaming about, even for a day, under the palms and bread-fruit trees of Queen Lilioukalani's delicious dominions. There is great comfort gained, very little time lost, by this slight divergence of route. If the San Francisco steamers are wisely directed, those that can do so will surely for the future adopt the southern course. It is the best road to Japan, as well as from it; and once regularly advertised and steadfastly established, it would greatly augment the number of passengers, I believe, visiting Japan via California.

The shores of Japan in the colder seasons of the year generally reserve a rough welcome for the voyager. It is a matter of habit with captains to expect wild weather in approaching the mouth of the Gulf of Yeddo, and yet one sees the hardy and fearless Japanese fishermen forty or fifty miles away from the coast in their open sampans, with only a rag of a sail, and their curious, spoon-shaped oars, to carry them to safety again. These boats, built of unpainted fir planks, with a deeply recessed stern and high stem-piece, make, however, wonderfully good weather of even a heavy sea, and are skilfully handled by the odd-looking fishermen in their fluttering kimono and blue headgear. There are so many of them in and about the gulf that on a dark night captains are reluctant to steam up the forty miles between the lighthouse and Yokohama, since it is almost impossible to avoid running one or more of them down. The harvest of the sea is hardly less important to Japan than that of her rice fields, for all the 40,000,000 of her people eat fish every day of their lives when they can get it. Thus, at all points of the coast, in all seasons, a vast population of fisherfolk is constantly employed with net and line in reaping that silver sea harvest which does not appear ever to diminish.



NIGHT IN TOKYO.

Japan has in these brave and industrious toilers a valuable recruiting ground for her navy, which, very efficient as it is, certainly ought to be made, with a view to the future position of the empire, twice as strong and effective. When the Isthmus of Panama disappears as a barrier of maritime intercourse, either by one scheme of interoceanic communication or another, an immense new commerce will assuredly arise in the now almost desolate waters of the Pacific ocean. Australia, New Zealand, New Guinea and the island groups will do business on fresh and unexpected scales with India, China, the United States, South America and the countries up and down "the Straits," in which future epoch it will be the fault of her own statesmen and of her brand-new parliament if Dai Nippon does not take a large and lively share.

Yokohama is not Japan, but only, like Kob , a town made up of all sorts of incongruous and diversified elements, where east and west, ancient and modern, meet in strange confusion. Yet what a bright and picturesque place the hybrid treaty port is, with its spacious harbor, its green, villa-dotted "bluffs" east and west, and

its splendid background of hills, Fujiyama now and again showing her majestic crest beyond them! There are not many panoramas in the whole world, to my mind, so constantly fresh, gay and interesting as that to be seen from the veranda or balconies of the Grand hotel on the Bund, which, by the way, is one of the very best and most comfortable of all oriental hostelrys. They are constructing at present a breakwater to extend from the mouth of "the Creek" to the inner lightship, which will give protection from the typhoons occasionally raging up and down the gulf. If this stands storm-proof, it will do away with the danger of dragging anchors and colliding, for the harbor is always populous with ships, and sometimes positively crowded with men-of-war of all nations, petroleum and flour vessels from the United States, sealing and whaling schooners, mail steamers, coasting steamers, junks, lighters, hulks and sampans.

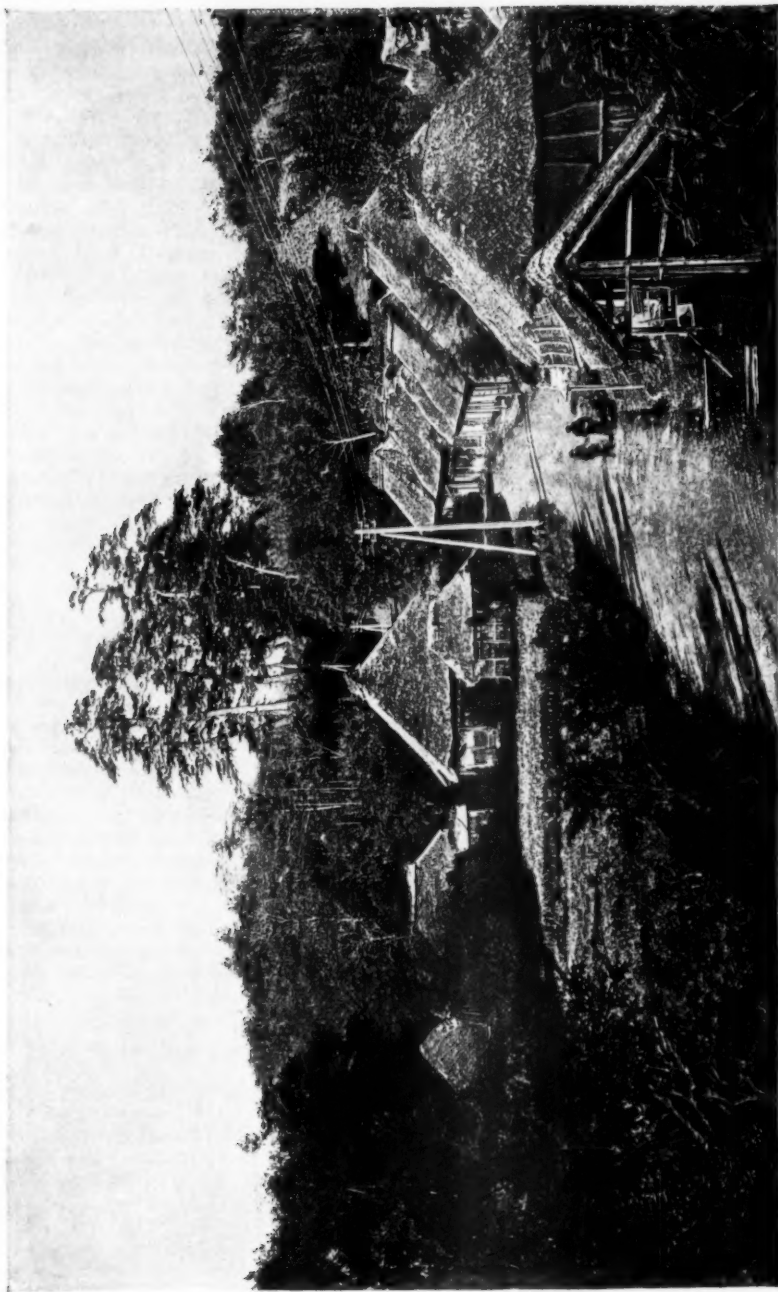
Cosmopolitan, however, as Yokohama has become, with its foreign consulates and settlements and large admixture of Chinese, European and American visitors, besides resident merchants from all parts,

there is plenty of the real Japan to be studied if you wander towards Kanagawa by the Minato Bashi or Kame-no-Bashi—the "Southern bridge" and "Tortoise bridge"—while the environs of the great and busy town contain some of the most charming and characteristic spots which can be visited in the entire country. The shaded coast of Tomioka; the peonies and lilies of famous ancient Kanazawa, and the fair, wide "Plains of Heaven" there; the plum gardens of Kamada; or down the Tokaido road to the temples and lotus ponds and old-world relics of Kamakura, with the vast, benignant Buddha of bronze—called the Daibutsu; delightful little Enoshima, the Island of Dragons; with Yokosuka, the chief arsenal and dockyard of the empire—all these, and many other sites of interest, are within easy reach of the chattering jinrikisha-stand outside the hotel.

But most newcomers, and all returning visitors, naturally hasten up to Tokyo, only eighteen miles distant, by a convenient little railway which runs through rice fields, bamboo groves, and plum and pear gardens to "New bridge," Shimbashi, at the end of the Ginza, the chief thoroughfare of the great city. For great, indeed, is Tokyo, by whatever standard you measure her. The metropolis of Japan ranks, be it known, among the twelve largest cities of the whole world for population and extent of area, containing about 1,300,000 inhabitants, and covering nearly as much ground as London herself within the "Inner Circle." It makes no metropolitan show to match these large figures, and has no buildings of the smallest architectural interest or magnificence apart from the temples in the Shiba park, a few scattered specimens of good native domestic residences, and the really grand masonry of the Shiro, or imperial castle. The walls of the castle—itsself as big as many a city—are truly Cyclopean in structure, and look really imposing as they jut out their projecting basements into the winding moat, O Hori, "the honorable ditch." But excepting these temple tombs of the Shoguns at Shiba, and a great shrine or two in Asakusa and Tsukiji, the huge capital, viewed from any elevation, presents much such an appearance as would an interminable plain covered with endless and prodigious mushrooms. That is what the

Japanese houses chiefly resemble, with their gray sides and black and white roofs; and the larger portion of them being one-storied, the enormous city squats flat to the earth, hardly a break occurring in its dead level of insignificance. There is, in fact, the dome of a Russian church in one quarter, a yellow tower upon Atago in another, and some steep black temple gables here and there, which alone catch the eye above the wilderness of tiles and shingles, as far as edifices are concerned; with, now and then, the white gleam of new fir-wood, stretching far and wide in a bright patch amidst the dull gray of old, weather-stained houses and dusty street fronts, to tell where the last great fire has burned a big hole in the inflammable capital.

But nature has done much for Tokyo. She has given her not merely seven hills, as to ancient Rome, but seventy, which rise all round about the great sea marsh on which the city is principally built, redeeming its appearance with a handsome rolling border of rich foliage and lofty banks of residences, besides bestowing the two intra-urban parks of Ueno and Shiba, which are full of noble forest timber, cryptomeria, oak, bamboo, camphor and elm. It is, moreover, when you begin to traverse Tokyo from end to end, on various errands of pleasure or business, in different directions, that you learn what a huge and busy world of life and industry it is. There are over 3300 temples and shrines in her streets and lanes, of which ten out of eleven are Buddhist. There are thousands of bridges, large and small, for Tokyo is as full of rivers and canals as Bangkok or Venice. Tens of thousands of quaint, high-prowed boats and barges go up and down these networks of water. On their banks and in the open spaces are to be seen thronged and busy markets. Every street and lane is lined with shops, large and small, wherein all sorts of trades and small manufactures are pursued. An endless stream of citizens, male and female, old and young, loitering for pleasure or hastening upon business, fills the causeways, which have no sidewalks, and therefore seem to run like living rivers bank-high. All the children of each neighborhood, moreover, make the adjacent street their playground. They fly their kites there, there they beat to and



THE TOKAIDO ROAD.

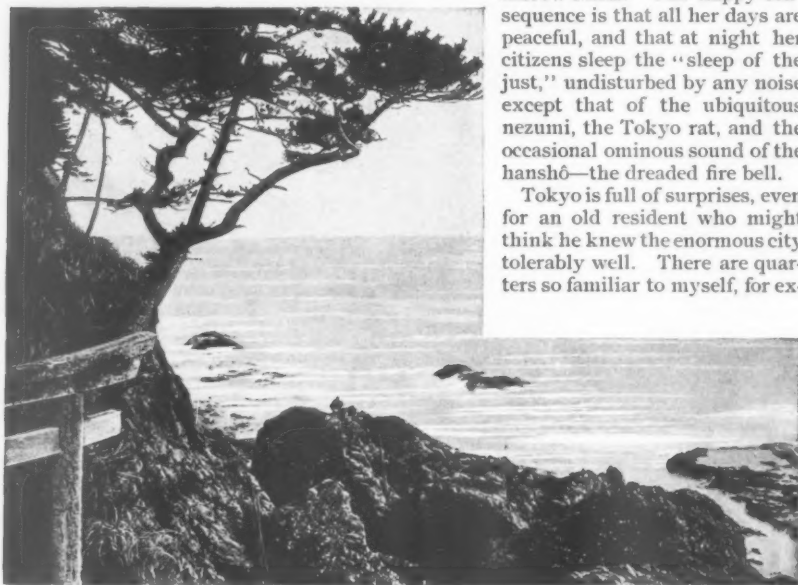
fro their shuttlecocks ; they play there, in merry little demure groups, at ken, the Japanese "Buck ! buck ! how many fingers do I hold up ?" or at the fox-game, or at the "blind devil ;" or they gather round the Ameya, to see him blow sweetmeats of grotesque shape out of bean-paste ; while the vender of fish shuffles along with his tubs ; the newspaper man rings his bell ; the babies "wobble" on the backs of their mothers, sisters and aunts ; and the neatly-decked geishas, with sober haori covering their finery, and black tresses coiffed until not a single hair is astray, trot on clattering geta to the dinner party where they are engaged to dance and sing.

Why is it, then, you ask yourself, that in this vast capital there prevails such peace and calm ? Fresh from New York, from Chicago, from San Francisco, the immense solitudes of the Pacific have scarcely succeeded in effacing from your tingling nerves and throbbing ears the rattle and hurry and clamor of modern American existence in the great centres of republican civilization. What makes Tokyo so different ? Why can you stroll along its endless streets, absorbed in fan-

cies or memories, without being recalled to vigilance by deafening uproar or by actual danger to life or limb ? The answer lies in the absence of horse traffic. It is that and the happy lack of tram cars, electric cars, omnibuses, and all the other vehicles of daily use in America, which give to these Asiatic highways their tranquillity and safety. Except in the Ginza and Nihombashi, with one or two other main thoroughfares, those noisy necessities of locomotion will not be seen. The little two-wheeled "ricksha," gliding everywhere innocently and noiselessly, transacts almost all the "movement" of the great capital, so that the streets are as safe for children and infirm people as they are quiet for everybody. There must be more than 100,000 jinrikishas in Tokyo ; for all the world rides in these cheap, commodious and rapid, if ridiculous, conveyances, of which the two-legged steeds never shy nor jib nor bolt, and very seldom stumble or fall. Not the least marvellous or admirable thing about modern Japan is the manner in which she has invented, and universally adopted, a mode of locomotion that so exactly suits her people, her towns and cities and her narrow roads.

The happy consequence is that all her days are peaceful, and that at night her citizens sleep the "sleep of the just," undisturbed by any noise except that of the ubiquitous nezumi, the Tokyo rat, and the occasional ominous sound of the hanshô—the dreaded fire bell.

Tokyo is full of surprises, even for an old resident who might think he knew the enormous city tolerably well. There are quarters so familiar to myself, for ex-



ENOSHIMA.

ample, and where I am so well known, that when I lately walked up from the railway station in Shimbashi to Azabu, every shop, almost, contained an acquaintance and every corner produced fresh salutations on what the pretty Nippon fashion styles my "honorable return." The pipestick seller and the lampman and the handsome little black-eyed wife at the fish shop, and the astrologer under the post-office wall and the priest at the temple of Kompira Sama and the boys and girls of the Kyobashi school, and the miller pounding rice, stark naked, and the 'ricksha men under the hill, all recognized me, and beamed upon me a more or less kindly welcome back to their city, in which I fancied I had in past days seen fairly well all the wonders, and among them the best and largest of those numerous parks and gardens which dot the prodigious area of the capital with so many oases of verdure that Tokyo is really the greenest city in the world. The pure air, uncontaminated by coal smoke or factories, permits this, and you may see delicate ferns growing wild in the stores of the Ginza; while the glory of the plum and cherry blossom is just as rosy at the right season in Shiba or Uyeno, and the wistaria droops in just as much purple splendor at Kameido as anywhere in the very heart of the country.

Yet it was only a few days ago that I found out how the country itself, with all of wood and stream, waterfall and hill, tangled thicket and lonely cave, shadowed lawns and glens full of rocks, and wild flowers and forest birds and beasts, which constitute rural beauty, could be seen and enjoyed in the very heart of this exhaustless metropolis. One Sunday afternoon in April last the Marquis Kuroda celebrated his coming of age by giving a garden party in the Koraku-En. A thousand invitations had been issued; their royal highnesses, the imperial princes Arisugawa and Komatsu, were to be present, with many ministers of state and members of the diplomatic body; so, being honored with a card, I repaired thither in the indispensable frock coat and tall hat of all Japanese social functions. It was entirely a gentlemen's gathering. Not a single silken petticoat rustled; not an obi glittered from first to last of the entertainment—except upon a geisha or two assisting the conjuring tricks—but (if it



WANDERING MINSTRELS.

be not ungallant to say so) it was all the better, since we could pay the more undivided attention to those extraordinary gardens. We might have been 100 ri from the huge city, instead of wandering, literally for miles, along the winding paths of a pleasure, in its very centre. In style and general design there is nothing like it in Japan. It was laid out by a famous Chinaman, named Shiunsui, who came over to Japan in 1659 A.D., to borrow troops from the Shogun with which to restore the Ming dynasty. He did not succeed in his mission, but he made so good an impression upon the Tokugawa Mitsukuni, as a polished scholar and man of the finest taste, that he was commissioned to create this pleasure garden in the then new city; for Tokyo or Jeddo, be it remembered, was only called into existence from the sea marsh in 1590 A.D. The Koraku-En is established in an entirely un-Japanese and natural manner, albeit with the utmost art. It contains lakes, islands, cascades, flowing streams, bridges, rocks, dense groves of bamboo and mighty timber trees, expanses of lawn and long arcades of foliage and flowers, some of it closely imitating scenes of well-known historical incidents of the

Chinese annals. There are many green and lonely localities within this vast area inside the Japanese metropolis, where the proximity of a city would never be suspected by anybody suddenly brought thither; but the Koraku-En, above and beyond them all, is almost like an enchanted spot, for its beauty, tranquillity and complete rural illusion.

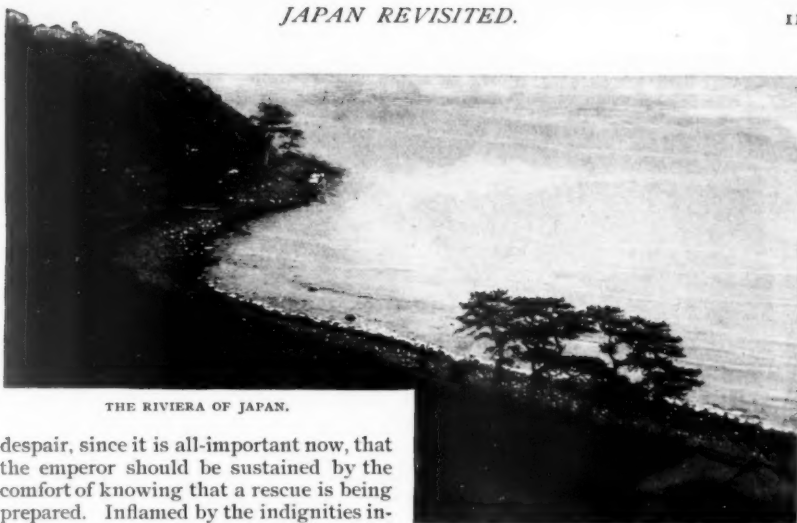
In this immense pleasance we wandered—princes and ministers and perpetually inflowing guests—directing our steps by devious paths towards the sound of a band of music, stationed on a pretty island called Chujima, in the middle of a lotus pond. Near to the gate the young marquis had cordially received us all, and thenceforward there was some fresh evidence of lavish hospitality and good will at every turn of his domains. In one place it would be a garden house, built like a temple, filled with colored cakes and refreshments; in another, long tables ranged under purple tents with more solid refreshments and champagne; in another, Japanese food in the Japanese manner, with mats and chopsticks; and in yet another the solemn ceremony of the Chano-yu going forward, with all the antique apparatus of the most ancient of tea drinkings. Here on a lawn accomplished geishas danced; there, in a picturesque kiosk, music, singing and story telling went briskly on, and elsewhere an adroit Japanese conjurer—the famous “Professor” Kitensai Shoichi—performed amazing and inexplicable feats.

But what is, perhaps, best worth recalling amid all the attractions of that Japanese fashionable fête was a play acted in the open air and upon the grass, which, by its intrinsic interest and the admirable skill of the players, drew us all together. The actors were amateurs, known as the “Soshi” troupe, but directed by one professional of high ability, Kawakami Otojirō. The piece represented was an old and well-known “gedan,” called “Kojima Bingo no Samuro,” which has for its theme the story of the Emperor Godaigo of Japan, and how, 600 years ago, he was loyally rescued from rebellious subjects who had imprisoned him, by the devotion of certain patriots, of whom Takanori was the chief.

We had to draw hard upon our imagination—and we drew; for the mise en

scene, as has been said, was just the grass plot with trees scattered about, and some purple and scarlet and white cloths festooned here and there to shut off the retiring spaces. Yet it was all quite as effective by dint of earnest and intelligent acting as though it had been done with perfect scenery at Daly's theatre in New York. First we saw the band of resolute samurai bent on rescuing their lord and master, grouped silently together on the woodland road by which his captors would pass, armed to the teeth with swords, spears, and bows and arrows. Very exact and true to antique details must be the costumes and equipments of those bygone lords of Japan before such an audience, and we beheld these old-world chevaliers “in their manner as they lived.” If you see old Japanese armor and the old-fashioned warrior dress on a lay figure, or in a picture, it looks grotesque and clumsy, but not so when it is well fitted to a living man and worn properly. Then I do not know a more soldier-like and gallant garb than the samurai's surcoat of parti-colored cloth, his shoulder pieces, greaves and leg armor of quilted cotton guarded with horn, tortoise shell or copper; his broad girdle carrying the two swords; his quiver full of arrows borne high above the right shoulder; his long bow strung, and his hair tied back in a stiff brush-like toupet at the top of his head. With his set face, his dark, impassive eyes, his sword hand planted akimbo on his hip or upon his sword hilt, and the left grasping the strung bow, each one of the loyal conspirators looked—as indeed they were—like warriors indifferent to death if it met them on the path of duty, when they seated themselves, cross-legged, in the forest ambush, and thus awaited their scout—we all intently watching.

Presently he enters, disguised as a peasant, in basin-shaped hat, and mino, or coat plaited of grass. But quickly flinging these aside he reveals the shining coat mail and graceful garments of one of themselves, a samurai, or Japanese knight. He has to give them the disappointing news that the emperor has been carried off on an unsuspected road and is by this time immured in a strong prison with numerous guards. Great dismay ensues, and the warrior patriots are inclined to



THE RIVIERA OF JAPAN.

despair, since it is all-important now, that the emperor should be sustained by the comfort of knowing that a rescue is being prepared. Inflamed by the indignities inflicted upon his sacred majesty, Takanori engages, alone and unaided, to communicate with the august prisoner, while his comrades collect more forces and prepare for action. They depart upon this mission; and we see Takanori stride off solitary and meditative, full of patriotic resolution, his dark face fixed as if it were moulded in bronze, bent on finding and on speaking with the emperor.

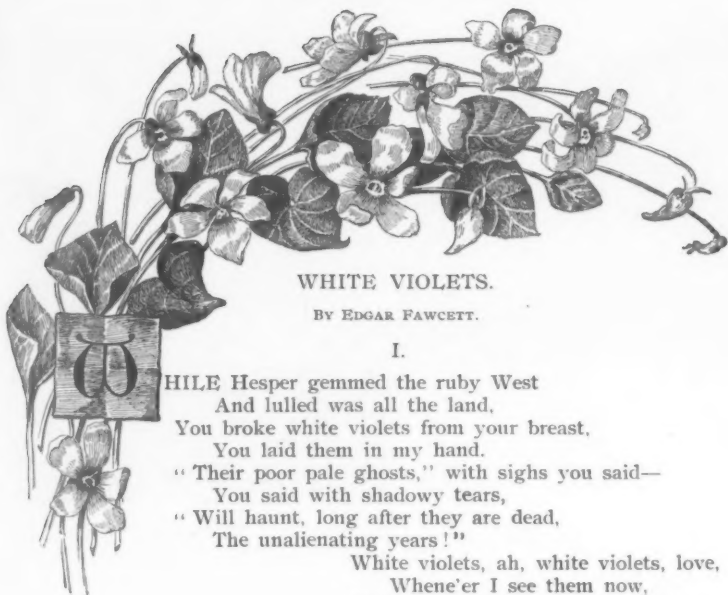
It is not to be accomplished! The next scene—produced by the simple expedient of tearing down a purple curtain and disclosing a wayside straw-built guardhouse where rebels are bivouacking—shows us the temporary prison of the Mikado, guarded in overwhelming strength. Takanori reconnoitres among the trees, but can effect nothing while those soldiers are chatting in front of the place. So he disappears, and soon comes back in a peasant's attire, carrying a tub of "sake" and some fish. The guards help themselves, of course, to these, at their own price or none at all, and afterwards go off hilarious to have a feast among the cooking pots behind. Then we see the young samurai fling off his vulgar covering of grass and his cotton leggings, and draw his short sword from its golden scabbard. What will he do with it? It is night, and the only light is given by the soldiers' fire burning near the guardhouse. He feels for and finds an eligible tree near by, and then deliberately slices shred after shred of bark from one of the finest of my lord

marquis's cherry stems, until he has got a large blank space of white wood on the tree. This space he dries and cleans with paper from his sleeve—for neither in ancient or modern times would a Japanese ever be without that—and then, drawing forth his ink-box—*yatate*—from his belt, he proceeds to write on the tree in Chinese characters a couplet which may be interpreted:

"Heaven will not have King Kosen's story vain;
It cannot be Hanrei comes not again!"

Hanrei was a faithful lord who rescued his sovereign in old days, and the samurai knows that the Emperor Godaigo will well comprehend that succor is nigh. He does see it! For just as Takanori has made a good job of the inscription, two soldiers come round in the dark and pounce upon him. He flings one after the other over his head and stabs them dead; after which, groping in the night for his grass coat and peasant's hat, he resumes his disguise and steals away, while at that moment the Emperor, stepping forth in high cap and long, embroidered sleeves, perceives and peruses the message left for him. The acting was admirable, and the story—singularly like that of our English King Richard and the minstrel Blondel—was most tellingly conveyed.

But now I am going away from Tokyo, to try to be idle on the seashore of Idzu.



WHITE VIOLETS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

I.

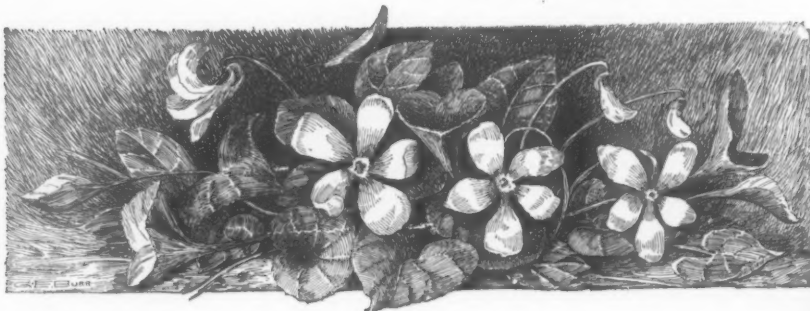
WHILE Hesper gemmed the ruby West
 And lulled was all the land,
 You broke white violets from your breast,
 You laid them in my hand.
 "Their poor pale ghosts," with sighs you said—
 You said with shadowy tears,
 "Will haunt, long after they are dead,
 The unalienating years!"

White violets, ah, white violets, love,
 Whene'er I see them now,
 Mysterious from their pallor steals
 The beauty of your white brow!

II.

I kissed the frail flowers one by one,
 With pangs of speechless pain.
 For me full many a future sun
 Might shine, yet shine in vain!
 For me, howe'er the altering scene
 Should shift from dark to fair,
 White violets must forever mean
 White memories of despair!

White violets, ah, white violets, love,
 In hope's last long eclipse;
 The fragrance is but anguish, now,
 That floats from their white lips!





"THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE OF THE
UNIVERSE."

THE DRUMMER OF COMPANY E.

BY ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER, U. S. ARMY.

THERE are two descriptions of Fort Sahatlin, one official, the other unofficial. The "official description" [1870] states that "this military post is located in lat. $40^{\circ} 32'$ N., long. 40° W.," that is to say, "on the Sahatlin Indian Reservation, in Idaho territory, on the left bank of Sahatlin creek, three miles from its confluence with the Koos-kooskie river. The nearest telegraph station is 100 miles from the post, the nearest railroad seven days' staging. The surrounding country forms a portion of the great plains of the Columbia. The face of the land is bare except for a sparse growth of bunch grass, and is marked by abrupt depressions and cañons, through the bottom of which the streams flow."

Semi-officially it may be added that these lowlands bear likeness to nothing so much as a calm ocean, rolling and swelling in unutterable barrenness and desolation. But if the wayfarer should follow down one of these creases between the hills, winding in and out, he will finally, much to his surprise, be disgorged into one of those "depressions through which a stream flows." Here, indeed, is a different prospect, a rich bottom land with a green ribbon of trees spread through it, and Indian wickiups and herds of Cayuse ponies dotting its narrow length; and so inclosed is this valley that the wayfarer may well be troubled to know how he got in or how he will get out, the entrance being lost in the general sameness of the two walls of bare, rolling hills which guard the course of the stream. To follow down the creek is to come to its mouth, to fol-

low it up is to go into the mountains; first into the timber and then into a wild region of rocky desert split with mighty cañons. Cañons like that of the "Snake," sinuous, tortuous, deep and dark, with precipitous sides of basaltic trap, around the bases of which the river slinks quickly and silently until, maybe, its course is checked by a sudden turn, or fallen boulders, and it then snarls and snaps and tears at the obstacle until, with a hoarse roar, it passes on and sullenly hides itself in its lair once more, between the black walls of its inaccessible caverns. But despite the savage desolation of these mountain fastnesses it is hard to choose between them and the wearisome monotony of the dry, rolling prairies of the lowlands. Indeed, the only choice for a living place is the narrow, sunken valleys of little streams like the Sahatlin, wherein the military post of Fort Sahatlin is tucked away.

Fort Sahatlin, the "official description" goes on to relate, is 700 feet above sea level; its mean temperature in summer is 70° , in winter, 34° ; the prevalent winds are from the south and west. The climate is healthful, there being no prevailing diseases. The report does not give the reading of the wet and dry bulb thermometer, probably because at the time the report was made there was none, the hospital steward having broken it the year before, and although the post surgeon had entered it on his annual requisition it had not as yet been supplied. But the average yearly rainfall is cited as being 16.36 inches. And this ends the "official description."

The unofficial description of Fort Sahatlin is not published, nor is it easy to obtain, being based altogether upon the private opinion of the garrison. Under that heading, first of all to be considered are the enlisted men, and what they think no one is really supposed to know except the first sergeant, and the first sergeant never permits himself to give expression to the opinion of the barrack room except when asked for it by his captain in the cause of discipline. Briefly, however, it was pretty generally understood that the enlisted men agreed in pronouncing Fort Sahatlin "the jumping-off place of the universe." Now, exactly what was meant by the "jumping-off place of the universe" it was left to the drummer of company E to show, and the manner in which he showed it is the purpose of this chronicle to relate.

"I confined Musician Morrow last night, sir, by order of the lieutenant," said the first sergeant, saluting, as he delivered the morning report to Lieutenant Humphrey, at that officer's quarters.

"What for?" said the lieutenant temporarily commanding Company E, as he dipped his pen in the ink preparatory to signing his name in the book.

"For being out of quarters, sir, after taps," replied the sergeant.

"Where was he?" said the lieutenant, dashing off his signature with the indifference of a man who knows beforehand what the answer will be.

"Well, sir," replied the sergeant, with slight hesitation, "he wasn't anywhere to speak of, only just sitting out on the barrack porch, in the dark, looking over to where some of the officers and ladies was talking on the steps of the lieutenant's quarters."

"Is that all that he was doing?" said the lieutenant, looking up.

"Well, sir," said the sergeant, "you see it ain't the first time, and what's more, perhaps if he had been out in the brush gambling, or over at the sutler's store, drinking, I wouldn't o' thought so much of it. But when I asked him why he wasn't in his quarters, he up and answered me that he was tired of being in his quarters. 'It's lonesome,' says he. 'Lonesome!' says I, 'what do you mean by that? Ain't there forty men in there to keep you company?' 'Yes,' says he,

'that's just it!' 'Well,' says I, not knowing what to make of it, 'what is it you're doing here at any rate?' 'I ain't doing anything,' says he, 'only listening to them talking and laughing and singing over there. It's pleasant to hear, though there's the length of the parade ground between them and me.' 'Well,' says I, 'the guardhouse is a little nearer, and moreover, maybe you won't be so lonesome there, so come along!' And so I took him over to the guardhouse. The fact is, lieutenant, he's been acting queer, lately. He seems sort o' dissatisfied, and I've been minded to speak to the lieutenant of it. He don't care for his grub and he don't care for drinking or amusing himself with the men in any sociable way, but goes off mooning by himself when he ain't on duty. And some of the non-commissioned officers have heard him say that he was getting tired of this sort of life, and it looks a good deal like he was getting ready to desert."

"Very well, sergeant," said the lieutenant, "you did right, of course. Just give my compliments to the officer of the day and ask him to send Morrow over to me, and I'll have a talk with him."

And the sergeant, saluting, departed, while the lieutenant, after a few moments' meditation, turned once more to his writing.

Presently the door of an adjacent room opened and Mrs. Humphrey came in, and leaning over her husband's shoulder whispered mysteriously in his ear, "Breakfast is ready, Dick."

Mrs. Humphrey had married the lieutenant less than a year before, while he was on recruiting service in New York, of which fact her youth and elaborate breakfast gown were in evidence. The lieutenant replied to her confidential announcement as became a young husband, but was interrupted by a stern rapping on the outer door.

"Come in!" he said brusquely, turning back to his desk.

The door opened and the sergeant of the guard stood there with his white-gloved hand at his gun in salute. "Prisoner Morrow has permission to see the lieutenant," he said.

"Very well, sergeant; send him in and wait outside."

Another armed salute and, the sergeant

stepping back, the drummer advanced into the room with his cap in his hand and his eyes on the floor. He was a dark, slender lad of eighteen, with a long, rather womanish face, not handsome, but interesting by reason of the trouble and melancholy upon it.

"Well, Morrow," said the lieutenant, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Nothing, sir," replied the drummer.

"Why were you out of your quarters last night?"

"I wasn't doing any harm, lieutenant."

"That is not what I asked you," said the lieutenant.

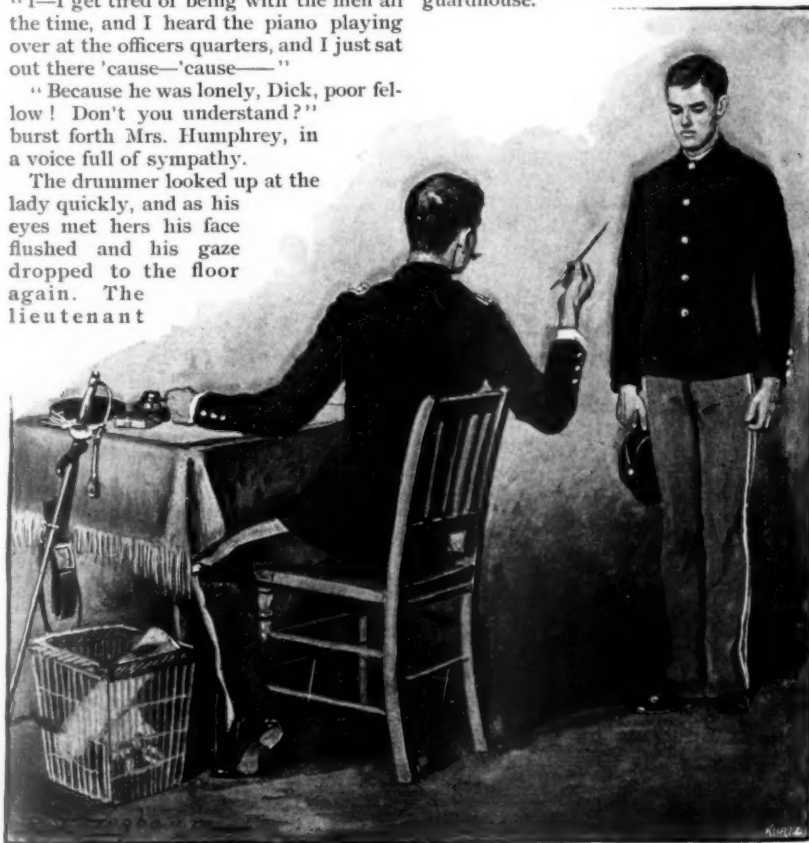
"Well, sir," said the boy, moving his head from side to side in a sort of protest. "I—I get tired of being with the men all the time, and I heard the piano playing over at the officers quarters, and I just sat out there 'cause—'cause——"

"Because he was lonely, Dick, poor fellow! Don't you understand?" burst forth Mrs. Humphrey, in a voice full of sympathy.

The drummer looked up at the lady quickly, and as his eyes met hers his face flushed and his gaze dropped to the floor again. The lieutenant

quietly laid his hand on his wife's, with a warning pressure.

"See here, Morrow," he said sternly, "this sort of thing won't do at all! You have no business to be out of your quarters after taps, you know that perfectly well. The next time that it occurs I shall prefer charges against you. I intend to overlook it this time, because I have had no reason to complain of you before. But after guard mount I want you to put in a pass for twenty-four hours and go to Pack City. You are moping around the post too much, and I want you to brace up and come back ready to do your duty like a man. So now go, and let me hear no more of this nonsense. Sergeant of the guard, take the prisoner back to the guardhouse."



"THE NEXT TIME THAT IT OCCURS I SHALL PREFER CHARGES AGAINST YOU."

As to what the officers, who are next to be considered in the garrison, thought unofficially of Fort Sahatlin, that is even more difficult to learn than the opinion of the enlisted men, because it is against the customs of the service for an officer to complain of his surroundings. And so their ideas will have to go unrecorded. But this does not hold good with the last and not least important remaining portion of the garrison, namely, the officers' wives. Indeed, there is no difficulty in obtaining their opinions, because, as a rule, they express them freely. Therefore it was that Mrs. Humphrey—who, as has been said, had married her uniformed husband in all the beguilements of New York society, and was new to the hard realities of service on the frontier—Mrs. Humphrey, commenting on the drummer's case, declared that she was not surprised at the men calling Sahatlin "the jumping-off place;" to her the valley seemed more like a grave that hadn't been filled in than anything else.

But to this Mrs. Flynn objected. Mrs. Flynn was the wife of the commanding officer, and an old campaigner. She had been courted by her husband when she was a laundress and he was a private in Fetlock's troop of the old 13th dragoons, and she had continued to serve as a laundress for the troop for ten years after her marriage, while Flynn, under her wifely care and encouragement, was gradually promoted to be corporal, then sergeant, then first sergeant, until the war of the rebellion broke out, when he got his commission as second lieutenant, and Mrs. Flynn ceased to cleanse the blue shirts of the 13th dragoons. At the end of the war Flynn found himself a captain in the 16th cavalry, with one leg shorter than the other, and a scar on his cheek which the hair of his beard refused to cover, and with it all commanding officer of Fort Sahatlin; while Mrs. Flynn, with the weather-worn face that comes of twenty-five years of service from the Rio Grande to the British line, found herself the "commanding officer's lady."

Well, Mrs. Flynn, being an old campaigner, stood up stoutly in defence of Sahatlin. "Oho! me dear," she said, bridling with her head at the youthful wife of the infantry lieutenant, "ye don't know when ye're well off. The

place has its inconveniences for leddies to be sure, but it's a good climate; niver too hot barrin' whin the chinook blows, an' thin ye can sake the seclusion of yer quarters; an' it's niver too cold, exceptin' on a day like that last winter whin the lieut'nint froze his fingers at guard mount, an' sure, he ought not to have inspected the guns with naught but the white gloves on the hands of him; an' take it all in all, it's no such a bad sort of a place is Sahatlin, with a fine vegetable garden at the back of it. And as for that drummer of company E," continued Mrs. Flynn, taking a long breath, "it's like his impudence to be puttin' on airs, as though the men was not good enough for the likes of him! Him! a music boy, that's been raised in a camp and his father a sergeant—sure I mind him well! And now, faith! he's setting up for a gentleman in made of the diversions of polite society. Humph! the likes of that! 'Twarn't so in the old days."

It was one summer's evening, a week after the episode of the drummer's arrest and release, when the officers and ladies were sitting on the steps of Lieutenant Humphrey's quarters, that these remarks were made. It was a still, sultry night, and the movements of Mrs. Flynn's chair on the loose boards of the porch, as she energetically rocked and fanned herself, sounded like the working of a quartz mill. It was chinook weather, though the hot, dry wind had not yet begun to blow, and the silence and the darkness had settled down into the valley undisturbed. There was an oppression in the air as though the wilderness was brooding over some evil secret, and it had its effect on the spirits of the little party, for after Mrs. Flynn's speech the conversation grew desultory and finally died out. At last one of the officers, with a valiant effort at cheerfulness, remarked, "Oh, well, if Sahatlin is a little bit quiet and lonely, there is something pleasant and restful about it, after all." And another promptly seconded this effort by adding, "Do you notice what a sweet odor the trees are giving out tonight?"

To which Mrs. Humphrey lightly rejoined, "The silence may be restful, but I prefer the noise of Broadway, and as for the odor of the trees, I like sewer gas better."

And while there was a laugh at this she



"HE'S TOOK HIS GUN OUT OF THE RACK AND KILLED HIMSELF."

arose and going into the house sat down in the darkness at the piano [which had cost her husband half a year's pay to get into the post] and played. She was a musician, and the piano translated her moods for her better than words. And that night, as the music came floating out of the open door and windows, it meant something to everyone who heard it, and that something had to do with the loneliness and silence of Sahatlin. In each it vaguely revived his secret life failure or disappointment, and with it a sense of rebellion against life as typified in these primeval solitudes of Sahatlin, against the lean, empty prairies and the withered, wrinkled hills, against the dark, secret cañons and the all-knowing, Sphinx-like mountains. It was the protest of the higher life of civilized humanity against the unsympathetic, material, earth life.

It was the cry of the exiled human being for the society of its kind. It was—Hark! What was that?

The notes of the piano had gradually died away and even Mrs. Flynn's rocking chair had come to rest, when this sound, like the distant slamming of a door, had broken the stillness.

Instantly the voice of the sentry at the guardhouse was heard calling out: "Sergeant of the guard! Number one!"

A bar of light streamed out into the darkness as the guardhouse door opened and then disappeared as it shut, while the jangling of accoutrements was heard, as the sergeant, after a short conference with the sentry, crossed the parade ground in the direction of the men's barracks. Lieutenant Humphrey, who was the officer of the day, arose quickly from his lounging attitude on the porch, and, hooking his

sword to his belt, stepped down on to the walk and stood there waiting.

"What is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Humphrey, nervously, coming to the door. "What is the matter?"

"Sure, it sounded like a shot!" said Mrs. Flynn. "There goes someone running to the doctor's quarters," she added.

At the same time a little crowd of men could be seen clustered about the lighted open doorway of the infantry barracks opposite.

Then the jangling of accoutrements

was heard crossing the parade ground once more, and the sergeant of the guard advanced out of the darkness toward the anxious group on the porch.

"Can I speak to the officer of the day?" he said.

Walking a little distance away, out of hearing of the ladies, the lieutenant paused and said, "Well, sergeant, what is it?"

"It's the drummer of Company E, sir," replied the sergeant. "He's took his gun out of the rack and killed himself."



SYLVIA, TO ONE WHO PRAISED HER.

BY MARGARET CROSBY.

Oh, friend, you call me fair and good,
You think me true and wise;
Last night you whispered, with a look
That thrilled with sweet surprise,
That all I said and all I did
Was perfect in your eyes.

Today I fail a hundred times
To reach my least ideal;
The crucial hours as they pass,
New weaknesses reveal,
Till all your love has crowned me with
Becomes far less than real.

If divination went with love,
And keener made your eyes,
So that my faults and foolishness
Lay bare to your surmise,
And time and custom stripped my life
And soul of all disguise;

Would disenchantment's dreary reign
Begin its monarchy?
I know not; therefore, lest this fear
Hold faith in jeopardy,
I pray you, love me as I am,
And not your dream of me!

A COSMOPOLITAN LANGUAGE:

ITS PROSPECTS AND PRACTICABILITY.

BY MALTUS QUESTELL HOLYOAKE.

INTERNATIONALISM is on the increase. The modern facilities and inducements to travel, which are becoming each year greater, are in every country leading to frequent migration such as was never even dreamed of in the quiet past. International exhibitions in various capitals have been a mighty and chief factor in destroying long-existing prejudices and deeply rooted jealousies among the peoples of the world. As a consequence international conferences have been held on numerous and important subjects, which have done much to pave the way for common action among nations in many things. Events are tending towards a considerable extension of internationalism, and there is hope that some day an international agreement may be arrived at which will put an end to the anomaly of what is a crime in one country being legal in another. Such matters as the settlement of the disputes of nations by arbitration (in which much progress has been made), coinage, system of calculation, social vice, marriage laws, the meridian, postage, and maritime laws are especially ones which it would be to the world's advantage to treat on uniform and universal principles. Foremost, however, among the means of promoting the brotherhood of nations and accelerating the arrival of the golden time when the world will be as one country, is the es-

tablishment of a language for the common use of nations. A year ago Mr. Gladstone, whose valued opinion I had asked upon the prospects of a cosmopolitan

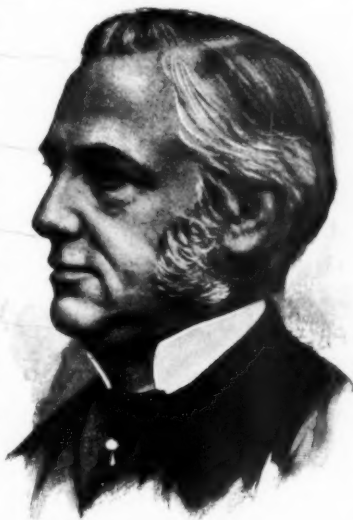
tongue, was good enough to write me as follows:

"I continue to feel an interest in the subject of your letter, but my examination of it has not proceeded so far as to warrant my giving an opinion on it, and probably it may have to go through a long stage of preparatory discussion, before public attention can be generally or profitably turned to it."

The following brief account of the history, the prospects and possibilities of the universal language question, which may be regarded as a contribution to the "preparatory discussion" of the subject referred to by the venerable and venerated statesman,

could appear in the pages of no more appropriate magazine than the Cosmopolitan.

The creation of an international language would undoubtedly result in immense advantages to trade, commerce and labor, and to literature its service would be infinite. Books printed in an accepted international language would be read by the universe. It could be truly said of such publications that "their lines are gone out into all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." Works of art can be admired by people of every nationality, but instructive or interesting



मोक्षमूलरमहः

F. Macmillan.

books are only read in the country in which they are published, except those few that, through exceptional merit or other cause, are translated into one or two languages. Publishers could fairly hope to reap profits, when authors had the world for readers. Newspapers and magazines, printed in a truly universal language, would contain advertisements which would be read by the entire globe. Placards printed in the universal language could be exhibited in every city in the world, and read and understood by people of every nation. The necessity for learning many of the European and Asiatic languages spoken would cease. Everyone knowing a universal language, people could travel round the world with the knowledge and certainty that if they could not speak the native languages of the countries through which they passed they could speak a language which all the inhabitants understood. The subjects to be studied are so numerous in these days of examinations, that any action tending to reduce the number of languages to be learned would be a boon. Few people can learn and retain many languages which require to be spoken only occasionally; but one language, daily and universally spoken, would be easy to recol-

lect, and it would not take this generation of adults long to learn.

"Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits," remarked Valentine in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The truth of Shakespeare's observation is fully recognized. Travel is a potent and pleasant educational influence, it brightens the faculties and expands the ideas. The "grand tour" of the past has become the "personally conducted" excursion to everywhere of the present. There are, however, many thousands of people who would travel, but who never have travelled and never will travel if they have to be driven, like sheep, in the charge of a linguistic shepherd.

The relief of congested districts and the condition of the industrial classes from time to time engages the attention of statesmen in all civilized countries. It is not difficult to see the many benefits that would accrue to the world of labor by the establishment of an international language.

It would be perfectly possible, were a common tongue established, for the inhabitants of twenty different countries to converse. A universal language need not necessarily lead to the suppression of any language and would not imperil the individuality of any nation. It would merely be a supplementary means of lingual communication throughout the world, an additional language to be learned in every country.

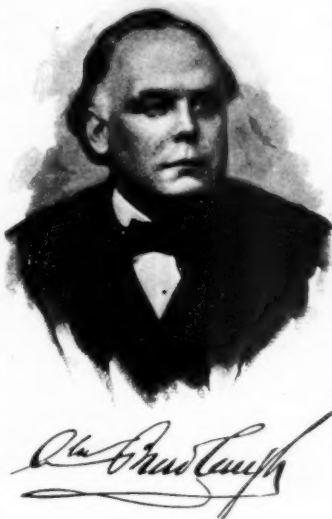
There are three ways of reversing "the unfortunate arrangement" of the Tower of Babel, as Lord Rosebery termed it. The methods are, by the revival of a dead language, the utilization of a living language or the invention of a new language. Among scholars, Latin really held the place of a universal language in a past age, the ancient records of many countries being written in it. Its adoption again would offend the prejudices of no nation, and it has the recommendation of being still taught in most educational establishments. Greek has also been suggested, but it presents difficulties of a symbolical nature. Among living languages, French, which has been adopted for many years as the language of diplomacy, and which is already taught in so many countries, is a strong candidate for universal use. Italian is a beautiful and euphonious lan-



*Done by ref.
Mr. Bright.*

guage. Leopardi deemed it "the queen of languages." German, despite its scientific eminence, does not recommend itself, and would require a philological diplomatist to secure even its consideration for general use. Should a living language be selected for international purposes, English, which is already spoken by 100,000,000 of people, and possesses many philological merits, has undeniable claims. It is especially adapted to diffusion, owing to its being a medium language. It belongs to the Gothic group of languages, philologists placing it midway between the Teutonic and Scandinavian branches, allied to both and to some extent entering into both. Danish or German students find much in English which exists in their own language. It unites Romanic with Gothic by bonds of consanguinity in a manner which no other tongue does. Though the basis of English is Gothic, there is in it a considerable class of words which are also to be found in Italian and French. Thus it is adapted to spread among the races that speak those languages both in Europe and America. What it has in common with these border languages gives it power to replace what is peculiar to them, and thus to identify them with itself.

It is not intended to enter upon a comparison of the philological construction of different languages, which would not interest the general reader. It may be remarked, however, that many objections can be made to the adoption of English as a universal language. It may be urged, and doubtless will be, that it presents many difficulties to learners. The rules for forming plurals are various and bewildering. There are words, with the exception of the commencing letter, spelled the same, and all pronounced differently. There is a great variety of words too,



which, although spelled the same, have several different meanings, and sometimes pronunciations. An ingenious student of English has recently compiled a list of nouns of multitude, which exhibits the peculiarities of the English language in an interesting form, though one calculated to deter a foreigner with linguistic designs from proceeding further in the study of English. A number of ships, it is pointed out, is called a fleet, and a fleet of sheep is called a flock. A flock of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is

called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of boys is called a troop, and a troop of soldiers is called a regiment, and a regiment of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentfolk is called the élite, and here the ingenious student trenches upon the French language.

Imperfections and drawbacks may be found in other languages besides English, but despite its intricacies there is a saying, in which there is a substratum of truth, that English is learned in three months, French in three years, and German in thirty.

In the time of Shakespeare English was spoken by about 5,000,000 people. Since then it has progressed by "leaps and bounds," and it is now the dominant language in Great Britain, Ireland, British

America, the United States, Jamaica and many other West Indian isles, South Africa, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, numerous other Pacific islands, and a legion of other British colonies. English is the prevailing language of more than one-fifth of the world, and it is diffusing itself fast among the 260,000,000 people that constitute the British empire in the East. It is listened to as a voice of authority in Egypt, and is even taught in the public schools of Japan. English has a great literature, and quite one-half of the world's newspaper press is already printed in it. Its power of diffusion is incontestable and irresistible. In the course of time it will, no doubt, become the universal language, of itself. Mr. Bright has "orated" on its growth, and Mr. Gladstone been eloquent on the prospect of its indefinite extension. The following extract from a letter he wrote to an American gentleman upon the subject needs no apology; everything that emanates from that magnificent and unequalled intellect possesses interest and imparts instruction:

"The subject is one on which I hardly like to touch in a few lines, for the prospect it opens to me is as vast as it is diversified, and it is so interesting as to be almost overwhelming. Mr. Barham Zincke, no incompetent calculator, reckons that the English-speaking peoples of the world 100 years hence will probably count 1,000,000,000. Some French author, whose name I unfortunately forget, in a recent estimate places them somewhat lower; at what precise figure I do not recollect, but it is like 600,000,000 or 800,000,000. A century back I suppose they were not much, if at all, beyond 15,000,000; I also suppose we may now take them at 100,000,000. These calculations are not so visionary as they may seem to some; they rest upon a rather wide induction, while the best thing they can pretend to is rough approximation. But, as I recollect, it was either Imlay or one of those with whom his name is associated that computed a century back the probable population of the American Union at this date, and placed it very nearly at the point where it now stands. What a prospect is that of very many hundreds of millions of people, certainly among the most manful and energetic in



I am Dear Sir.

Yours sincerely
Adam Sedgwick

the world, occupying one great continent, I may almost say two, and other islands and territories not easy to be counted, with these islands at their head, the most historic in the world. The subject is full of meaning and power; of so much meaning that the pupil of the eye requires time to let in such a flood of light. I shall not attempt, after thus sketching, to expound it. It would be as absurd as if a boxkeeper at a theatre, when letting in a party, should attempt to expound the piece. I hope that some person more competent and less engaged than myself will give this subject the study it deserves, taking his stand on the facts of the last century, and the promise, *valeat quantum, of the coming one.*"

Everyone, at times, has doubtless had recourse to the universal language of gesticulation, signs and sounds. In every clime and age there has always been an international language of this kind. There is an amusing anecdote which illustrates this. An English traveller being desirous of knowing the nature of the meat on his plate at some remote Chinese entertainment, turned to the native servant behind him and, pointing to the dish with an inquiring look, said: "Quack! quack!" The Chinaman at once replied with a natural imitation of the canine, "Bow wow!" Thus the two parties were mutually intelligible, though they did not understand a word of each other's language.

A universal language has always been a pet idea of philologists in bygone times. The earliest attempts to solve the problem took the form of systems of shorthand for universal writing. Shorthand is of great antiquity, though its necessity could hardly have been felt nine centuries ago. In the King's library at the British museum there are several specimens of ancient shorthand manuscript. A psalter in Latin, written early in the tenth century, is the most antique, the shorthand symbols employed being devised by Marcus Tullius Tiro, the freedman of Cicero. A manuscript containing in Greek the works of Gregory of Nazianzum, Dionysius Areopagita, and Monnus, with marginal notes, in which here and there shorthand words and sentences appear, is another early example. The *Art of Stenographie*, by John Willis, date about 1617, is one of the first printed books on the subject. The cipher used by Charles I., termed a Lineal Alphabet, and ascribed to Peter Bales, was printed in 1646. George Dalgarno's *Universal Language in Shorthand Characters*, issued in 1661, is also in the museum. In 1668 the well-known work of Bishop Wilkins, the brother-in-law of Cromwell and the founder of the Royal

society, appeared. It was founded on Dalgarno's *Ars Signorum*, and entitled *An Essay toward a Real Character and a Philosophical Language*, and was chief among the seventeenth-century attempts to promote a common language. It was a "scheme of the analysis of the things or notions to which names were to be assigned," but it was of repellent abstruseness, and failed, as other attempts did,



MR. MUNDELLA.

for want of adequate classification. Since then innumerable projects have faded into the mists of obscurity. Among them may be mentioned *Pasigraphie*, ou *Premiers Eléments du nouvel Art-Science d'écrire et d'imprimer une langue de manière à être lu et entendu dans toute autre langue sans traduction*, by an anonymous author, published in Paris in 1797. The tabular schemes of categories which it contained were considered by philologists to be too arbitrary, artificial and difficult of apprehen-

sion for practical application. The idea of a universal language has never, however, been abandoned, and in 1855, discussing its possibilities, Professor Roget, author of that invaluable work, *The Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases*, wrote thus hopefully about it: "However Utopian such a project may appear to the present generation, and however abortive may have been the former endeavors of Bishop Wilkins and others to realize it, its accomplishment is surely not beset with greater difficulties than have impeded the progress to many other beneficial objects which, in former times, appeared to be no less visionary, and which yet were successfully achieved in later ages by the continued and persevering exertions of the human intellect. Is there at the present day, then, any ground for despair that, at some future stage of that higher civilization to which we trust the world is gradually tending, some new and bolder effort of genius toward the solution of this great problem may be crowned with

success, and compass an object of such vast and paramount utility? Nothing, indeed, would conduce more directly to bring about a golden age of union and harmony among the several nations and races of mankind than the removal of that barrier to the interchange of thought and mutual good understanding between man and man, which is now interposed by the diversity of their respective languages."

Among the more recent efforts to realize the aspirations of Professor Roget is that of Herr Schleyer, whose Volapük, a language he invented for universal commercial use, was first published in 1880. There are now about 1000 teachers of it, and over 200 societies for its extension. Complete introductions to it have been published in every European language,

including Turkish and Hungarian. Its grammar has been published in twenty-one languages, and the last edition of its dictionary contains over 20,000 words. There are also two, if not more, reviews published in it. It is considered to fulfil in a remarkable degree the requirements of a universal language, and it is claimed that it numbers several hundred thousand adherents. Volapük is certainly the most live of the newly invented languages, though, considering the number of its disciples relatively to the population of the globe, the following dialogue, which appeared in a satirical paper, is not without point:

Little Girl:
"Papa, what is Volapük?"

Papa: "The universal language."

Little Girl:
"Who speaks it?"

Papa: "Nobody."

Volapük, or Vp, as it is now more briefly named, is the most successful, so far, of all attempts to provide a cosmopolitan tongue; but the multiplicity of books and teachers requisite to educate the universe



HERR SCHLEYER.

in it will prevent it becoming really universal in any measurable distance of time. Private or individual effort will never alone attain an international speech. Early in 1888 President Fraby, of the Philadelphia Philosophical society, invited the London Philological society (whose headquarters are at the University college, Gower street) to send delegates to a congress for perfecting a universal language upon an Aryan basis. The late Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, F.R.S., the vice-president, published an elaborate report of the reasons which led that body (of which Dr. Furnivall is honorary secretary) to decline the invitation of the American philologists. The paper was interesting, learned and exhaustive, and practically summed up in favor of Volapük.

pük, as most fulfilling the conditions of a universal language. A congress, however, committed to no basis, and open to consider all reasonable proposals for that end, would be a desirable and useful event.

John Horne Tooke, an English politician and philologist, who, upon the outbreak of the American war, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, attacked the English ministry and made a proposal for a subscription for the widows and orphans of those Americans who had been "murdered by the king's troops at Lexington and Concord," for which he was tried for libel, fined £200, and imprisoned for a year, considered that the languages which are commonly used throughout the world were much more simple, easy and philosophical than any plan that had at that time been imagined or proposed for the establishment of a common tongue. It was with some such idea that, in 1884, I ventured to suggest a solution of the international language difficulty, which it may not be out of place to mention here. Conceiving that the great strides that education has made during recent times among civilized nations, particularly the millions spent in the establishment of state schools, had brought the project of an international language within the regions of practicality, I proposed the transformation of one of the existing languages into a language for universal use by the simple expedient of holding a conference of the ministers of education of all nations, who should agree upon one language to be taught (in addition to the native language of each country) in all schools, such selected additional language to be the same in all countries. If English were the language decided upon, it would not be necessary for an additional language to be taught in English-speaking countries. In a short time the benefit of such a course would begin to be felt, and there would be one language for the world before many years. This suggestion was submitted to and considered by the late John Bright, who wrote to me: "The time may come for an attempt to put it in practice, but it is not yet come. English will be the language of the great majority, if we exclude the Chinese. America, Australia, India will speak English. I hope the coming

years may do something in the direction of your suggestion." In a further letter the deceased orator wrote: "As to a conference, I fear its members would never agree as to what language should be adopted as the one for all people to learn. England for English, certainly, France for French, Germany for German, and so on with endless difference of opinion." Coming from such a distinguished statesman as Mr. Bright, this opinion demanded corresponding consideration, but I do not think, nor do I think that Mr. Bright did, that it should constitute an insuperable objection to the experiment being tried. If conferences can settle such grave points as were involved in the celebrated Berlin "peace with honor" treaty; if conferences can decide important issues that ere this have led to war, and give judgment on momentous questions involving cession of territory and even the construction and destruction of kingdoms; if conferences can agree to do all these debatable things, a conference could surely determine on the language that should be taught for the universal good, considering that each and every country joining in would reap equal benefit. Even if at first it were not pos-



John Horne Tooke



EARL ROSEBERY.

sible to secure the concurrence and co-operation of all the powers in the plan, it would immensely increase the welfare of those nations who were wise enough to adopt it. If a conference were held—even if it did not agree, as Mr. Bright feared, on the language to be chosen—it would disclose the nations willing to join in it, bring out the points on which they differed and any proposals they had to make. Above all, it would be interesting the governments of nations in the subject, and it is only the decree of united governments that will ever render a truly universal language possible in the immediate future, whether it be a dead, living, or new language. A leading London newspaper, in a leader upon my proposal, remarked: "The plan is plausible; its adoption on however partial a surface would be in many respects a distinct gain; and even if the experiment were once tried, and resulted in failure, we do not see what damage would be done."

French has long been accepted as the language of diplomacy, and the fact that ministers find it extremely inconvenient (not to say impossible) to proceed to the consideration of state papers written in various languages is a strong argument in favor of extending a unification of languages to the people of all countries. The fact, too, that French has been adopted without dispute by diplomatists, as the official language to prevail at conferences, affords a strong presumption that on the larger question of the selection of a lan-

guage to be international, agreement would be attainable. There can be no insurmountable difficulty in the way of the educational authorities of each country meeting in conference, and deciding on the additional language to be taught in all schools in all the countries represented, and obtaining the necessary powers from their respective governments to give effect to such joint resolution. All new proposals meet with objections, and rightly so, too. If it cannot be shown that the thing proposed would be a public benefit, worth the trouble of putting it in force, it is as well left alone. To refer the jealousies and disputes of powerful nations to arbitration was at one time deemed a hopeless proceeding. The nation to whom an award was unfavorable was expected to turn round like the dissatisfied workman depicted in a humorous paper, who exclaimed, "Call that arbitration?—why, they've given it agin us," and forthwith proceed to try the rectifying effects of mighty armaments. But despite all that, the growth of international arbitration is making solid progress. Some may be of opinion that the time has not yet arrived to attempt to give effect to such a proposal, but I contend, with all deference to contrary opinion, that it has arrived—that the enormous sums that have been devoted to educational purposes during the last quarter of a century by most nations should render a beginning in the direction I have indicated both practicable and possible. No doubt the course of time itself will eventually bring about one language, or at the most two, but the advantages to be derived being so considerable, it is desirable to anticipate time in this matter. The sooner steps are taken to establish an international language the sooner will its benefits be felt. The desirability of a common tongue, if for public purposes alone, is often apparent. Some time ago the French trade societies sent twenty-one delegates to England to report upon English exhibitions and trade organizations. Not one of the delegates could speak English. If the workmen of different nations are to learn from each other, and to mutually coöperate to any purpose, a universal language is a necessity. At an International Hygienic congress held at Vienna, the several thousand members spoke a diversity

of languages and the debates resembled the confusion of tongues at Babel. A discussion between a French and a German professor was brought to a standstill, owing to the disputants being unable to make their views intelligible, either to each other or the audience. The pressing need of a common tongue was rendered amusingly evident by several scenes.

My proposal at the time it was made received considerable attention in the English, Continental and American press. Her majesty the queen was pleased to intimate her acceptance of a copy of it, and I received many letters from eminent persons, some of which it may be of utility and interest to quote. The late Matthew Arnold wrote: "Your project is a natural one, but I do not think a conference will ever establish an international language. Such a language will only be established by one language acquiring a stupendous preponderance of some kind. French acquired its position as the diplomatic language through the attraction and authority which French society came to exercise in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries throughout Europe. English exercises no such attraction as that, but it is coming to have a great material preponderance, which will certainly produce further effects hereafter." Professor Max Müller, who occupies the Chair of Comparative Philology at the University of Oxford, the greatest living authority on the subject, wrote: "I have on several occasions, in my lectures on the science of language and elsewhere, advocated the cause of a universal language, but I expect it is one of those reforms which we must leave the next century to carry." The Right Honorable A. J. Mundella, M.P., then Vice-President of the Council on Education, intimated that he could "not give his name as advocating any particular scheme," a reply that does not preclude the inference that he is not unfavorable to an international language in the abstract. Lord Rosebery, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in Mr. Gladstone's last administration, regretted that he was not "able to be sanguine" about the proposal. Sir John Lubbock, F.R.S., M.P. for the London university, and Chairman of the London County council, "did not think it could

lead to any practical result, much as he sympathized with the object." The late Charles Bradlaugh, M.P., was of opinion that "Three great languages, English, French and German, now enable a traveller to pass almost anywhere within the limits of European influence, and outside those limits such a conference would exercise little authority." Mr. Henry Broadhurst, M.P., then Parliamentary Secretary of the Trades Congress, and the first labor representative to hold office, wrote: "There can be no doubt as to the immense blessing it would be to the human family if we could have one universal or international language for all civilized nations, but my fear is that it is one of those very desirable things which is next to impossible of realization." The Chairman of the International Arbitration and Peace association, Mr. Hodgson Pratt, wrote: "There can be no doubt at all as to the immense service to the world which an international language would render. The amount of ignorance and misapprehension as to one another's politics, purposes, tendencies and institutions which prevails among European nations is a very serious fact. It retards that mutual exchange of ideas and of experience which would be so valuable to the cause of international fraternity. Certainly, if nations

*Sir I continue to feel an
interest in the subject of your
letter but my examination of
it has not proceeded so far as to
warrant my forming an opinion
on it & probably it may have to
go through a long stage of pre-
liminary discussion before public
attention could generally be
profitably turned to it
Yours faithfully
W. H. D. Brown
Sept 10. 90.*

knew one another better there would be less probability of misunderstanding, mistrust and hatred. The subject which you have taken up deserves the earnest consideration of all who desire the progress and welfare of human society, and I should be glad indeed to see an international conference held for that purpose."

Adam Young, C.B., then deputy Chairman of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, wrote in the following terms:



John Lubbock

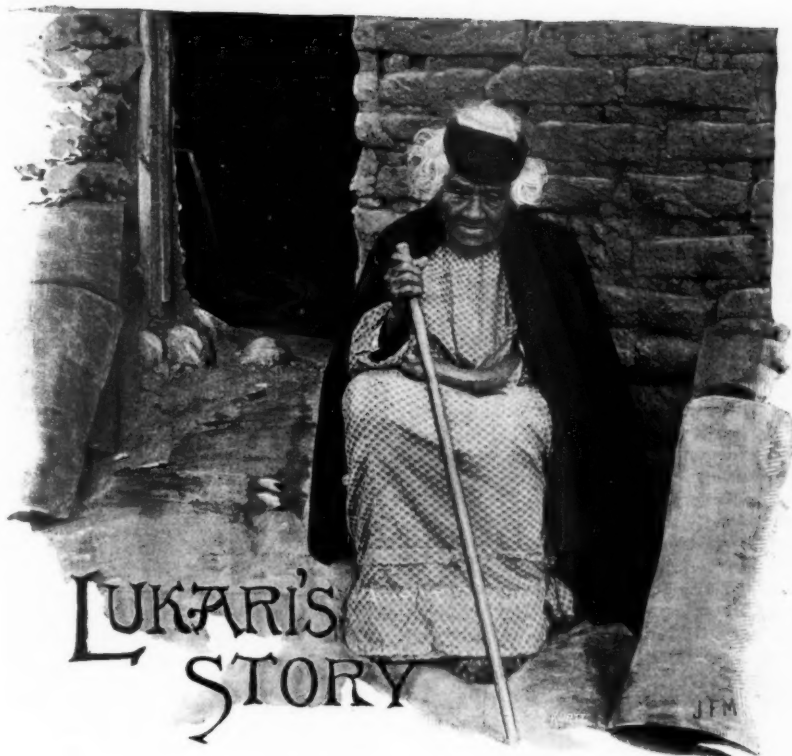
"Finding that you had soared above the solid ground of taxation, with which I am most familiar, I did not know quite what to say about your new proposal. It occurred to me that if anything was to be done, would it not be best to adopt a dead language as the basis, and thus spare French and German susceptibilities, as well as our own? Scientific men throughout Europe use that language now in describing natural objects, and thus a sort of beginning is made. I should not, however, think that it would ever supersede the language of countries which

have already a literature. I have often thought the confusion of tongues at Babel was a great blessing to our race. In grasping ideas from words, we all feel greatly helped by the knowledge of more tongues than our own; and so, by looking at or studying a subject as seen through our own language, and then through French and German, you get a more comprehensive view than would otherwise be possible to ordinary minds which require help in taking in ideas. Be that as it may, your suggestion does you credit. It is ably put forward, and its agitation will conduce to the spread of civilization." It is obvious, however, that a supplementary universal language would not necessarily prevent the literary research in the native languages of the countries adopting it, that Mr. Young so justly values.

Since the preceding opinions were expressed of international languages it may be said the "cry is still, they come"—the proposed new languages bidding fair to rival in number the languages they are intended to supplement—no less than thirteen new languages having claimed the attention of the advocates of one language, Steiner's *Pasilingua* (1885), Menet's *Langue Universelle* (1886), Maldant's *Langue Naturelle* (1886), Landa's *Kosmos* (1888), Henderson's *Lingua* (1888), Doctor Esperanto's *International Language* (1888), Bernhard's *Lingua Franca Nuova* (1888), and the *Luttich Nal Bine* being the principal.

The difficulties in the way of the adoption of either a dead, living or new language are great, and the objections to be urged many; but the benefits to be derived are correspondingly important and numerous. The formation of an association whose aim would be to continuously represent the desirability, advantage and necessity of a common language to the nations of the world would do much to accelerate its realization. A universal language would extend the commerce, industries and literature of all nations alike. It would increase the amity of nations and promote the peace of the universe. It would bring the time nearer, which is surely, if slowly, approaching, when, as Lord Tennyson prophesies, will be seen

"The earth, at last, a warless world—
A single race, a single tongue."



BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

"AY, señor! So terreeblay thing! It is many years before—1837, I theenk, is the year; the Americanos no have come to take California; but I remember like it is yesterday.

"You see, I living with her—Doña Juana Ybarra her name is—ever since I am little girl and she too. It is like this; the padres make me Christian in the mission, and her family take me to work in the house; I no living on the rancheria like the Indians who work ouside. Bime by Doña Juana marrying and I go live with her. Bime by I marrying too, and she is comadre—godmother, you call, no?—to my little one, and steel I living with her, and in few years my husband and little one die and I love her children like they are my own, and her too; we grow old together.

"You never see the San Ysidro rancho?

It is near to San Diego and have many, many leagues. Don Carlos Ybarra, the husband de my señora, is very reech and very brave and proud—too brave and proud, ay, yi! We have a beeg adobe house with more than twenty rooms and a corridor for the front, more than one hundred feet. Ouside are plenty other houses where make all the things was need for eat and wear; all but the fine closes, they come from far—Boston and Mejico. All stand away from the hills and trees, right in the middle the valley, so can see the bad Indians when coming. Far off, a mile I theenk, is the rancheria; no can see from the house. No so far is the corral, where keeping the fine horses.

"Ay, we have plenty to eat and no much to do in those days. Don Carlos and Doña Juana are very devot the one to the other, so the family living very happy, and I am

in the house like before and take care the little ones. Every night I braid my sefiora's long black hair and tuck her in bed like she is a baby. She no grow stout when she grow more old, like others, but always is muy elegante.

"Bime by the childrens grow up; and the two firs boys, Roldan and Enrique, marrying and living in San Diego. Then are left only the sefior and the sefiora, one little boy, Carlos, and my two beautiful sefioritas, Beatriz and Ester. Ay! how pretty they are. Dios de mi alma, where they are now? Doña Beatriz is tall like the mother, and sway when she walk, like you see the tules in the little wind. She have the eyes very black and long, and look like she feel sleep till she get mad; then, Madre de Dios! they opa wide and look like she is on fire inside and go to burn you too. She have the skin very white, but I see it hot like the blood go to burst out. Once she get furioso cause one the vaqueros hurch her horse, and she wheep him till he yell like he is in purgatory and no have no one say mass and get him out. But she have the disposition very sweet, and after she is sorry and make him a cake hersel; and we all loving her like she is a queen, and she can do it all whatte she want.

"Doña Ester have the eyes more brown and soft and the disposition more mild, but very feerm; and she having her own way more often than Doña Beatriz. She no is so tall, but very graceful too, and walk like she think she is tall. All the Spanish so dignify, no? She maka very kind with the Indians when they are seek, and all loving her, but no so much like Doña Beatriz. Both girls very industrioso, sewing and make the broidery; make beautiful closes to wear at the ball. Ay, the balls! No have balls like those in California now. Sometimes have one fifty miles away, but they no care; jump on the horse and go, dance till the sun wake up, and no feel tire at all. Sometimes when is wedding, or rodeo, dance for one week, then ride home like nothing have happen. In the winter the family living in San Diego; have big house there and dance every night, horseback in the day when no rain, and have so many races and games. Ay, yi! All the girls so pretty. No wear hats then; the rebosa, no more, or the mantilla; fixit so gracer-

ful; and the dresses so bright colors, sometimes with flowers all over; the skirt make very fule, and the waist have the point. And the closes de the mens! Madre de Dios! The beautiful velvet and silk closes, broider by silver and gold. And the saddles so fine—but you think I never go to tell you the story.

"One summer we are more gay than ever. So many caballeros love my sefioritas, but I think they never love anyone and never go to marry at all. For a month we have the house fule; meriendas—peek-neek, you call, no?—and races every day, dance in the night; then all go to stay at another rancho; it is costumbre to visit the one to the other. I feel very sorry for two so handsome caballeros, who are more devot than any. They looking very sad when they go, and I am sure they propose and no was accep. In the evening it is very quiet and I am sweep the corridor when I hear two horses gallope down the valley. I fix my hand—so—like the barrel de gun and look, and I see, riding very hard, Don Carmelo Pelajo and Don Rafael Argüello. The firs, he loving Doña Beatriz, the other, he want Doña Ester. I go queeck and tell the girls, and Beatriz toss her head and look very scornfule, but Ester blushing and the eyes look very happy. The young mens come in in few minutes and are well treat by Don Carlos and Doña Juana, for like them very much and are glad si the girls marry with them. After supper I am turn down the bed in my sefiora's room when I hear somebody spik very low outside on the corridor. I kneel on the window seat and look out, and there I see Don Rafael have his arms roun Doña Ester and kissing her and she no mine at all. I wonder how they get out there by themselves, for the Spanish very street with the girls and no 'low that. But the young peoples always very—how you say it?—smart, no? After while all go to bed, and I braid Doña Juana's hair and she tell me Ester go to marry Don Rafael, and she feel very happy and I no say one word. Then I go to Doña Beatriz's beroom; always I fix her for the bed, too. Ester have other woman take care her, but Beatriz love me. She keeck me when she is little, and pull my hair, when I no give her the dulces, but I no mine, for she have the good heart and so sweet spression when she no is mad and always

maka very kind with me. I comb her hair and I see she look very cross and I ask her why, and she say she hate mens, they are fools and womens too. I ask her why she think that, and she say she no can be spect have reason for all whatte she think ; and she throw her head aroun so I no can comb at all and keeck out her little foot.

" 'You no go to marry with Don Carlos?' I asking.

" 'No !' she say, and youbetterlife her eyes flash. 'You think I marrying a singing, sighing, gambling, sleepy cabalero? Si no can marry man I no marry at all. Madre de Dios !' (She spik beautiful ; but I no spik good Eenglish, and you no ondrestan the Spanish.)

" 'But all are very much like,' I say ; 'and you no want die old maid, no ?'

" 'I no care !' and then she fling hersel roun on the chair and throw her arms roun me and cry and sob on my estômac. 'Ay, my Lukari !' she cry when she can spik, 'I hate everybody. I am tire out to exista. I want to live ! I am tire stay all alone. Oh, I want—I no know what I want. Life is terreeblay thing, machepa.'

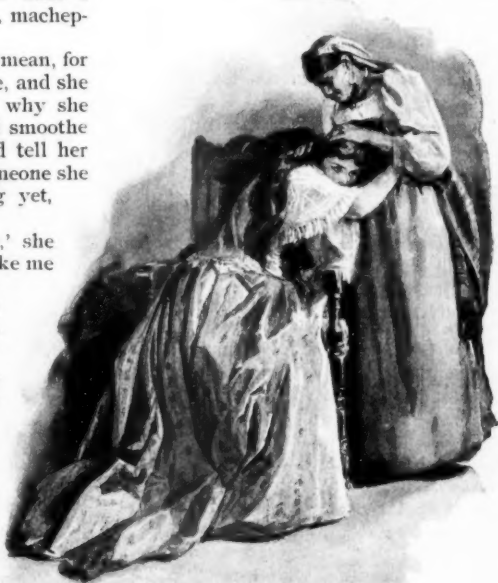
" 'I no know at all whatte she mean, for have plenty peoples all the time, and she never walk, so I no can think why she feel tire ; but I kissing her and smoothe her hair, for I jus love her, and tell her no cry. Bime by she fine it someone she loving, and she is very young yet, twenty, no more.

" 'I no stay here any longer,' she say. 'I go to ask my father take me to Mejico, where can see something cept hills and trees and missions and forts, and where perhaps—ay, Dios de mi alma !' Then she jump up and take me by the shoulders and jus throw me out the room and lock the door ; but I no mine, for I am use to her.

" 'Bueno, I think I go for walk, and bime by I come to the rancheria and while I am there I hear terreeblay thing from old Pepe. He say he hear for sure that the bad Indians—who was no make Christian by the padres and living very wild in the moun-

tains—come killing all the white peoples on the ranchos. He say he know sure it is true and tell me beg Don Carlos send to San Diego for the soldiers come take care us. I feel so fright I hardly can walk back to the house, and I no sleep that night. In the morning firs thing I telling Don Carlos, but he say is nonsense and no will lissen. He is very brave and no care for nothing, fight the Indians and killing them plenty times. The two cabaleros go away after breakfas, and when they are gone I can see my sefiora alone, and I telling her. She feel very fright and beg Don Carlos send for the soldiers, but he no will—ay, yi ! Ester is fright, too ; but Beatriz laugh and say she like have some excite, and killing the Indians hersel. After while old Pepe come up to the house and tell he hear 'gain, but Don Carlos no will ask him even where he hear, and tell him to go back to the rancheria where belong and make the reatas ; he is so old he no can make anything else.

" 'Bueno ! The nex morning—bout nine o'clock—Don Carlos is at the corral with

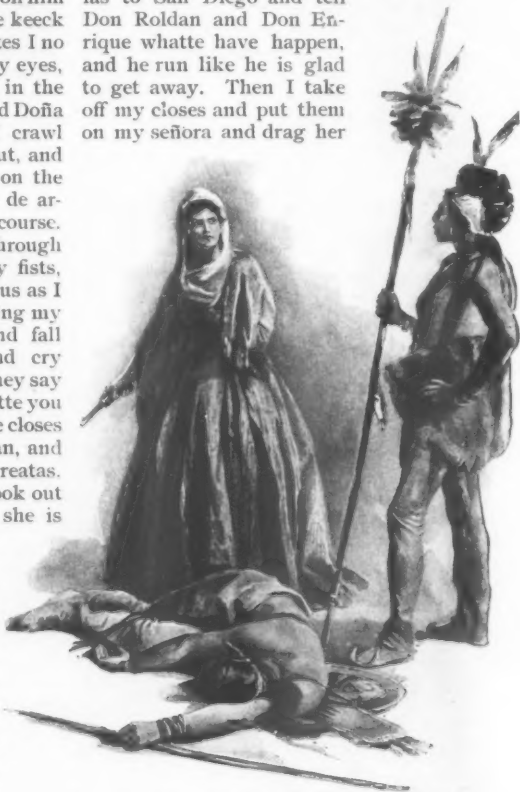


"SHE FLING HERSEL ROUN ON THE CHAIR AND THROW HER ARMS ROUN ME."

two vaqueros and I am in the keetchen with the cook and one Indian boy, call Franco. Never I like that boy. Something so sneak, and he steal the dulces plenty times and walk so soffit. I am help the cook—very good woman, but no have much sense—fry lard, when I hear terreeblay noise—horses gallop like they jump out the earth near the house, and many mens yell and scream and shout. I run to the window and whatte I see?—Indians, Indians, Indians, thick like black ants on a hill, jus race for the house, yelling like the hoses backs been fule de pins; and Don Carlos and the two vaqueros run like they have wings for the kitchen door, so can get in and get the guns and fight from the windows. I know whatte they want, so I run to the door to throw wide and whatte I see but that devil, Franco, lock it and stan in front. I jump on him so can scratch his eyes out, but he keeck me in the estômac and for few minutes I no know it nothing. When I opa my eyes, the room is fule de Indians, and in the fron the house I hear my señora and Doña Ester scream, scream, scream. I crawl up by the window seat and look out, and then—Ay, Madre de Dios!—I see on the groun my señor dead, stuck fule de arrows; and the vaqueros, too, of course. That maka me crazy and I run through the Indians, hitting them with my fists, to my señora and my señoritas. Jus as I run into the sala they go to killing my señora, but I snatch the knife and fall down on my knees and beg and cry they no hurcha her, and bime by they say all right. But—Santa Dios!—whatte you think they do it? They tear all the closes offa her till she is naked like my han, and drive her out the house with the reatas. They no letting me follow and I look out the window and see her reel like she is drunk down the valley and scream, scream—Ay, Dios!

"Ester, she faint and no know it nothing. Beatriz, she have kill one Indian with her pistol, but they take way from her, and she stan look like the dead woman with eyes that have been in hell, in front the chief, who looka her very hard. He is very fine look, that chief, so tall and strong, like he can kill by sweep his arm roun; and he have fierce black eyes and

no bad nose for Indian, with nostrils that jump. His mouth no is cruel like mos the bad Indians, nor his forehead so low. He wear the crown de feathers, and botas, and serape de goaskin; the others no wear much at all. In a minute he pick up Beatriz and fling her over his shoulder like she is the dead deer, and he tell other do the same by Ester, and he stalk out and ride away hard. The others set fire everything, then ride after him. They no care for me and I stand there shriek after my señoritas and the beautiful housses burn up. Then I think de my señora and I run after the way she going. Bime by I find her in a wheat field, kissing and hugging little Carlos, who go out early and no meet the Indians; and he no ondestan what is the matter and dance up and down he is so fright. I tell him run fas to San Diego and tell Don Roldan and Don Enrique whatte have happen, and he run like he is glad to get away. Then I take off my closes and put them on my señora and drag her



"SHE HAVE KILL ONE INDIAN WITH HER PISTOL."



"ESTER, SHE LIE ON THE GROUND ON THE FACE."

along, and, bime by, we coming to a little house and a good woman give me some closes and in the night we coming to San Diego. Ay! but was excite, everybody. Carlos been there two or three hours before, and Don Roldan and Don Enrique go with the soldiers to the hills. Everybody do it all whatte they can for my poor señora, but she no want to speak by anybody, and go shut hersel up in a room in Don Enrique's house and jus moan and I sit outside the door and moan too.

"Of course, I no am with the soldiers, but many times I hear all and I tell you.

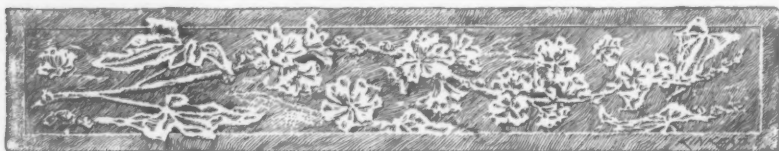
"The Indians have good start, and the white peoples no even see them, but they fin the trail and follow hard. Bime by they coming to the mountains. You ever been in the mountains back de San Diego? No the hills, but the mountains. Ay! so bare and rofe and sharp, and the cañons so narrow and the trails so steep! No is safe to go in at all, for the Indians can hide on the rocks, and jus shoot the white peoples down one at the time, si they like it, when climb the gorges. The soldiers

say they no go in, for it is the duty de them to living and protec California from the Americanos; but Don Enrique and Don Roldan say they go, and they ride right in and no one ever spect see them any more. It is night, so they have good chancacum to look and no be seen si Indians no watch. Bime by they meet one Indian, who belong to the tribe they want and fore he can shoot they point the pistol and tell him he mus show them where are the girls. He say he taking them and on the way he telling them the chief and nother chief make the girls their wives. This make them wild and they tie up the horses so can climb more fast. But it is no till late the nex morning when they come sudden out of a gorge and look right into a place, very flat like a plaza, where is the pueblo de the Indians they want. For moment no one see them, and they see the girls—Dios de mi alma! Have been big feast, I think, and right where are all the things no been clear away, Ester, she lie on the ground on the face and cry and sob and shake. But Beatriz, she stan

very straight in the middle, 'fore the door the big wigwam, and never look more handsome. She never taking her eyes off the chief who taking her away and no look discontent at all. Then the Indians see the brothers and yell and run to get the bows and arrows. Don Enrique and Don Roland fire the pistols, but after all they have to run, for no can do it nothing. They get out live but have arrows in them. And that is the las we ever hear de my señoritas. Many times plenty white peo-

ples watch the mountains and sometimes go in, but no can find nothing and always are wound.

"And my poor señora! For whole year she jus sit in one room and cry so loud all the peoples in San Diego hear her. No can do it nothing with her. Ay, she love the husband so, and the two beautiful girls! Then she die and I am glad. Much better die than suffer like that. And Don Rafael and Don Carmelo? Oh, they marrying other girls, of course.



REDWING.

BY CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

[The red-winged blackbird (*A. phoeniceus*), peculiar to the southern and middle states, and commonly called a redwing, is one of the most beautiful of God's creations.—AUDUBON.]

FIRE bearer of the gods!—blue-black—
Bringer of summer on thy back!
Thou herald Mercury, with flame
Upon thy shoulders! Dost proclaim
That June her tabard lists hath set
Beside the twinkling rivulet?

Whence art thou? What thy name and state?
Monk clad in gabardine elate?
Hidalgo from Oviedo,
Or purple-vestured nuncio,
Displaying, on his cassock free,
A brook-like ruby rosary?

Nay, none of these thou art, I own,
But an arpeggio shaken down
From Song's thick symphony of boughs,
Where all Night's lidded odors drowse;
A rose-plumed, purple-winged Note
Swinging thro' summer woods afloat,

Down dropping past Dawn's crystal looms,
Startling the verdurous underglooms,
A shaft of throbbing crimson flame,
A flash of odorous tone, the same,
Slipping ambrosial woodlands thro',
Unquenched by morning's pools of dew.



VIEW IN THE HARBOR.

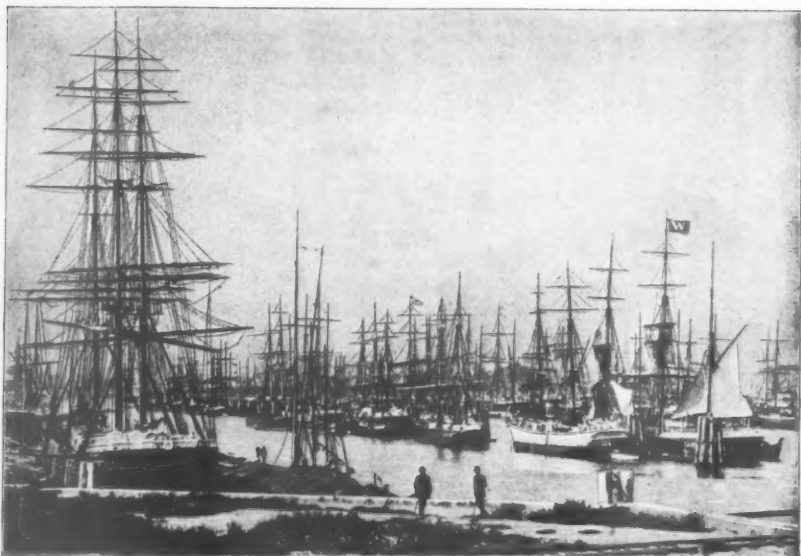
THE CITY OF HAMBURG.

BY MURAT HALSTEAD.

THERE has fallen suddenly upon the grand old city of Hamburg the sinister fame of a frightful pestilence, a stroke of ill fortune that will be remembered through centuries, like the plague of London. It seems very strange that this city should be so visited, but there is no more cosmopolitan commercial metropolis, and one of the penalties of conspicuity and attractiveness world-wide is to come in contact with the evil as with the good, the malignant as well as the wholesome, that circulates through nations and continents as there are ocean currents that flow from zone to zone.

The impression the traveller of these

times receives from Hamburg, with the slight acquaintance that rapid transit permits, is singularly favorable. There rises first in the pictures of vivid recollection the broad, green, Illinois or Iowa looking plains, from Cuxhaven to the city—prairies with slender ditches separating estates; sturdy houses with outbuildings that are reminders of the barns of Pennsylvania, with groves surrounding; bright meadows and pastures, with flocks of amiable cattle. Then appear distant spires and masts; the River Elbe, whose immense bridges attest its importance; a huge railway system with unstinted terminal facilities; well-paved streets, glori-



IN THE HARBOR FOR SAILING VESSELS.

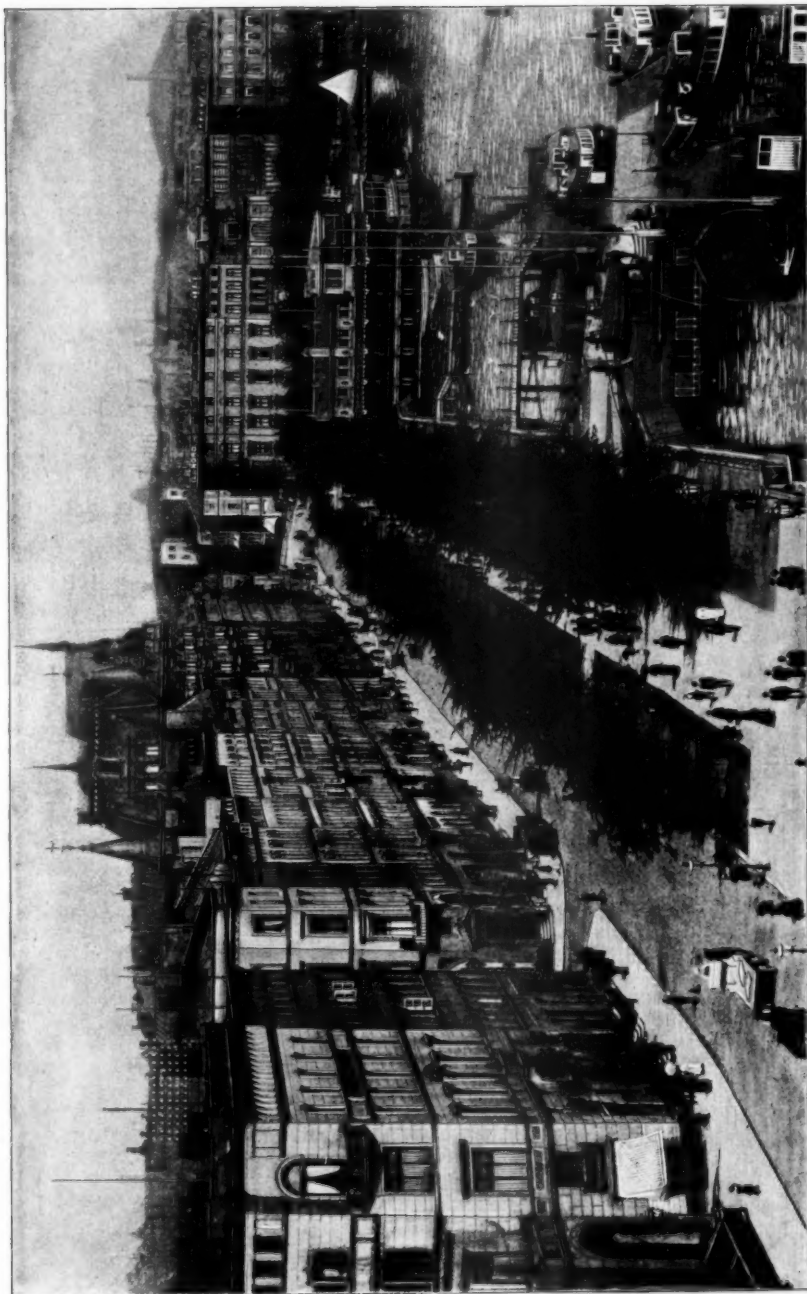
ous parks, gardens, drives, streets lined with trees, a lake on which the principal hotels front; all the modern improvements and many of the old-fashioned conveniences; warehouses, the structures we would call elevators, for handling the freight of both railroads and ships—granite and marble and iron, steam and electricity—the railroads directly in contact with business, so that the merchants are not the victims of draymen. There is the steam engine and the steam cable, and the old system near at hand—the deep, dark canals, lined with black barges; the jutting upper story, and the rope and windlass pulling goods from the vessels. Here are all the facilities—the most modern, the very latest, and the old ways proved by successive generations to be good. Along the waterways is an array of shipping astounding to those who do not know the grandeur of the city and the extent of her trade, which reaches all the continents and many of the islands of distant seas.

Indeed, Hamburg is one of the most picturesque and splendid of ancient and modern cities. Her people, after a long career of independence, are proud of their part in United Germany, and all Germans

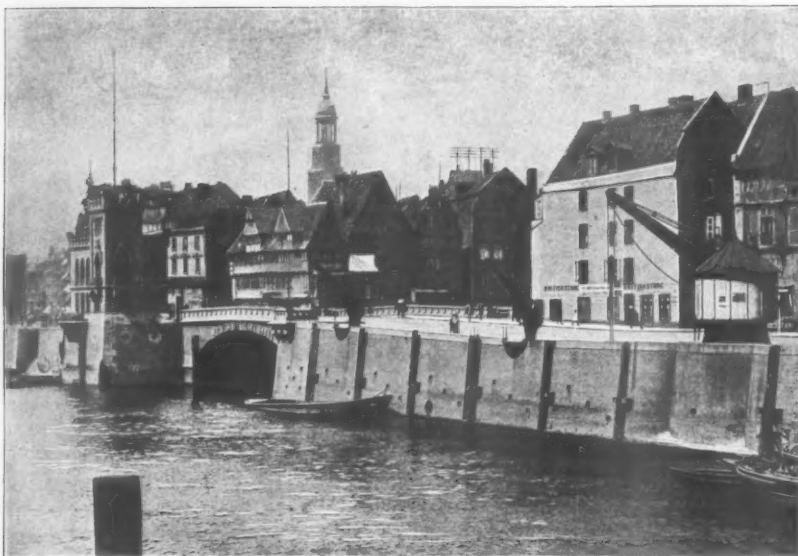
have pride in the grand old commercial centre, the most superb and prosperous of the ports of the empire.

Our familiarity with the great city of the North sea is largely due to the fleet of Hamburg steamers, not long ago reinforced by four twin-screw vessels—the *Augusta Victoria*, *Columbia*, *Normannia* and *Fürst Bismarck*; the *Normannia* gaining a reputation as a pest ship that it will take busy seasons to remove.

Hamburg has a history of a thousand years. Her greatest vicissitudes have been in modern times. In this century she has suffered, before the visitation that distinguishes this year, from two enormous misfortunes. First, her conquest by Napoleon and annexation (1811-1814) to the French empire, which, as England was supreme on the seas, annihilated her commerce; and second, May 5, 1842, a fire that destroyed one-third of the city, causing a loss of \$35,000,000. It is official that 1749 houses were consumed and 20,000 inhabitants without shelter. The traditions of this event linger with the Hamburgers; and it is gratefully remembered that, as in the case of Chicago, overwhelmed in a greater disaster, there was wonderful benevolence, amounting, according to



ALTER JUNKERSTIEG



ON THE QUAY.

the records, to more than \$15,000,000. Advantage was taken of the clearing of



GRÖNINGERSTRASSEN FLEET.

the ground to immensely improve the burned portion, and as the pestilence has been most deadly in the old town there have been regrets that the work of purification by fire was not even more extensive, for it was not an unmixed disaster.

Founded by Charlemagne, the Hamburgers had for hundreds of years a vanity in themselves as an independent people, and a dream of nationality, like Tyre, Athens, Venice, Genoa, Pisa, illustrating the glory and supremacy of single cities. Even now there is a question in the minds of many whether they are truly and irretrievably absorbed in the Empire of Germany. A reason given for the omission of the German emperor to visit Hamburg during the pestilence, following the example of the King of Italy at Naples, is that Hamburg has still certain sovereign rights hardly consistent with imperialism. So far as this interferes with the pride of race and is asserted in local affairs, the masterful Prussian looks on with the complacency of one who hears argument with patience when he is sure the power is in his own hands and the decision of the dispute precisely as he pleases. The German empire is satisfied with the pos-

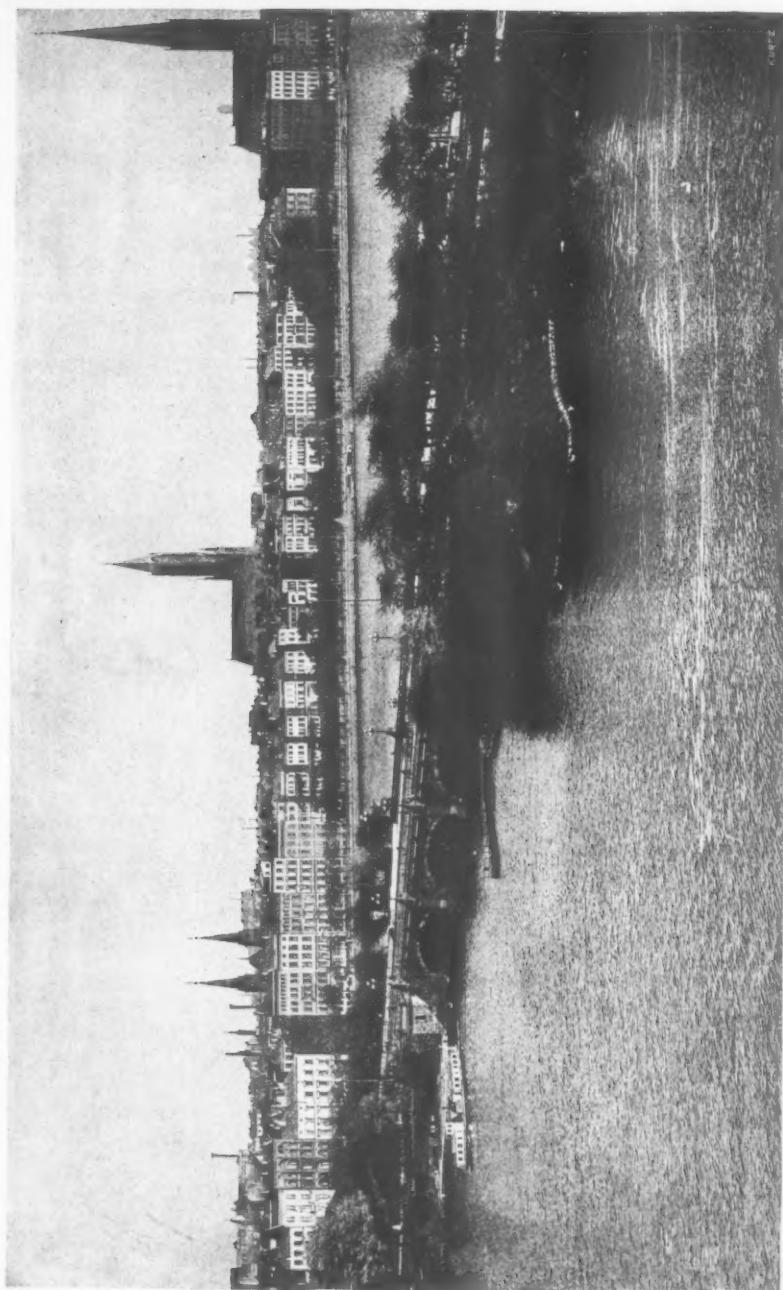
session of the real authority, and beholds with the humor of wisdom the continuance of forms that have lost significance as they relate to things that have passed away.

The historical episode that is remembered in the great city of the North sea with the deepest feeling of wrong and humiliation is that of the annexation in 1806 by force of arms to the French empire. It was the policy of Napoleon for a time, when he was First Consul, to encourage the independence of the Hanse towns, of which Hamburg was the chief. It was necessary, he declared, to the interests of France that their ancient autonomy should be maintained. When Napoleon was emperor and the battle of Jena placed Germany in his grasp, he took possession of Hamburg and Marshal Mortier entered the city.

The first thing was to confiscate English goods and make Englishmen prisoners of war. Warehouses and private residences were ransacked for English property. The primary Napoleonic policy was to destroy British trade. This was the continental system. Napoleon's heaviest blows were aimed at the British manufacturers, and he "protected" the continent with a mighty vengeance. It was this crusade against England which caused the Russian war and flamed in the burning of Moscow. The retreat from Russia was, however, the event that announced the dawn of deliverance from the rule of the French. The requisitions on Hamburg were astonishing. The Corsican conqueror had the wit to make war self-supporting, and the riches of the great Hanseatic town were a rare and welcome find. So pleased was the



VIEW OF ST. CATHARINE'S CHURCH FROM NEUBURG.



THE ALSTER BASIN.

emperor with it that December 10, 1810, Hamburg with the adjacent country was annexed to the Empire of France. The Russians entered Hamburg in 1813, but the city was retaken by Marshal Davoust. The marshal levied contributions amounting to \$14,000,000 in one month, and fortified the town, doing damage to the amount of \$4,000,000. The Hamburgers were compelled to work on the fortifications. The estimated losses of the city from the French occupation, which, of course, closed with the fall of Napoleon, were \$50,000,000. A beautiful circle of green now marks the line of French fortifications and is one of the adornments that are most prized.

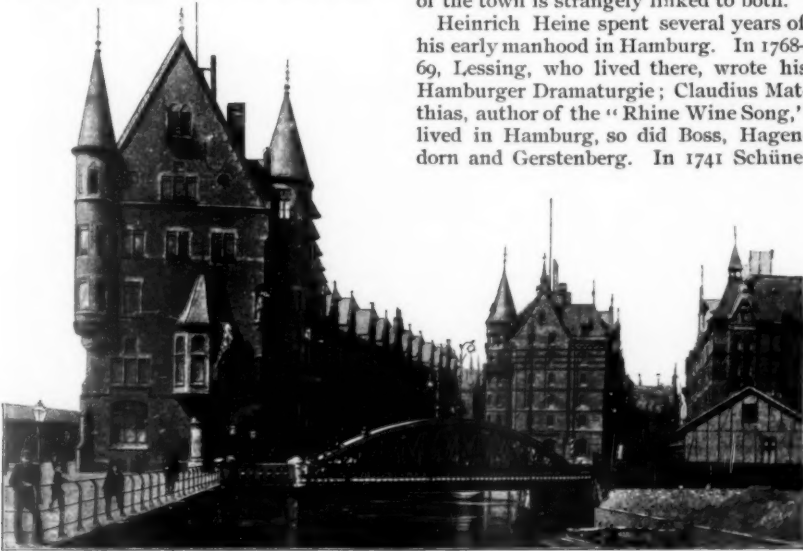
This port has for a generation been the most important point of departure for German emigrants to "the Americas," as they call our continents. Many have gone to Central and South America. One of the questions a Hamburger shocks an American citizen with when he mentions that he is an American, is: "Are you from North or South America?" Sometimes they mean to soothe the asperities of American vanity, but such is their cosmopolitanism, growing out of their comprehensive commerce, that South America fills a large space in their visions,

and as their ships sail "from Indus to Peru," they are very conscious of the distinction of the Americas and wonder at the proprietary air the citizens of the United States assume toward the hemisphere a section of which they inhabit.

One of the greatest of the zoological gardens is that of Hamburg, and it has the largest market in the world for wild animals, and all the curiosities of museums, gardens and menageries. The number of lions, tigers, leopards, bears and boa constrictors on sale is remarkable; and the stock of tropical birds and of strange creatures, whether hideous or beautiful, from every land, is of surprising extent and variety. Some of the boats have special accommodation for this sort of transportation, and the American traveller, exploring the mysterious places of a Hamburg ship, has been not unfrequently startled to find pathetic groups of deer—in their day an occasional buffalo—and sulky bears, blinking wolves, coons—the spoil of our forests, destined to entertain the Europeans.

In a recent work, *Lounging Days in Hamburg*, the author, August Erinius, commenting on the indifference of the modern commercial Hamburger to the fine arts and literature, says the history of the town is strangely linked to both.

Heinrich Heine spent several years of his early manhood in Hamburg. In 1768-69, Lessing, who lived there, wrote his *Hamburger Dramaturgie*; Claudius Matthias, author of the "Rhine Wine Song," lived in Hamburg, so did Boss, Hagedorn and Gerstenberg. In 1741 Schöne-



BONDED WAREHOUSES.

mann, with Ackermann and Schröder, organized the first actors' society in the fatherland. Modern authorities admit that this society gave impetus to the German drama and laid the foundation for the subsequent high place taken by Germany in the world of dramatic art. The writer dwells with peculiar fondness on the bridges, shady parks, pavilions, monuments to famous men, the market, the quay, and gives a very glowing description of the harbor. Of the monuments he especially mentions Schiller's, Lessing's, and the one erected opposite the Museum of Fine Arts, to Doctor G. H. Kirchenpauer, once burgomeister.

As one traverses the North sea on the way from the English channel to Hamburg there is, first, the coast of England on the left, with the white sails and the black smoke of the steamers going to or from the Thames, which is the harbor of London,

and then on the right are the low shores of Holland, and, if the weather is fair, a great fleet of fishing vessels with sails of dusky red; and, some hours later, on the left rises, like a small, low cloud, the pale rock of Heligoland. This is the sign that we are nearing the mouth of the Elbe.

The landing of the ocean steamers is at Cuxhaven, where a special train is ready to run over the green meadow lands, full of ditches, with gates to let the water out when the tide is low, and strong embankments to keep it out when the ocean and river combine to be high. The appearances are that this country, like Holland, has been redeemed from the sea, but it is all fairly above sea level. There are clustering villages and villas. The approach to the great mart is through striking scenes of industry, tall chimneys and wide, glittering waters. One has a glimpse of that portion of the city where the streets



DOVENFLETH, WITH ST. CATHARINE'S CHURCH.



FRIEHAFEN AND WAREHOUSES.

are canals, a dingy and busy, old, but not worn-out, Venice; and another portion that in its massive and lofty structures is a reminder of Chicago; and the Elbe, which comes all the way from the mountains of Bohemia and Moravia, by way of Dresden. Hamburg is Chicago and Venice in combination, and in the heart of it is the incomparable jewel, the Alster basin, a noble sheet of water guarded by embankments, purified by the tides, lined with hotels, and with shady walks leading away to spacious and charming parks. The view is most attractive, and under illumination these are scenes of enchantment. It is the boast of many cities that they have special aptitudes and fascinations as summer resorts, but it is rare the claim is made with such amplitude of supporting testimony as at Hamburg, surrounded by the soft brilliancy of the green land of North Germany, with the waters of the Elbe and Alster spreading into canals, basins and harbors, with handsome streets perfectly paved, parks of liberal proportions exquisitely shaded, with charming residence streets, and vast railroad buildings that, in connection with the waterways, bring the earth and ocean together, so that they serve each other in

the interests of commerce; with riches of material and cheapness of power and ease of handling and labor that is skilled, we have the elements of manufacturing, and it is not difficult to see to what the city owes its greatness, its swift recovery from tremendous disaster, the certainty that this was the appointed place for one of the exchanges of the productions of all lands.

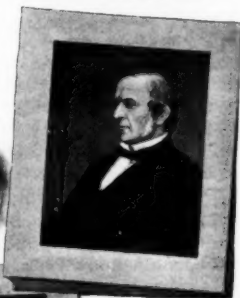
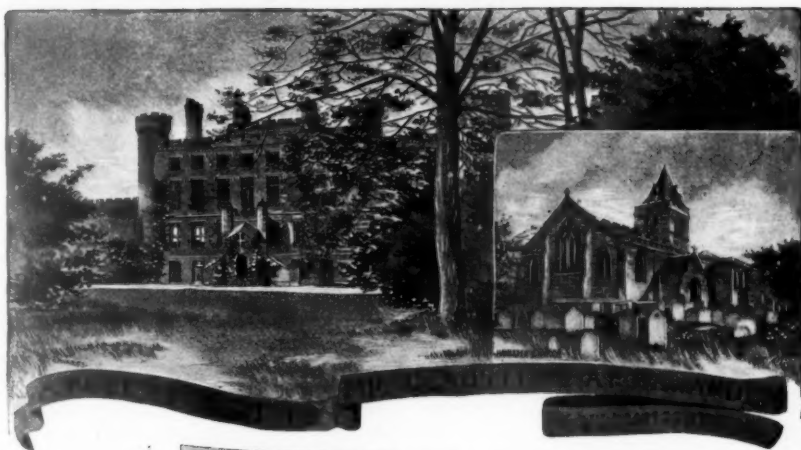
One asks what is the secret of the vitality of Hamburg—whence came it? First, the river is a harbor safe from the tempests that lash the ocean, and safe, too, except at intervals of centuries, from raids by sea or land of those who would prey on the riches that merchants accumulate. The port is far enough from the ocean to defy all floating armaments, and yet within easy reach of salt water. The river affords transportation from an extensive territory, that yields treasures from farms and mines and quarries and forests, and that is thronged by people who are laborious, productive and thrifty. You see the ship you have left at the seaside at the docks taking her coal and cargo, and in the long array of lofty masts flutter the flags of all nations that steam or sail around the world. There are the storehouses of Chi-

cago and of Liverpool. There are depots for railroad systems that stretch across Europe, docks where vessels from all the continents are at home. There are huge establishments for handling freight by the carload, and other structures dark with age and full of the histories of successful enterprise, overhanging canals where there are barges that glide to the big ships, as the cars into the railroad depots, and still other houses where the ships themselves are loaded or unloaded direct from the warehouse floors. It is said the cost to the city of New York for drayage is \$50,000,000 a year. In Hamburg this is capital saved. The barges and the cars, the ships and the elevators, instead of being separated and their relations complicated—that is, obstructed and made costly, consuming time, which to the merchant is money—the facilities for the roads and the rivers, the harbor, the canals and the warehouses, go hand in hand, and the people prosper, not through actions that cripple the managers of business, but because there is general prosperity. Buildings are found that front both on canals and cartways, and the handling of freight

is surprisingly rapid and cheap. There are no wasteful delays in transportation, no cultivated awkwardness in handling. I fancy there is no other commercial city the equal of Hamburg in the promptitude and economy with which ships and cars exchange cargoes. On every side the competent observer sees the easy excellence of the business system that is an old-time inheritance, and has had joined to it all the rapid processes that modern science has made possible and that progressive invention has perfected. It is not too much to say that New York wastes in her methods, that make such a demand for trucks and tugs—the neglect to bring land and sea and commerce and manufacture close together—resources that would make up an increase of business surprising to those who have not made a study of these economics, and provide in absolute savings the prodigious sums needed to bridge the North and East rivers again and again, tunnel the Narrows, build solid elevated railroads for rapid transit, and place around Manhattan island accommodations for commerce worthy the gate of the continent.



THE REESDAMM BRIDGE, OLD JUNGFERNSTIEG AND ALSTER ARCADE.



IN reading the recent biography of Mr. Gladstone by George W. E. Russell, one is struck by the applicability to the household at Hawarden of the description given of the home life of the great statesman's father, Sir John Gladstone. "The house was, by all accounts, a home pre-eminently calculated to mould the thoughts and direct the course of an intelligent and receptive nature. There was the father's masterful will and keen perception, the sweetness and piety of the mother, wealth, with all its substantial advantages and few of its mischiefs, a strong sense of the value of money, a rigid avoidance of extravagance and excess; everywhere a strenuous purpose in life, constant employment, and concentrated ambition."

Nearly every word of that is true of the life at Hawarden. The spirit that rules is the spirit of simplicity itself; not ascetic, not indifferent to the good things of the world, but alien alike to pomp, ceremony and epicureanism. Time is held as a trust to be accounted for minute by minute. A wilful, purposeless idler would find himself aloof and estranged, as in few other places. Not the head of the house alone, but mother, sons and daughters, following his example, find employment to fill the day from an early rising to an early bedtime. The extravagancies of the London season and the supplementary splendors of the ordinary country house are shut out, and the days are

ordered with as little ostentation and as much quiet benevolence and scrupulousness as in an ideal country parsonage.

This, however, must not be allowed to convey an impression of cheerlessness or the exclusion of natural interests of the worldly sort. You may hear in this household some profound theology, and scan horizons of philosophy which you may never reach; you may hear more of the Achaians than Oxford teaches, and be led beyond your depth in political speculation; but you will also hear of the newest novel and the latest play, of pictures, travels, inventions, of all things not frivolous that ripple through the conversation of the hour. There is wine on the table at luncheon and at dinner, and after dinner there is music, of which Mr. Gladstone is a great lover. As for cheerfulness Mr. Gladstone himself is full of gayety in his moments of relaxation and falsifies the familiar portraits of him which represent him as being without the sense of humor. There are times when he has a boy's playfulness and then his eye dances with mischievous glee.

Entering the drawing room after luncheon we came unexpectedly upon his little grandchild, not yet two years old, who was running about with bare feet. We had been talking about protection and free trade, and the representation made of the condition of English workmen by the advocates of protection in America. "There!" said Mr. Gladstone, as soon as he saw the child, his face gleaming at the mischief of the innuendo; "when you return to America you might say that in a free-trade country even the children of the moderately well-to-do go barefooted."

Then, seriously, he added his belief that no country can be wholly prosperous at home or entirely happy in its foreign relations unless it is a free-trade country.

Hawarden is but a few miles from Chester, and a new railway leaves one in the village itself, which is neither picturesque nor interesting, except for its associations with the man who has three times been prime minister of England. That the value of these associations is not lost sight of, and that their magnetism draws upon sentiment or curiosity to no ordinary degree, is apparent in the few shop windows of the old-and-new village street, which by their displays of photographs and

souvenirs show that Hawarden is the shrine of many pilgrimages. I say "old-and-new village street," because white, crouching, thatched cottages and inns of long ago have for neighbors many of the two-story, red-brick, bay-windowed villas of later date. Before the railway it was a village where the coaches changed horses, and the grumbling passengers, looking upon their conveyance without the sentiment which their descendants lend it, alighted to thaw their stiffened joints and congealed arteries: the Fox Inn, "by Maria Jones," is a witness of this period. Now it is the habitation not only of farmers, but of colliers and artisans, and as Chester grows it will be hardly more than a suburb of that city, though forever glorified by its association with the personage who is described by both friend and opponent as "the most extraordinary man of his time."

The Fox Inn has a modern rival in the Glynne Arms (Hawarden, it will be remembered, came to Mr. Gladstone through his wife, the daughter of Sir Stephen Glynne), and the lodge of the castle is just opposite. The park within is beautiful and ample, but neither so beautiful nor so ample as the estates of thousands of other Englishmen. It is proportioned to the sufficiency of its owner's other worldly possessions—enough, but not too much; humble, indeed, by the side of such estates as Eaton Hall and Chatsworth, the proprietors of which were once the administrative lieutenants of Mr. Gladstone, as they are still in all respects, except wealth, his inferiors. The ground is rolling and well-wooded, and the sound of brooks comes up from the glens to mingle with the rustle of beeches and oaks. It is a place that at once suggests a resemblance between itself and its owner; over the glade the derricks and chimneys of neighboring collieries are visible, and this contiguity of sylvan repose with industrial activity symbolizes the union of the academic and the practical, which is one of the characteristics of Mr. Gladstone's genius.

The visitors come not only singly and in small parties, but in swarms, filling, on occasions, entire excursion trains from cities as distant as London, Birmingham and Bristol. They bring their wives and children with them, and picnic and play

their games; eat their buns and drink their tea with the freedom that belongs to a public recreation ground. One restriction alone is put on them—that they shall not cut the shrubs or trees, which have suffered much in times past from the knives of the relic hunters.

"I fancy that a day rarely passes without bringing visitors of this class to Hawarden in large numbers," I said to Mr. Gladstone, as we walked in the direction of the keep and crumbling walls of the old castle, which stands a few hundred yards from the present house.

"Rarely," he said, quickly adding, as if to deprecate an implication of homage: "you see, the people are always interested in an old man, and I believe that no other man at my time of life has been a leader of his party, though there have been older men in Parliament."

But without venturing to traverse this explanation, the guest knew within himself that there was a better one. The attraction with these artisans from the mills of Lancashire and the potteries of Staffordshire is not that of curiosity, but that of the pilgrim to the shrine.

The years tell little on Mr. Gladstone, and he has the appearance of a man of not more than sixty-five or seventy. They have stolen nothing from his intellectual force, and have left him unwearied, unvanquished, unappeased in the appetite for achievement. His capacity for work, his amazing memory, his interest in art and in literature continue without visible impairment. It is only by his physical condition that one detects the slight frost which has nipped this "political evergreen," the name happily applied to him by a recent reviewer. He complains of his voice, which is less resonant than it was, and of his hearing; he apologetically puts us on his left side to hear us better, though we ourselves would by preference be the listener. The figure, maybe, does not poise itself about the shoulders with the athletic erectness of ten years ago, and he tells us that he has given up altogether, or nearly altogether, his tree-chopping. But his step is still light and quick, and without effort and without fatigue he leads us up the steep, mossy slope to the entrance of the keep of the old castle. He is conscious of his years, but they do not discourage him. Our

memory flies back to the reply he made in the House of Commons to that very bumptious gentleman, Mr. Chaplin, who attempted to correct him in some statement and attributed the alleged inaccuracy to the infirmities of age. Mr. Gladstone stood up in a glow of indignation, and in a touching voice said: "I am unable to determine to what exact degree I am suffering from the infirmities of age, but I will venture to say that, while sensible that the lapse of time is undoubtedly extremely formidable and affects me in more than one particular, yet I hope that for a little while at any rate I may remain not wholly unable to cope with antagonists of the calibre of the right honorable gentleman opposite." Conservatives as well as Liberals and Home Rulers joined in the cheers, and the pompous Mr. Chaplin had nothing more to say.

Hawarden castle—the new one—is a gray, turreted, machicolated mansion, separated from the park by fences and hedges, and within these it is surrounded by gorgeous flower beds and gravel walks. It was built by an ancestor of Mrs. Gladstone about 125 years ago. But the old castle, of which little except the keep remains, was one of the links in the chain of fortresses, like Conway and Carnarvon, which the Edwards built to maintain their dominion over Wales. Still earlier it had been in turn a stronghold of Saxon, Dane and Norman; later the Cavaliers and Roundheads played shuttlecock with it, and then pulled it apart, if not feather by feather, stone by stone.

But it is more recent history that possesses us as we stand on the highest parapet of the keep, having at our side that figure which has been more familiar and more potent than any other in the Victorian age. The Dee is in sight, creeping towards the sea between low sandy banks, which at high tide it will gently overflow. The peninsula of Cheshire bounds the farther shore, and in the distance the clear air is thickened by a brownish cloud, to which Mr. Gladstone draws our attention. That cloud is the smoke of Liverpool, where he was born, and as we face it there is a minute or two of silence, which for us, and probably for him, too, opens a long vista of memories. In the heart of the town stands the now dingy mansion of his birth, and about four miles

to the northward, near the mouth of the Mersey, is the village of Seaforth, where he went to school with Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.

I believe I possess an authentic account of this period of Mr. Gladstone's life. Some years ago I prepared an article on his school days for *The Youth's Companion*, and with that indulgence which all who are privileged to know him experience, he corrected the proofs for me, though he assured me he had never done anything of the kind before. The article was published before his revision reached Boston, however, and the changes he made in the original now appear for the first time.

The original reads: "Mr. Gladstone belongs to a substantial middle-class family." This is altered to "an ancient family of southern Scotland, depressed in the eighteenth century, when they appear in malting and other trades, and again beginning to rise with Mr. Gladstone's grandfather." The original again: "They had a country place at Seaforth, which was then outside of Liverpool and its smoke and noise, though it is now knitted with the town. The little boy who was destined to become famous used to ramble about these grounds with his father's friend, the great Mr. Canning, who was already the foremost statesman of England. Canning, it is said, would sit by the hour at Seaforth meditating on the policy of the country, while the boy sat at his feet." This is expunged with the following comment: "I think this should disappear. Mr. Canning took very marked notice of an elder brother of mine, but none whatever of me."

Another paragraph from the original: "'The only things I inherited were ignorance and indigence,' said Henry Clay. Mr. Gladstone inherited money and social position, and from his infancy was surrounded by every influence which could help him. But . . . he could not have risen to his present high place except by the continuous industry and resolute purpose which have always distinguished him." This is qualified by the subject of the biography as follows: "In his boyhood, however, though sometimes thoughtful and always impressive, he was averse from school work, and his education during the home period of his life made little progress."

The original then describes his going to Eton: "This famous school has improved of late; but when Mr. Gladstone entered it was governed in a very loose fashion, and lazy and incapable boys passed through it with little else to show for the years they spent there than a smattering of the classics." Mr. Gladstone's addition to this is: "From Eton, however, he drew his first inspiration and became, if not a brilliant, yet a diligent student." His contributions to the *Eton Miscellany* and his speeches in the debating societies are referred to in the original in these words: "Even thus early in his career his aspirations were political rather than literary, and there was something prophetic in an essay on 'Eloquence' which he wrote for the *Eton Miscellany*. The most elevated minds, he says, are usually devoted to the legislative hall at Westminster. 'A successful début, an offer from the minister, a secretaryship of state, and even the premiership itself are the objects which form the vista along which a young visionary loves to look.'" This passage, also, is qualified by Mr. Gladstone by the following addition in his own handwriting: "Politics, however, did not exercise a permanent sway over his mind during the period of youth. At Eton he had one special and highly prized advantage in forming a very close and intimate friendship with the foremost youth among his contemporaries in the school. This was Arthur Henry Hallam, the eldest son of Henry Hallam, the distinguished historian, and the subject of Tennyson's wonderful poem *In Memoriam*."

Another passage in the original article reads: "When only twenty-five he became Under Secretary for the Colonies and representative of the department in the House of Commons under the short government (1834-5) of Sir Robert Peel. There exists a picture of him as he appeared at this time, which little resembles him in his later years. . . . But the outward change has not been greater than the moral and intellectual change. He was a Conservative then and was described by Lord Macaulay as 'the hope of the stern and unbending Tories.'" The addendum to this, made on the margin of the proof sheet, is as follows: "This is admitted by himself with respect to ecclesiastical questions, but as to other mat-

ters he considers it as untrue, and contradicted by the tenor of his early speeches. His language is that he did not then understand the value of liberty for its own sake as a principle of human action and as a necessary condition of all high political excellence."

Again the original: "His early political bias he has attributed in a great measure to his training at Oxford. 'I did not learn there what I have learned since,' he has said, 'to set a due value on the imperishable and inestimable privileges of human liberty.'" Now, Mr. Gladstone's revision of the proof: "But he also says that Oxford, the Oxford of his day, taught him to value truth and to follow it at all cost and hazards."

From the keep of the old castle we retraced our way to the house through a beautiful wooded path, which gave occasion for a little discourse revealing something of Mr. Gladstone's intimate knowledge and love of trees. He had just received a present from Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes, a work on the trees of Massachusetts, and was deeply interested in the picture and description of the Lancaster elms, though they are not so full of girth as some of the elms of England. Following at our heels, with beseeching eyes, was the little black Pomeranian "Petz," whose picture has become familiar as a photographic celebrity in the London shops, and who, at Hawarden, is Mr. Gladstone's constant companion. There was

nothing flattering in his greeting when we arrived; he treated us with suspicion, and would not be coaxed into a friendlier attitude until Mr. Gladstone showed us the way to his heart: all we had to do to placate him was to throw sticks for him to recover, and we could not throw them high enough or low enough on the steep escarpment of the keep to prevent him from "retrieving" them. Once we thought we had



MR. GLADSTONE'S DAUGHTER, MRS. DREW, GRANDCHILD AND "PETZ." *

baffled him, but disappearing for a few minutes, he returned and dropped at our feet the branch, which had fallen on an apparently inaccessible spot.

The house is not at all "smart," or esthetic, but plain and substantial, though, as it should be needless to say, it is full of rare things—rare prints, rare books and rare bric-a-brac—the surroundings of a man who is both a virtuoso and a scholar,

* Reproduced here through the courtesy of Mr. G. W. Webster, of Chester, England.

without having extravagant tastes of any kind. There are but few pictures, except those in black and white, and photographs. The most interesting object among them is a miniature in the drawing room—the picture of a handsome, dark-haired boy of two and a little girl, whose arm is around his neck. This was painted eighty-one years ago, and the children are Mr. Gladstone and his sister.

Another child of two may often now be seen with her arm around his neck, his little granddaughter. It is of her that a recent visitor to the castle tells a very pretty story: "She can just toddle about from room to room, and she brings a ray of sunlight with her wherever she goes. I never saw a prettier sight than when she just now ran through the open door which divides the drawing room from the 'Grand Old Man's' sanctuary, and, pulling at the lapels of his dressing gown drew him imperiously away from Homer or the Blue books or whatever was engaging him. The first intimation we heard in the next room was a peal of laughter on Mr. Gladstone's part at the obvious necessity of capitulating to that daring invasion, as musical and hearty as ever came from human lips—for his laugh, as you know, is one of his greatest attractions. Presently the 'Grand Old Man' and the little child, separated by eighty years of time, come hand in hand together into the drawing room. Mrs. Gladstone runs to the piano and strikes up a lively waltz tune, and in a second the two partners are dancing together, the 'Grand Old Man' putting into his pirouettes a lot of funny, old-fashioned little steps, learned of our great-grandmothers seventy-five years ago, which it was impossible to view without delight and applause, although so much pathos mingled with the comedy in the touching scene."

No impression of Mr. Gladstone's character is so false as that which deprives him of the sense of humor. The passionate and almost fanatical earnestness of his convictions compels him to resent all trifling in the discussion of public questions, but in private conversation, erudite and even recondite as he can be, he welcomes the turn that opens the way for a spontaneous laugh. To see him smile with a boyish twinkle in the corner of the eyes, as, perhaps, he pretends to tease Mrs. Gladstone at the luncheon table, is to see

a face which neither the portrait painter nor the caricaturist, neither Millais nor Tenniel, has ever caught. The nearest approach to it is in the whimsical portrait-ure which Harry Furniss gives us in *Punch*.

But the expression changes, of course, with the mood and the occasion. The amused cynicism with which Lord Beaconsfield used to sit and listen to the arguments of his opponents; the contemptuous smile, the affectation of being bored—nothing of this sort is ever visible in Mr. Gladstone's countenance or attitude. If the debate is of any importance at all he is an eager and respectful listener; if it becomes heated, and he or his party is put under a fire of criticism, his attention is closer still; and every accusation or misrepresentation brings into his face a cloud across which there is a lightning-like play of pain, amazement, incredulity and outraged sensibility. A very serious indictment can be launched against an enemy in one glance of Mr. Gladstone's eyes, which in moments of excitement glow with a heat that brands. Well I remember the look of injury, just visible behind the high wings of his collar, which he used to fix on the Home Rulers who shook imprecating fingers at him across the House of Commons before he espoused their cause; while his chief secretary, Mr. Forster, with his face half-buried in his ample beard, sat close by quite unmoved and scornfully indifferent to the immoderate attacks. But though not altogether unprovided with the vials of wrath, Mr. Gladstone is never ferocious, never malicious and never intentionally unfair. His spirit is that of the proselyte, his chief reliance is on persuasion.

The library is the room at Hawarden which one regards with most interest. It is very simply furnished with a couch and a few wicker and leather-covered chairs. The bookcases not only surround the walls to within a few inches of the ceiling, leaving no space for pictures and barely enough for a few busts, but are built out laterally from the walls into the room, forming alcoves just wide enough to admit one person at a time. There are two desks, one for political matters and the other for the literary work from which Mr. Gladstone never allows himself to be altogether divorced, and the classification

of manuscripts, letters and documents which is possible through this method prevents the confusion which would be otherwise inevitable with such a mass of papers.

The daily mail is enormous : it flows in from all parts of the world and from all classes of society ; from pitmen, weavers and agricultural laborers ; from princes, politicians and theologians. It brings letters of violent abusiveness and letters of unctuous flattery ; books which the authors would be glad to have Mr. Gladstone review, and presents of many sorts. Not more than one-tenth of it is ever seen by Mr. Gladstone, however. It is sorted by some member of the household, generally by his daughter, who separates the wheat from the chaff. In times of political activity he usually has one or two political secretaries, but at other seasons the only help he has is given by his children. He never makes use of such labor-saving devices as stenography or the typewriter. His letters and his manuscripts are written from beginning to end, regardless of length, in his own hand. When surprise at this is expressed he tells us that he is too fixed in his habits to adopt the new methods, and moreover, that the intervention of such mechanical aids as typewriting always increases the distance between the correspondents. In a recent note to me he complains that his eyes are steadily losing power, adding that "typewriting (so kindly meant) tires them much more than good manuscript and there grows up an inert unwillingness to touch

it." But the economical, expeditious post-cards he uses freely for his briefer communications, and so much does he appreciate their convenient simplicity that when he went into mourning for the death of his brother a year or two ago he did not discontinue using them, but had a supply printed with a mourning border.

There is no such flattery as that which our antagonists are compelled to yield in order to justify themselves. "Why am I answering these arguments?" says Mr. Balfour in a recent speech. "Because they are the arguments of Mr. Gladstone," he replies, "and Mr. Gladstone's arguments demand the attention which I would not give to any other living man." That is no small concession from the Conservative camp, which, through the mouth of Lord Randolph Churchill, proclaims Mr. Gladstone to be "in some respects, the greatest man in England." True it is, that whoever comes under the personal influence of Mr. Gladstone falls under a spell which takes the fang out of all political animosity. His fascination derives its power not only from his courage and genius, but also from an irresistible courtliness of manner and kindness of heart. He stands at the door of the library to shake hands with us and say good-by before resuming the work of the day, and apologizing because he has not more time to give us, he says, in the most captivating manner imaginable, "I am sorry that I have to give grudgingly that which is worth so little."

POMPEII.

BY MARY THACHER HIGGINSON.

FRESH from the Carnival's grotesque delight
 We trod thy streets, oh, City of the Dead!
 The pavements echoing back our conscious tread.
 About us rose the homes a sudden blight
 Had cursed ; now hopeless as the fatal sight
 Of dread Medusa's face. The soul had fled,
 Leaving its mortal life a book outspread.
 Within those frescoed walls—bare rooms, once bright
 With children's glee—what warning could we find?
 In myriad haunting tones the answer came :
 "Let Death move swift or slow. Hold thou in mind
 Thy brother's needs, nor seek for earthly fame ;
 But let thy daily living yield mankind
 The priceless record of a lofty aim."

A TRAVELLER FROM ALTRURIA.

By W. D. HOWELLS.

I CONFESS that with all my curiosity to meet an Altrurian, I was in no hospitable mood towards the traveller when he finally presented himself, pursuant to the letter of advice sent me by the friend who introduced him. It would be easy enough to take care of him in the hotel; I had merely to engage a room for him, and have the clerk tell him his money was not good if he tried to pay for anything. But I had swung fairly into my story; its people were about me all the time; I dwelt amidst its events and places, and I did not see how I could welcome my guest among them, or abandon them for him. Still, when he actually arrived, and I took his hand as he stepped from the train, I found it less difficult to say that I was glad to see him than I expected. In fact, I was glad, for I could not look upon his face without feeling a glow of kindness for him. I had not the least trouble in identifying him, he was so unlike all the Americans who dismounted from the train with him, and who all looked hot, worried and anxious. He was a man no longer young, but in what we call the heyday of life, when our own people are so absorbed in making provision for the future that they may be said not to live in the present at all. This Altrurian's whole countenance, and especially his quiet, gentle eyes, expressed a vast contemporaneity, with bounds of leisure removed to the end of time; or, at least, this was the effect of something in them which I am obliged to report in rather fantastic terms. He was above the middle height and he carried himself vigorously. His face was sunburnt, or sea-burnt, where it was not bearded; and although I knew from my friend's letter that he was a man of learning and distinction in his own country, I should never have supposed him a person of scholarly life, he was so far from sicklied over with anything like the pale cast of thought. When he took the hand I offered him in my half-hearted welcome he gave it a grasp that decided me to confine our daily greetings to something much less muscular.

"Let me have your bag," I said, as we do when we meet people at the train, and he instantly bestowed a rather heavy valise upon me, with a smile in his benignant eyes, as if it had been the greatest favor. "Have you got any checks?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, in very good English, but with an accent new to me: "I bought two." He gave them to me and I passed them to our hotel porter, who was waiting there with the baggage cart. Then I proposed that we should walk across the meadow to the house, which is a quarter of a mile or so from the station. We started, but he stopped suddenly and looked back over his shoulder. "Oh, you needn't be troubled about your trunks," I said. "The porter will get them to the house all right. They'll be in your room by the time we get there."

"But he's putting them into the wagon himself," said the Altrurian.

"Yes; he always does that. He's a strong young fellow. He'll manage it. You needn't—" I could not finish saying that he need not mind the porter; he was rushing back to the station, and I had the mortification of seeing him take an end of each trunk and help the porter toss it into the wagon; some lighter pieces he put in himself, and he did not stop till all the baggage the train had left was disposed of.

I stood holding his valise, unable to put it down in my embarrassment at this eccentric performance, which had been evident not to me alone, but to all the people who arrived by the train, and all their friends who came from the hotel to meet them. A number of these passed me on the tally-ho coach; and a lady, who had got her husband with her for over Sunday, and was in very good spirits, called gayly down to me: "Your friend seems fond of exercise!"

"Yes," I answered dryly; the sparkling repartee which ought to have come to my help failed to show up. But it was impossible to be vexed with the Altrurian when he returned to me, un-

ruffled by his bout with the baggage, and serenely smiling.

"Do you know," he said, "I fancied that good fellow was ashamed of my helping him. I hope it didn't seem a reflection upon him in any way before your people? I ought to have thought of that."

"I guess we can make it right with him. I dare say he felt more surprised than disgraced. But we must make haste a little now; your train was half an hour late, and we shall not stand so good a chance for supper if we are not there pretty promptly."

"No?" said the Altrurian. "Why?"

"Well," I said, with evasive lightness, "first come, first served, you know. That's human nature."

"Is it?" he returned, and he looked at me as one does who suspects another of joking.

"Well, isn't it?" I retorted; but I hurried to add: "Besides, I want to have time after supper to show you a bit of our landscape. I think you'll enjoy it." I knew he had arrived in Boston that morning by steamer, and I now thought it high time to ask him: "Well, what do you think of America, anyway?" I ought really to have asked him this the moment he stepped from the train.

"Oh," he said, "I'm intensely interested," and I perceived that he spoke with a certain reservation. "As the most advanced country of its time, I've always been very curious to see it."

The last sentence raised my dashed spirits again, and I said confidently: "You must find our system of baggage checks delightful." I said this because it is one of the first things we brag of to foreigners, and I had the habit of it. "By the way," I ventured to add, "I suppose you meant to say you *brought* two checks when I asked you for them at the train just now? But you really said you *bought* them."

"Yes," the Altrurian replied, "I gave half a dollar apiece for them at the station in Boston. I saw other people doing it," he explained, noticing my surprise. "Isn't it the custom?"

"I'm happy to say it isn't yet, on most of our roads. They were tipping the baggage man, to make sure that he checked their baggage in time, and put it

on the train. I had to do that myself when I came up; otherwise it might have got along here sometime next day. But the system is perfect."

"The poor man looked quite worn out," said the Altrurian, "and I am glad I gave him something. He seemed to have several hundred pieces of baggage to look after, and he wasn't embarrassed like your porter by my helping him put my trunks into the car. May I confess that the meanness of the station, its insufficient facilities, its shabby waiting rooms, and its whole crowded and confused appearance gave me rather a bad impression?"

"I know," I had to own, "it's shameful; but you wouldn't have found another station in the city so bad."

"Ah, then," said the Altrurian, "I suppose this particular road is too poor to employ more baggage men, or build new stations; they seemed rather shabby all the way up."

"Well, no," I was obliged to confess, "it's one of the richest roads in the country. The stock stands at about 180. But I'm really afraid we shall be late to supper, if we don't get on," I broke off; though I was not altogether sorry to arrive after the porter had disposed of the baggage. I dreaded another display of active sympathy on the part of my strange companion; I have often felt sorry myself for the porters of hotels, but I have never thought of offering to help them handle the heavy trunks that they manage.

The Altrurian was delighted with the hotel; and in fact it did look extremely pretty, with its branching piazzas full of well-dressed people, and its green lawns where the children were playing. I led the way to the room which I had taken for him next my own; it was simply furnished, but it was sweet with new matting, fresh linen and pure white-washed walls. I flung open the window blinds and let him get a glimpse of the mountains purpling under the sunset, the lake beneath, and the deeply foliated shores.

"Glorious! Glorious!" he sighed.

"Yes," I modestly assented. "We think that's rather fine." He stood tranced before the window, and I thought I had better say, "Well, now I can't give you much time to get the dust of travel

off; the dining room doors close at eight, and we must hurry down."

"I'll be with you in a moment," he said, pulling off his coat.

I waited impatiently at the foot of the stairs, avoiding the question I met on the lips and in the eyes of my acquaintance. The fame of my friend's behavior at the station must have spread through the whole place; everybody wished to know who he was. I answered simply that he was a traveller from Altruria; in some cases I went farther and explained that the Altrurians are peculiar.

In much less time than it seemed my friend found me; and then I had a little compensation for my suffering in his behalf. I could see that, whatever people said of him, they felt the same mysterious liking at sight of him that I had felt. He had made a little change in his dress, and I perceived that the women thought him not only good-looking, but well-dressed. They followed him with their eyes as we went into the dining room, and I was rather proud of being with him, as if I somehow shared the credit of his clothes and good looks. The Altrurian himself seemed most struck with the head waiter, who showed us to our places, and while we were waiting for our supper I found a chance to explain that he was a divinity student from one of the fresh-water colleges, and was serving here during his summer vacation. This seemed to interest my friend so much that I went on to tell him that many of the waitresses, whom he saw standing there subject to the order of the guests, were country school mistresses in the winter.

"Ah, that is as it should be," he said; "that is the kind of thing I expected to meet with in America."

"Yes," I responded, in my flattered national vanity, "if America means anything at all it means the honor of work and the recognition of personal worth everywhere. I hope you are going to make a long stay with us. We like to have travellers visit us who can interpret the spirit of our institutions as well as read their letter. As a rule, Europeans never quite get our point of view. Now a great many of these waitresses are ladies, in the true sense of the word, self-respectful, intelligent, refined, and fit to grace——"

I was interrupted by the noise my friend made in suddenly pushing back his chair and getting to his feet. "What's the matter?" I asked. "You're not ill, I hope?"

But he did not hear me. He had run half down the dining hall toward the slender young girl who was bringing us our supper. I had ordered rather generously, for my friend had owned to a good appetite, and I was hungry myself with waiting for him, so that the tray the girl carried was piled up with heavy dishes. To my dismay I saw, rather than heard at that distance, the Altrurian enter into a polite controversy with her, and then, as if overcoming all her scruples by sheer strength of will, possess himself of the tray and make off with it toward our table. The poor child followed him, blushing to her hair; the head waiter stood looking helplessly on; the guests, who at that late hour were fortunately few, were simply aghast at the scandal; the Altrurian alone seemed to think his conduct the most natural thing in the world. He put the tray on the side table near us, and in spite of our waitress's protests insisted upon arranging the little bird-bath dishes before our plates. Then at last he sat down, and the girl, flushed and tremulous, left the room, as I could not help suspecting, to have a good cry in the kitchen. She did not come back, and the head waiter, who was perhaps afraid of sending another in her place, looked after our few wants himself. He kept a sharp eye on my friend, as if he were not quite sure he was safe, but the Altrurian resumed the conversation with all that lightness of spirit which I noticed in him after he helped the porter with the baggage. I did not think it the moment to take him to task for what he had just done; I was not even sure that it was the part of a host to do so at all, and between the one doubt and the other I left the burden of the talk to him.

"What a charming young creature!" he began. "I never saw anything prettier than the way she had of refusing my help, absolutely without coquetry or affectation of any kind. She is, as you said, a perfect lady, and she graces her work, as I am sure she would grace any exigency of life. She quite realizes my ideal of an American girl, and I see now what

the spirit of your country must be from such an expression of it." I wished to tell him that while a country school teacher who waits at table in a summer hotel is very much to be respected in her sphere, she is not regarded with that high honor which some other women command among us; but I did not find this very easy, after what I had said of the esteem in which labor was held; and while I was thinking how I could hedge, my friend went on. "I liked England greatly, and I liked the English, but I could not like the theory of their civilization, or the aristocratic structure of their society. It seemed to me iniquitous, for we believe that inequality and iniquity are the same in the last analysis."

At this I found myself able to say: "Yes, there is something terrible, something shocking, in the frank brutality with which Englishmen affirm the essential inequality of men. The affirmation of the essential equality of men was the first point of departure with us, when we separated from them."

"I know," said the Altrurian. "How grandly it is expressed in your glorious Declaration."

"Ah, you have read our Declaration of Independence then?"

"Every Altrurian has read that," answered my friend.

"Well," I went on smoothly, and I hoped to render what I was going to say the means of enlightening him without offence concerning the little mistake he had just made with the waitress; "of course we don't take that in its closest literality."

"I don't understand you," he said.

"Why, you know it was rather the political than the social tradition of England that we broke with, in the revolution."

"How is that?" he returned. "Didn't you break with monarchy and nobility and ranks and classes?"

"Yes, we broke with all those things."

"But I found them a part of the social as well as the political structure in England. You have no kings or nobles here. Have you any ranks or classes?"

"Well, not exactly, in the English sense. Our ranks and classes, such as we have, are what I may call voluntary."

"Oh, I understand. I suppose that

from time to time certain ones among you feel the need of serving, and ask leave of the commonwealth to subordinate themselves to the rest of the state, and perform all the lowlier offices in it. Such persons must be held in peculiar honor. Is it something like that?"

"Well, no, I can't say it's quite like that. In fact, I think I'd better let you trust to your own observation of our life."

"But I am sure," said the Altrurian, with a simplicity so fine that it was a long time before I could believe it quite real, "that I shall approach it so much more intelligently with a little instruction from you. You say that your social divisions are voluntary. But do I understand that those who serve among you do not wish to do so?"

"Well, I don't suppose they would serve if they could help it," I replied.

"Surely," said the Altrurian with a look of horror, "you don't mean that they are slaves!"

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" I said; "the War put an end to that. We are all free, now, black and white."

"But if they do not wish to serve, and are not held in peculiar honor for serving—"

"I see that my word 'voluntary' has misled you," I put in. "It isn't the word exactly. The divisions among us are rather a process of natural selection. You will see, as you get better acquainted with the working of our institutions, that there are no arbitrary distinctions here, but the fitness of the work for the man and the man for the work determines the social rank that each one holds."

"Ah, that is fine!" cried the Altrurian with a glow of enthusiasm. "Then I suppose that these intelligent young people who teach school in winter and serve at table in the summer are in a sort of provisional state, waiting for the process of natural selection to determine whether they shall finally be teachers or waiters."

"Yes, it might be stated in some such terms," I assented, though I was not altogether easy in my mind. It seemed to me that I was not quite candid with this most candid spirit. I added, "You know we are a sort of fatalists here in America. We are great believers in the

doctrine that it will all come out right in the end."

"Ah, I don't wonder at that," said the Altrurian, "if the process of natural selection works so perfectly among you as you say. But I am afraid I don't understand this matter of your domestic service yet. I believe you said that all honest work is honored in America. Then no social slight attaches to service, I suppose?"

"Well, I can't say that, exactly. The fact is, a certain social slight does attach to service, and that is one reason why I don't quite like to have students wait at table. It won't be pleasant for them to remember it in after life, and it won't be pleasant for their children to remember it."

"Then the slight would descend?"

"I think it would. One wouldn't like to think one's father or mother had been at service."

The Altrurian said nothing for a moment. Then he remarked, "So it seems that while all honest work is honored among you, there are some kinds of honest work that are not honored so much as others."

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because some occupations are more degrading than others."

"But why?" he persisted, as I thought a little unreasonably.

"Really," I said, "I think I must leave you to imagine."

"I am afraid I can't," he said sadly. "Then, if domestic service is degrading in your eyes, and people are not willingly servants among you, may I ask why any are servants?"

"It is a question of bread and butter. They are obliged to be."

"That is, they are forced to do work that is hateful and disgraceful to them because they cannot live without?"

"Excuse me," I said, not at all liking this sort of pursuit, and feeling it fair to turn even upon a guest who kept it up. "Isn't it so with you in Altruria?"

"It was so once," he admitted, "but not now. In fact, it is like a waking dream to find oneself in the presence of conditions here that we outlived so long ago."

There was an unconscious superiority in this speech that nettled me, and stung

me to retort: "We do not expect to outlive them. We regard them as final, and as indestructibly based in human nature itself."

"Ah," said the Altrurian with a delicate and caressing courtesy, "have I said something offensive?"

"Not at all," I hastened to answer. "It is not surprising that you do not get our point of view exactly. You will, by and by, and then, I think, you will see that it is the true one. We have found that the logic of our convictions could not be applied to the problem of domestic service. It is everywhere a very curious and perplexing problem. The simple old solution of the problem was to own your servants; but we found that this was not consistent with the spirit of our free institutions. As soon as it was abandoned the anomaly began. We had outlived the primitive period when the housekeeper worked with her domestics and they were her help, and were called so; and we had begun to have servants to do all the household work, and to call them so. This state of things never seemed right to some of our purest and best people. They fancied, as you seem to have done, that to compel people through their necessities to do your hateful drudgery, and to wound and shame them with a name which every American instinctively resents, was neither republican nor Christian. Some of our thinkers tried to mend matters by making their domestics a part of their families; and in the life of Emerson you'll find an amusing account of his attempt to have his servant eat at the same table with himself and his wife. It wouldn't work. He and his wife could stand it, but the servant couldn't."

I paused, for this was where the laugh ought to have come in. The Altrurian did not laugh, he merely asked: "Why?"

"Well, because the servant knew, if they didn't, that they were a whole world apart in their traditions, and were no more fit to associate than New Englanders and New Zealanders. In the mere matter of education—"

"But I thought you said that these young girls who wait at table here were teachers."

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I ought to have explained. By this time it had

become impossible, as it is now, to get American girls to take service except on some such unusual terms as we have in a summer hotel; and the domestics were already ignorant foreigners, fit for nothing else. In such a place as this it isn't so bad. It is more as if the girls worked in a shop or a factory. They command their own time, in a measure; their hours are tolerably fixed, and they have each other's society. In a private family they would be subject to order at all times, and they would have no social life. They would be in the family, but not of it. American girls understand this, and so they won't go out to service in the usual way. Even in a summer hotel the relation has its odious aspects. The system of giving fees seems to me degrading to those who have to take them. To offer a student or a teacher a dollar for personal service—it isn't right, or I can't make it so. In fact, the whole thing is rather anomalous with us. The best that you can say of it is that it works, and we don't know what else to do."

"But I don't see yet," said the Altrurian, "just why domestic service is degrading in a country where all kinds of labor are honored."

"Well, my dear fellow, I have done my best to explain. As I intimated before, we distinguish; and in the different kinds of labor we distinguish against domestic service. I dare say it is partly because of the loss of independence which it involves. People naturally despise a dependent."

"Why?" asked the Altrurian, with that innocence of his which I was beginning to find rather trying.

"Why?" I retorted. "Because it implies weakness."

"And is weakness considered despicable among you?" he pursued.

"In every community it is despised practically, if not theoretically," I tried to explain. "The great thing that America has done is to offer the race an opportunity: the opportunity for any man to rise above the rest, and to take the highest place, if he is able." I had always been proud of this fact, and I thought I had put it very well, but the Altrurian did not seem much impressed by it.

He said: "I do not see how it differs from any country of the past in that.

But perhaps you mean that to rise carries with it an obligation to those below. 'If any is first among you, let him be your servant.' Is it something like that?"

"Well, it is not quite like that," I answered, remembering how very little our self-made men as a class had done for others. "Everyone is expected to look out for himself here. I fancy that there would be very little rising if men were expected to rise for the sake of others, in America. How is it with you in Altruria?" I demanded, hoping to get out of a certain discomfort I felt, in that way. "Do your risen men generally devote themselves to the good of the community after they get to the top?"

"There is no rising among us," he said, with what seemed a perception of the harsh spirit of my question; and he paused a moment before he asked in his turn, "How do men rise among you?"

"That would be rather a long story," I replied. "But putting it in the rough, I should say that they rose by their talents, their shrewdness, their ability to seize an advantage and turn it to their own account."

"And is that considered noble?"

"It is considered smart. It is considered at the worst far better than a dead level of equality. Are all men equal in Altruria? Are they all alike gifted or beautiful, or short or tall?"

"No, they are only equal in duties and in rights. But, as you said just now, that is a very long story. Are they equal in nothing here?"

"They are equal in opportunities."

"Ah!" breathed the Altrurian, "I am glad to hear that."

I began to feel a little uneasy, and I was not quite sure that this last assertion of mine would hold water. Everybody but ourselves had now left the dining room, and I saw the head waiter eyeing us impatiently. I pushed back my chair and said, "I'm sorry to seem to hurry you, but I should like to show you a very pretty sunset effect we have here before it is too dark. When we get back, I want to introduce you to a few of my friends. Of course, I needn't tell you that there is a good deal of curiosity about you, especially among the ladies."

"Yes, I found that the case in England,

largely. It was the women who cared most to meet me. I understand that in America society is managed even more by women than it is in England."

"It's entirely in their hands," I said, with the satisfaction we all feel in the fact. "We have no other leisure class. The richest men among us are generally hard workers; devotion to business is the rule; but as soon as a man reaches the point where he can afford to pay for domestic service, his wife and daughters expect to be released from it to the cultivation of their minds and the enjoyment of social pleasures. It's quite right. That is what makes them so delightful to foreigners. You must have heard their praises chanted in England. The English find our men rather stupid, I believe;

but they think our women are charming."

"Yes, I was told that the wives of their nobility were sometimes Americans," said the Altrurian. "The English think that you regard such marriages as a great honor, and that they are very gratifying to your national pride."

"Well, I suppose that is so in a measure," I confessed. "Not," I added virtuously, "that we approve of aristocracy."

"No, I understand that," said the Altrurian. "I shall hope to get your point of view in this matter more distinctly by and by. As yet, I'm a little vague about it."

"I think I can gradually make it clear to you," I returned.

THE NATION.

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

THE nation is the unit. That which makes
You an American of our Today,
Requires this nation and its history,
Requires the sum of all our citizens,
Requires the product of our common toil,
Requires the freedom of our common laws,
The common heart of our humanity.

Decrease our population, check our growth,
Deprive us of our wealth, our liberty,
Lower the nation's conscience by a hair,
And you are less than that you were before!
You stand here in the world the man you are,
Because your country is America!

Our liberty belongs to each of us:
The nation guarantees it; in return
We serve the nation, serving so ourselves.
Our education is a common right;
The state provides it, equally to all,
Each taking what he can; and in return
We serve the state, so serving best ourselves.
Food, clothing, all necessities of life—
These are a right as much as liberty!
The nation feeds its children. In return
We serve the nation, serving still ourselves.
Nay, not ourselves—ourselves! We are but parts,
The unit is the state—America!



SALON OF JULIAN'S SCHOOL, PASSAGE DES PANORAMAS.

ART SCHOOLS OF PARIS.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.



TWELVE or fifteen years ago nothing was more easy than to gain admission to the Beaux Arts. The applicant had only to present himself to one of the chief professors, armed with a certain number of drawings as examples of his work, and express a wish to become a pupil. His request was seldom or never refused. There was no entrance fee exacted, but the newcomer, by long-established custom, was expected to spend some ten dollars in providing a modest refection, in which beer and cigarettes formed the principal items, for his future comrades. But that facility has been exchanged for some years past for an unwise degree of severity. The

young student, whether native or foreign, is now compelled not only to give proof of artistic capacity to gain admission, but he must pass an examination as to his knowledge of the French language, of anatomy, perspective and history. In view of the fact that many of the great artists of France do not paint historical subjects, and that Corot, Rousseau, Millet, Daubigny and Bastien Lepage would have found a thorough knowledge of historical personages and events of no value whatever to them, the last-mentioned division of the preliminary studies may be considered as wholly superfluous. "You may make a scientist by your examinations," Bouguereau remarked when the measure was first passed, "but they will never make an artist."

This new regulation was due to the influence of M. Guillaume, who is a member of the Institute, but it is generally

understood that it was adopted to form a barrier to the ever-increasing army of foreign students, and especially of those from the United States, which threatened to crowd out the embryo painters of France from the already restricted space of the national School of Fine Arts.

It is, however, an unfortunate fact that in parting with its facility of admission the great national school has lost much of its influence. The pupils, native as well as foreign, who found themselves checked at the very gate of the academy, were compelled to seek for art tuition elsewhere.

There arose private art schools in every part of Paris; and the distinguished painter who did not take pupils was the exception. But it is not given to every artist to display a capacity for teaching what he knows so well how to execute. Some of the self-appointed professors failed to give satisfaction; others discovered that the giving of lessons took up too much of their time, so one after the other of these minor academies faded away.

The most important of all the art schools of Europe at the present moment is the famous Julian academy. Its founder, M. Julian, was himself a painter of some repute when he conceived the idea, twenty-four years ago, of founding the art school in question. He began very modestly, with some twenty pupils, installed in a single studio. In less than a quarter of a century he has seen his institution so spread in influence and so increase in numbers that, when his five different studios are in full working order, they contain over 1000 students, of whom 300 or 400 are women. Each of these schools

(in which sculpture is taught as well as painting) is presided over by some two or three of the famous artists of France, such as Bouguereau, Jules Lefebvre, Tony Robert Fleury, Gabriel Ferrier, Jean Paul Laurens, and for sculpture, A. G. Mercié.

From the Julian academy have come many of the prominent painters of the present day, Rochegrosse, the artist who contributed the vast work representing "The Fall of Babylon," which was the chief sensation of the Salon of the Champs

Élysées of 1891, being one of the latest, as he is destined to be one of the most illustrious. M. Julian possesses a number of sketches executed by his brilliant pupil, in a class exercise which consists of reading aloud to the students some historical fact or anecdote which they are to represent on canvas before the close of the lesson.

To a woman, and especially to an American, the feminine division of the Julian school is peculiarly interesting. In fact, it is largely owing to M. Julian's efforts that



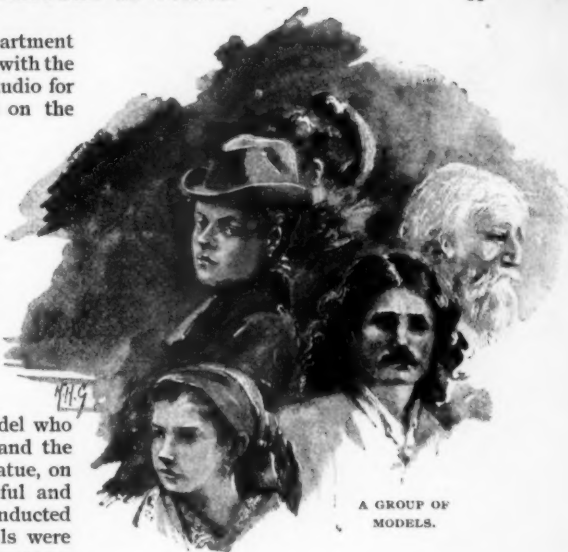
IN THE CLASSROOM.

art tuition in Paris is as easily obtained by women as by men, and is also as thorough. His three studios for female students are situated—one in the Passage des Panoramas, one in the Rue de Berri, and a third (which has only just been opened) in the Rue Fromentin. In all three of the studios there are rooms arranged—one for drawing from the nude model, and the other for studying from the draped one. In case a young lady, wishing to take lessons in drawing and painting as an amateur, dislikes the idea of studying from the nude, she finds a separate staircase and entrance arranged

to give access to the second department without bringing her into contact with the students in the first one. The studio for sculpture is attached to the one on the Rue de Berri. That on the Passage des Panoramas is probably the most popular. It was the earliest opened, and M. Julian has his office there.

I do not think that I have ever seen a more attractive picture than was presented by this studio at the moment of my visit; the groups of young girls, each diligently at work at her easel, the fair-tressed or dark-locked young heads turned with absorbed interest toward the model who formed the subject for the day, and the model herself, motionless as a statue, on the high platform, in her graceful and unforced attitude. Then I was conducted to another room where the pupils were drawing from the draped or costume model, in that instance a Turkish soldier with a decidedly truculent aspect. At the Rue de Berri school the costume model was a man about thirty, in an everyday walking suit. The scholars were engaged upon his portrait, some executing it in oils and others drawing it in chalks or in pencil. It would have surprised that stolid-looking individual, who sat up so straight and still with his hands upon his knees, could he have seen the darkly tragic aspect that his countenance wore on the canvas of some of the young artists. The atmosphere of these rooms was irreproachably cool and pure, but naturally, in those devoted to the study of the nude, a greater degree of heat was necessary in order to prevent the model from catching cold.

In winter the short days compel students to give up work very early in the afternoon. A brief recess is allowed in the morning to give the model a chance to rest as well as the scholars. But even in the period of repose there is no loud talking or laughing. The pupils chatter freely with each other, but never become noisy. During the hours of study an absorbed silence prevails. This is one of the great advantages of the Julian academy; its work is what the French call "serious." I have known young American students who left other and



A GROUP OF
MODELS.

well-reputed art schools because the scholars were allowed perfect freedom, to work or not as they felt inclined. As is usual, each one of the studios is presided over by an ex-pupil or an established artist, who is called the *messiere*, and whose mission it is to maintain order, to collect the fees, and in general to look after business details. One of M. Julian's "*messieres*" is a female artist of repute and success—Madame Beaury-Saurel; another is the daughter of an officer of the French army, Mademoiselle Delsarte; and a third is a gray-haired lady, Madame Robin. But a good deal of the success of the Julian academy lies in the constant supervision of its principal, who is a man of great administrative talents and of strong good sense as well. Also, he is in all respects a finished French gentleman.

The question of selecting and engaging models is always one of interest at the art schools. The painters or professors are not compelled to go in search of them. They flock to the studios and to the academies in quest of engagements. The Julian school is one of the most popular with them, as the principal pays by the week, thus assuring a longer engagement than they are apt to secure if paid by the day. They usually receive five francs a day, but Italian models ask only four francs, a competition which

came near causing a strike among their French rivals some time ago. However, the difficulty was tided over, and the picturesque "contadini" with their beautiful offspring are still at the disposal of the artists. On Saturday, which is the day for engaging models at the Julian academy, the staircase leading to the studio on the Passage des Panoramas is invariably thronged with applicants of all descriptions and both sexes.

A good many young work-girls take to this occupation, especially in the studios of female artists or students, to tide over a temporary want of work at their regular trade. Some of them succeed so well and evince such a decided talent for their new vocation that they continue in it, while others are only too glad to return to the workroom. For the profession of a model requires a certain amount of intelligence as well as a good deal of patience and tractability. A model with a true dramatic talent is always a great success, as she can throw herself into the character and the circumstances of the person she is called upon to represent, and even though her form and features may be less attractive than are those of her rivals, she carries off the palm by reason of her powers of impersonation. Such models are always very rare. One of this stamp sat for many years to Delaroche, and was wont, in her old age, to go around to the different public galleries with her grandchildren, to point out with pride the masterpieces which contained her likeness. Another, a weird, tragic-looking girl with great dark sunken eyes and attenuated features, sat for a long time to Cabanel, and was the original of his "Judith." But of whatever style or origin the female model may be, she must maintain in such studios as those of the feminine division of the Julian academy an irreproachable correctness of language and deportment.

The latest development in the realms of art tuition in Paris is the question of admitting female students to study at the École des Beaux Arts. This question, mooted and persistently pressed by Madame Berthaux, the president of the Woman's Fine Art Society of Paris, has received due consideration from the present ministry. The lady's plea was that, while female pupils were admitted

to the law and medical schools of Paris, their exclusion from the Academy of Fine Arts was unjust and indefensible, and the more so as Rosa Bonheur and Madeleine Lemaire were numbered among the artistic celebrities of the nation. So far, the petition has remained ungranted. A barrier, found as yet unsurmountable, exists against a favorable solution of the question. The French authorities will not for a moment admit the possibility of suffering women, and especially young girls, to study in classes with men. Propriety and decency, they declare, forbid the measure. Women therefore will not be admitted to study at the Beaux Arts till a separate set of studios shall be provided for their use, with the entrance so arranged that under no circumstances shall the male and female pupils so much as pass each other on entering and departing. Therefore, till the funds are found for the erection of the new buildings women cannot enjoy the privilege of studying painting and sculpture gratuitously in Paris; for the École des Beaux Arts is the only establishment of the kind in that city in which tuition is free.

The American art students, both male and female, enjoy a very high reputation among the Parisian professors, not only for talent but for their industry and perseverance. It is pleasant to note the pride and pleasure wherewith the great French artists contemplate the successful achievements of their scholars, even after their total emancipation from corrections and instruction in the atelier. And there are few professors in the world that equal in conscientiousness and patience the great art teachers of France. For instance, during the whole of the summer vacation Jules Lefebvre is accustomed to return from his sojourn at the seaside every Saturday morning to give his lesson at the Julian academy, going back in the evening. Bonnat has long since given up his own class, but is now enrolled as one of the professors at the Beaux Arts. He has enjoyed singular success in forming and training his scholars. Benjamin Constant, Bouguereau, Tony Robert Fleury and Jules Lefebvre are among the most able and thorough teachers of the day. Carolus Duran has also formed some remarkable pupils, chief among whom is Mr. John A. Sargent.

EDUCATION FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE IN THE SOUTH.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE.



THE most truly romantic, if not the most picturesque, type of American life today is the white gentleman (and gentlewoman) of our southern states. He has—not to speak of many others—three graces that never fail to kindle the imagination and win the sympathies of men: courage, ardor, and positive, but conservative, beliefs. Too many other men's beliefs meet the world on its own plane, or nearly so, thrusting forward the alternative of adherence or contradiction; but those of the southern gentleman sound no alarm in the general camp. In his politics, manners and religion there is an absence of missionary noise. A warmth of color combines with what the rest of the world considers an antique inutility to make—at times painfully, mayhap—for good poetry, where others' beliefs make only—and sometimes quite as painfully—for progress.

He still holds a faith little less than heroic in relations and conditions which the general family of nations have concluded they can never establish if they would and would not if they



It is the province of a magazine to present discussions of the most important topics of the time; both sides, as seen by distinguished writers, being given. In the September number President Dabney gave one phase of the educational question in the South. Mr. Cable here gives another, and at least two more papers, one from either point of view, will be published during 1893.

Mr. Cable was born in New Orleans in 1844. He served in the Confederate army and was engaged in counting-room work, interrupted by one short service in a surveyor's party, and another as a newspaper reporter, until 1879, when he devoted himself to literary pursuits. He soon gained a foremost position in American literature. In addition to his well-known stories Mr. Cable has written the history of Creoles of Louisiana and the collection *Strange True Stories of Louisiana*, establishing him as an authority upon all such matters relating to that state. Dating from 1875 Mr. Cable has devoted himself largely to social and political studies of southern life.

could. His ideal of good government—of government good and best for each and all—is the establishment of the gentleman in an imperial tenure of electoral, legislative, administrative and judicial power. The ultimate definition of his political faith is that a citizenship of and government by gentlemen only is the perfect formula of social order and fortune, and “must and shall be” practicable. This was his real ultimatum in that great war without battlefields, the reconstruction period; and it was to his pursuit of this ideal that a weary nation tentatively left him in the counter revolutions of 1874-76, and leaves him still, persuaded so to do more by the poetry of his attitude than by any cold equity of his claims. For though the experience of nations has shown, times without number, that the genteel elements of society are quite capable of very bad government, and communities have grown sceptical, yet almost everyone would still, according to his notion of it, rejoice to see, anywhere, the much-dreamed-of ideal reign of the ideal gentleman brought to pass, if it can be. Chafing, himself, under all the harassments of the rankest universal suffrage, it is largely the gentleman in the North who for some sixteen years has left, and today still leaves, the southern gentleman free to offer to the congress of nations the experiment of a group of gentlemen’s governments harmoniously related, as states of a federal Union, to a national constitution and government of, by and for the people. It must, therefore, be of no mean or transient, local or partisan, nor even of merely national, but rather of permanent and world-wide, value to know to what degree of freedom, safety, purity and beneficence the government of and by the southern gentleman has attained.

We cannot, of course, in this short space array all the facts in the case; we cannot cover and close, but it may be we can open, the question, in the hope to secure that consideration of it which is best given at such an interval as this, when its urgency is not acute. From among other prominent symptoms, then, let us choose out the important one of immigration; for probably no one thing is more significant of the sum of a community’s conditions than the attitude held toward it by the emigrant seeking a home for

himself and his children. A burden of explanation lies on every government whose country still has room for, and yet is unsought by, the emigrant. For some reason or other the South, needing immigration and seeking it, invites it for the most part in vain. Her soils are fertile, her mines rich, her forests vast, her rivers deep and wide, her climates varied and healthful, her populations sparse, and her state officials, to say the least, not personally and notoriously corrupt; and yet the South sees no Oklahoman pour across her borders. A hundred emigrants go by the cotton states where one enters in.

Now, if this is due to the mere presence of the black man there is no more to be said and as little to be hoped; for the black man is there to stay. But if the cause is some matter or matters removable, it will be good fortune to know what they are, and it is with something almost akin to relief that we find an Alabama commissioner of immigration declaring that the greatest impediment to his work is only the poverty of his state’s provision for the free education of the poor man’s children. Whether this be the true, and whole or main, difficulty all over the South, it is certainly true that those regions of our continent which secure immigration play the public school as their best card. A gentlemen’s government, it may be, they would be glad to have; but they bend their first energies and spend their first earnings to make their land, before anything else, a poor man’s country. So let us, then, without dwelling on those statistics of southern population, wealth and illiteracy with which readers are already familiar, look at the relations assumed of choice by the gentlemen’s governments of the South in their laws, and especially in their constitutions, toward that great and fundamental task of all good governments, to cultivate the integrity and intelligence of the rising generation. Southern school laws—what are they? whence came they? and under them ought we to expect public education to flourish or to languish? Especially should these questions be asked by southern men; for probably nowhere in late years have the best people more commonly thought it unnecessary to study the school laws of other regions before making their own than in our

eleven southernmost states. It is owing far more to this than to conditions more tritely set forth in statistical tables that the public-school systems of these states are almost as unlike those of the North as if they were of foreign lands.

The various state constitutions which the South has had within the last twenty-seven years fall easily into three groups. First, there are those which, at the close of the civil war, white men of the South exclusively, before the enfranchisement of the freedman, offered to congress as their states' credentials for full restoration into the Union. Except in the case of Texas (1866) these were totally without provision for public education. The second group includes two or three made a little earlier (as in Arkansas and Louisiana in 1864), by white "unionists" only, and the seven or eight made in 1868 with the participation of the voting negro. These provided for free schools. The third group are these same constitutions largely made new in 1874-76 by the party contesting the negro's political emancipation. These also provide for public instruction, and are still in force.

Before the civil war there was already, here and there, a bunch of public schools; but they were local and virtually limited to a few cities, as Mobile and New Orleans, although Louisiana had, as far back as in 1845, provided, at least in her constitution, for "free public schools throughout the state." And so it came that, with these exceptions and that of Tennessee, it was the reconstruction government of 1867-68 (Virginia, 1870) that first provided in the cotton states for complete systems of public schools. In all those reconstruction constitutions the spirit professed was that declared in the constitution of Florida: "It is the paramount duty of the state to make ample provision," etc.; not the city's, county's, or school district's, but preëminently the state's duty. In all of them the word was, "The general assembly shall provide, maintain or establish," etc. Yet the duty of the individual, excepting neither the "poor white" nor the landless freedman, was recognized in—first of all—an annual poll tax on every adult male. Nor was the duty of counties, townships or towns overlooked; unambitious communities were not left to their poisonous lethargy, nor

destitute ones entirely to their own feeble resources; local taxations were made compulsory, and while the strong were taxed to help the weak, the weak were not wholly excused from taxation. Every line, in every state, contemplated what the constitution of Georgia termed "a thorough system of general education to be forever free to all." At the same time a higher education for the comfortable few was neither forgotten nor undervalued; in every case a state university was made a part of the system. No state constitutions in the Union were more generous in concessions to every supposable unwillingness of the rich, or in the assumption of school support by the poor.

It is true these provisions were very incompletely carried out. Official corruption, though widespread, was not the greatest impediment. The absence of laws for keeping the children of the two races apart in the schools, although it produced no general intermingling of them, brought upon the whole scheme the enmity of every socially powerful element in the community. Yet, even so, these reconstruction governments, when they died so widely unmourned, left a public-school system in complete working order in every southern state, and thousands of schools in operation. In 1876 Alabama had over 1400 public schools. Georgia's revolution was more gradual; she did not adopt a new constitution till 1877. But in that year she had a ratio of her school population enrolled and in school which eleven years later she had not doubled, although at the latter date two-fifths of her children were not yet enrolled. Such were the condition and policy of free schools as established by the choice of a landless and illiterate vote, and cherished and advanced under a larger domination of such a vote than any national party had ever contemplated or than is likely ever again to exist in this country.

The régime which came in in 1874-77 made some quiet but radical changes. Some constitutional provisions for public schools were dropped. Where others were amended they were almost invariably dwarfed, while those that were not changed have been largely ignored. In Virginia the provision had begun in 1870 with a one-mill state school tax, which was to have been gradually expanded to a maximum

of five mills in 1876; but eighteen years after, in 1888, it had not yet reached half that rate. The provision in Texas, besides a poll tax and other resources, was "one-fourth of the annual revenue derivable from general taxation;" but in 1876 a pure white vote turned this command into a prohibition, by making it read, "not more than one-fourth." The requirement that the legislature should, if necessary, tax any school district for the benefit of its own schools was lifted out entire. The section making it "the imperative duty of the legislature to see to it that all the children in the state, within the scholastic age, are, without delay, provided with ample means of education," was wiped away and a provision substituted establishing—with an appropriation of money and a grant of 1,000,000 acres of land, increased to 2,000,000 in 1883—the University of Texas and its branch, the Agricultural and Mechanical college, at neither of which need any colored person apply.

Arkansas's post-reconstruction revolution came early: in 1874. Her constitution of 1868 had established a poll tax of one dollar a year. In 1874 this poll tax was retained, and the prohibition against poll taxing for other purposes was stricken out. State taxation of property, for schools, was prohibited beyond two mills, county tax beyond five mills, per dollar. Thus the non-property holder whose gross yearly earnings are under \$500 pays a state school tax on his head larger than is paid by property worth more than his year's wages. In Iowa or Kansas the state would spend sixteen dollars a year for the schooling of each of his children, without any direct tax on him whatever. At the same time, in Arkansas, the clause requiring a school in every school district has been abolished.

North Carolina's constitution of 1868 required that in every school district "one or more public schools should be maintained at least four months in every year," and the county commissioner who failed to comply was liable to indictment; but the article has become a dead letter; many schools are open but two months, few country schools reach the minimum, property round about them scarcely pays

a school tax at all, and no one is indicted.

In Alabama the constitutional amendments of 1875 were in the same spirit of constriction. The maximum of state and county taxation for all purposes* was fixed a little lower than Kansas levies for public schools alone. The right of counties or school districts to levy school taxes was withdrawn, and the rural districts are today powerless to levy them. Another alteration forbade the outlay of more than one-twenty-fifth part of all school funds for anything but the payment of teachers, "thus virtually prohibiting," says the state superintendent in a late report, "the use of public funds for the erection or furnishing of school buildings." Only in the state's cities and larger towns, and there only by permission of the legislature, are schoolhouses built or equipped at public cost. In 1889-90 the total fund assigned to country schools from tax on property—with no liberty to increase it by local taxation—was a little over one-seventh of one per cent., or sixty-five cents each to 489,000 country children of school age. Poll taxes and the interest on government land grants for schools raised it to one dollar and eighteen cents. Over against this stands at one point the state commissioner of immigration, blaming poor schools for his poor success, while at another point the state auditor proclaims \$500,000 surplus and recommends a reduction of taxes—to a people who can never prosper until they increase them.

Much is heard of a gradual increase in the yearly outlays for schools in the South; but the increase in population, which it often scarcely more than keeps pace with, goes often unnoted. In the four states of North and South Carolina, Georgia and Louisiana, in the school year ending in 1888, and in Florida and Alabama in 1888-89, the highest increase in the year's school outlays, per capita of total state population, was six and one-half cents, and the average in the six states four cents. At this rate it would take them just seventy years to reach the present per capita outlay of Iowa; but Iowa's increase per capita is over twice as large. Whether we look at school laws

* Except for payment of principal or interest of public debts.

or school statistics, there seems to be no escape for us from the conclusion that a gentlemen's government makes, for the free school, a rather poor stepmother.

A word concerning higher education. No enlightened community is so foolish as to propose to get along without gentlemen. None divides equally among all classes its outlays for education. Wherever free schools are, there are sure to be also large private funds rightly and wisely spent for the education of the coming gentlemen. Costly select schools, academies, colleges and universities are everywhere and are for the few. Even when these are owned and supported by city or state and are free to all classes alike, to the poor they are as good as shut. Yet as long as free common schools are amply provided for all there is little, some think too little, complaint. Harvard university, for all her immense resources, incurs little resentment in a state that spends no public funds on her, but spends \$7,000,000 a year on public schools and offers every child each year twenty dollars' worth of free schooling. The gentleman is himself no small public asset. In the state of New York, Columbia and Cornell rouse no malice while the state's thirty-nine millions' worth of public schoolhouses are open to all. But large private outlays for the comfortable few are resented when and wherever the provision for common schools is wretchedly poor. There is fresh resentment when, with

such feeble provision for the children of the many, the public funds are spent in disproportionate abundance for the higher education of the gentleman. It ought to rise higher still when the question of gentility is made one of race, purely, and not of behavior; and yet higher again when nearly all—all the best—private institutions are by main force monopolized by the same favored class that swallows the lion's share of the public funds set apart for higher education.

The University of South Carolina is owned and supported by the state. It is open only to whites. It has buildings, grounds and apparatus of the cash value of \$430,000, and \$191,000 in productive funds. The South Carolina Military institute has like assets worth \$251,500. The two comprise a total outlay of public funds of over twice the cash value of the state's 2962 schoolhouses. The students of the two institutions in 1888 numbered 366. The children (6-14) numbered 250,000. The tuition fees of the university were thirty dollars per student, while the university's outlay over and above these fees was \$184 per student. In the Military academy it was \$152. In the public schools it was—per capita of the school population—one dollar and eighty-four cents. But the case is worse than this. The four towns of the state having as many as 4000 inhabitants have nineteen school buildings and 20,000 children (6-14). Omitting these, the total cash value of all the schoolhouses in the state, available to her 230,000 country children, is considerably less than one-fourth that of the real property and funds of the university and military institute. The whole plant amounts in the one case to but eighty-four cents per child, and in the other to \$2383 per student. Moreover, in the collegiate education of colored youth the state confines herself to appropriating \$10,800 a year to Claflin university, a missionary college largely supported by the Northern Methodist church. Its students, preparatory and collegiate, number 946. Now, the colored population of school age in South Carolina is to the white as nine to five; yet the state grants the university and military academy more in a year than it grants to Claflin in



five. At present rates it would take Clafin over fifteen years to get her one year's share of a true pro-rata division on the ratio of the two races, numbers. Of real property devoted to the college education of colored youth the state has furnished nothing whatever to offset the \$872,500 comprised in her university and military academy, which no colored youth of whatever talents or refinements is allowed to enter.

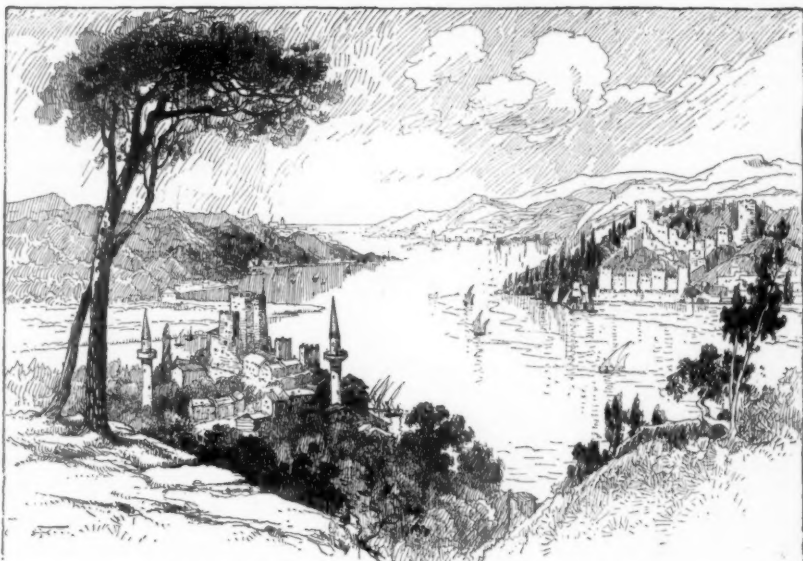
A similar state of affairs exists in nearly every one of the cotton states. In 1887-88 the ratio of cash values between Georgia's State university—for whites only, tuition free—and her public-school property was sixteen times that of Kansas and eighteen times that of Iowa. In 1888-89 her 419 university and "Tech." students cost the state in actual outlay that year about seventy-one dollars each, while her 522,764 children outside of her seven principal cities cost her but eighty-nine cents a head. The history of Atlanta university, another missionary college for colored youth owned and supported by a northern church, is too much like that of Clafin to need special notice here. All pretence of an equal pro-rata division of public educational funds or property between the two races in Georgia, or between the great mass of the public-school children and the students of the state's institutions of higher education, has ceased. And so we might go on from state to state.* The momentary stress laid here upon the hardships of the negro is not because he is the negro, but because, in such vast numbers, he is the South's poor man and underling; one of the *other men* under a gentlemen's government. The worst of his case is that in so many ways it is forbidden him to become a gentleman even if he can. With no corresponding provision for him, these state universities, with their various branches, have libraries, free to their students, aggregating 200,000 volumes, not one of which admits a colored person to its privileges.

Except in court libraries, open to a few negroes in the legal profession, this is equally true—with their 350,000 additional volumes—of every public library in the cotton states supported by state funds.

As for the South's white commoner—the sand-hiller, the covite, the cracker, the tar-heel, the 'Cajun—he may become a gentleman if he can at his own expense; he had best not wait for the aid of a gentlemen's government. No "Bill to promote mendicancy" is in danger of becoming a law under any such government as long as such bill means free schools for the great unwashed; a régime that spurns the political aid and counsel of as large an illiterate vote as it dares venture to eliminate will never tax itself adequately for the removal of illiteracy. It suppresses not illiteracy, but the illiterate. In the sixteenth year of its restoration it still clings to the constitutional provisions with which it so promptly secured a sure refuge and guarantee against efficient public schools or a general diffusion of education among the unfortunate ranks of society. It refuses the Australian ballot and holds fast, with regrets, to the Eight Box system and its like. As if this were still the eighteenth century, it conserves the landed squire as its unit of gentility, and maintains a grotesquely pitiful disproportion between its public outlays for the higher education of two or three thousand young gentlemen and those for teaching the three R's to millions of illiterate children. Nor does there seem to be any ground to hope for an effective change until a real democracy rises up in the South and forever puts away the ancient, idle notion of founding either prosperity, security or political purity on the exclusive and imperial supremacy of the gentleman, or of any race, class or political party which does not concede equal public rights to every other that in any degree shares with it the burdens and fortunes of a common weal.

* As late as February, 1891, Alabama dropped the law requiring a pro-rata division of state school funds between the two races kept apart in the schools.





LOOKING DOWN THE BOSPHORUS TOWARDS CONSTANTINOPLE.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT AT THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

ONE beautiful morning of February 1453 Constantine Palæologus, destined by untoward fate to be the last of the Greek emperors, was walking to and fro on the raised and pillared terrace of the Blachern palace fronting towards the beautiful harbor of Constantinople and the swelling upland beyond. As he moved the sun glistened on the golden double eagles studding the vermillion velvet of his robe and buskins. Not yet five years an emperor, he was no longer young, yet at forty-nine he was still in his prime. Head of the Greek empire as he was, in blood he was not a pure Greek. His beautiful mother, Irene, was a Serbian princess, in whom was a strain of French blood which came through Helene de Courtenay, one of the Serbian queens. But in features and figure Constantine followed his sire, Manuel Palæologus. He was of no more than middle stature, but his shoulders were broad, his chest deep and his limbs muscular; his carriage and features were full of a noble

dignity; and of him was true what the French monk of St. Denis wrote of his father, that "he was worthy, indeed, to wear the imperial crown."

As Constantine walked in a gloomy abstraction there entered to him his loyal and devoted confidant, Phrantza the Protovestiarios. The emperor and he had been educated together, and their friendship was life-long. Phrantza made obeisance and stood silent. "What bringest, Phrantza?" asked Constantine, halting.

"Alas, sire, no good tidings! So degenerate is the spirit of the citizens of our race that we have been able to muster barely 5000 Greeks willing to volunteer for the defence of Constantinople. There are about 2000 regular soldiers, such as they are. And I cannot reckon our gallant foreign auxiliaries, all told, Genoese, Venetians, Catalans and Aragonese, at more than 2000 fighting men. Not 9000 men, sire, wherewith to defend the landward face, five miles long, to say nothing of the Propontis and harbor water

fronts! And there are said to be 30,000 Christians in the Paynim sultan's host! Nobles and citizens are hurrying from the city."

"Ah, the rats leaving the sinking ship!" said Constantine with a deep sigh. "There will be a panic unless, as I now command, the result of the recruitment be kept secret. We must press into the service the crews of all arriving ships, irrespective of nationality. See to these matters, Phrantza!"

When Phrantza had dropped the blazoned hanging behind him Constantine's head drooped and he wept sore. Of great physical and moral courage, he had in his nature a certain feminine strain, never apparent in public, but familiar to those close to him.

"We shall die fighting!" said he with a proud smile, and never more until the end did he betray any weakness. The Greeks felt that he was doomed, for he was born under an unlucky star, and he himself was well aware how weak and treacherous was his support when he said to Phrantza: "I am surrounded by men whom I can neither love nor trust nor esteem." Poor Constantine! he had none of the guile that was second nature to the Greek of the empire, he was simply an honest soldier with no finesse.

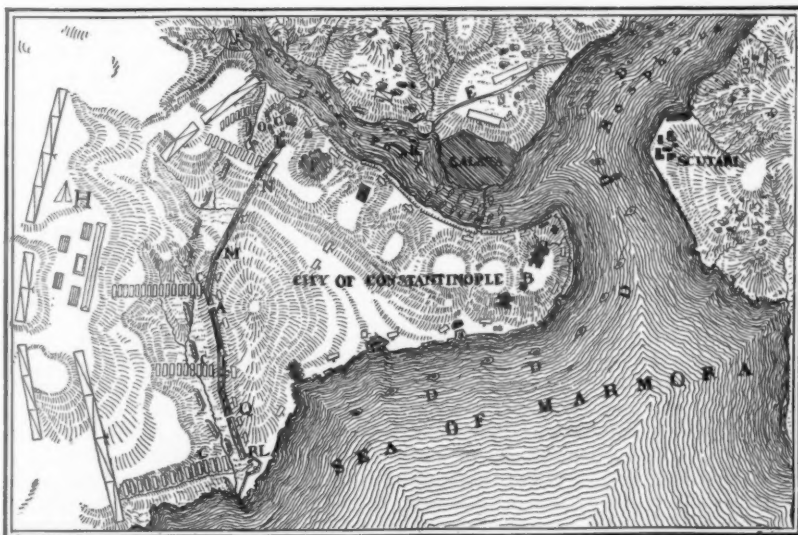
The Greek emperors had been more or less tributary to the Ottoman sultans for several generations. Constantine himself, before he reached the imperial throne, had paid homage to Sultan Murad II., and had owned himself his vassal. Yet Constantinople maintained a precarious independence, and there had been rest and peace from 1447 until 1451, in which latter year Mahomet II. succeeded his father, Murad. Mahomet dissimulated, evincing no umbrage at a most ill-advised and provocative demand made by Constantine. Biding his time until he finished an Asiatic campaign, he found in Constantine's folly a pretext for the enterprise of conquering Constantinople, which undoubtedly had been in his heart from the first. He began operations by preparing for the construction of a fortress on the European side of the Bosphorus, about five miles above Constantinople, and opposite the Castle of Anatolia, which one of his predecessors had built on the Asiatic side. Constantinople was convulsed by the news

of this aggressive measure. Diplomacy was tried. Mahomet was informed that the proposed site of the fort did not belong to the Greeks, but to the Franks of Galata, and that it was apprehended that the building of the fort on Frankish soil might bring the sultan into collision with Frankistan. The Turk was wiler than the Greek. "The sultan," replied his grand vizier, "had meant to ask the emperor's permission to build; but as he declared the ground belonged to the Franks, the sultan, who does not care a straw for the Franks, will immediately proceed with his fort." He was as good as his word, the foundations were promptly laid, and within four months 5000 masons had built a large work of great strength, with walls thirty feet thick, mounted with cannon of large calibre. During its construction Constantine would fain have sallied out to attempt hindrance of the work. But his advisers prevailed on him to send a mission offering to pay tribute, but making an explicit demand for the abandonment of the fort building. Then Mahomet threw off the mask. "Go and tell your master," he thundered in the ears of the emissaries, whom I saw return pale and trembling, "that I am able to do what my predecessors were not able to do, and that I am prepared to do what they held back from doing. And mark this also, that I shall have every ambassador impaled who dares henceforth to come to me with such a message!" A panic followed in Constantinople. The well-intentioned classes thronged the streets, beating their breasts and crying: "The end is at hand! The days are come of Antichrist and destruction!" But there were swarms of reckless, jeering fellows, without ties or settled homes, who mocked the down-hearted citizens thronging to the churches to cross themselves and touch the ground with their foreheads. Some detachments of those roisterers left their goblets of spiced wine in the drinking booths, and sallied out, bragging that they were going to scare away the sultan and his artificers. None of them came back.

Constantine did his best to prepare for what now was the assured inevitable, but the treasury was empty, and he sorely lacked troops of character. He despatched ambassadors to the western powers, begging for succors to assist in the defence

of the great city of the East, the results of which missions were lamentably disappointing. The emissaries went about, in the words of Pope Nicholas, "Everywhere with tears in their eyes, praying for help;" but in the language of Æneas Sylvius, "To our shame be it said, the ears of our princes were deaf and their eyes blind!" The Greek religion, like their capital and independence, seemed in its last throes. So early as 1439, in the reign of John v., the union of the Greek and Latin churches had been solemnly ratified in the Church of St. Peter at Rome, when John and his clergy abjured the cardinal tenets of their ancient faith. This renunciation was a mere diplomatic manœuvre to procure western aid on behalf of the sinking Greek empire, and it utterly miscarried because of the indignation of the faithful in Constantinople at the sacrifice of the honor and doctrines of the Greek church. In their repudiation of the union the Latins found grounds for imputing perfidy to the Greeks, and no doubt this influenced the western powers in withholding succor from us in our final

extremity. The Pope did consent, on condition of the final accomplishment of the union of the churches, to which Constantine's ambassadors pledged themselves, to grant some assistance; and in November 1452 Cardinal Isidore arrived in Constantinople with a small body of troops and some money, which was expended in repairing the fortifications. In December the solemn union of the churches was celebrated in St. Sophia, in presence of the emperor, his court, and the superior clergy, the cardinal and the patriarch officiating together, and the choir chanting, "Many years to Pope Nicholas." But the citizens and populace, the monks and the priests, rose in fierce and turbulent repudiation of the extinction of their faith. They heaped curses on Constantine as the betrayer of the church, and thenceforth the orthodox deserted St. Sophia, holding it a polluted shrine, and no better than a pagan temple. So completely did bigotry extinguish the sentiment of patriotism that the Grand Duke Notaras, a minister of state and admiral of the fleet, publicly declared he would far rather see in Con-



CONSTANTINOPLE AS BESIEGED BY MAHOMET.

- A. Gate of St. Romanos.
- B. Church of St. Sophia.
- C. Turkish columns.
- D. Turkish fleet.
- E. Mahomet's ship tramway.

- F. Hebdomon palace.
- G. Blachern palace.
- H. Mahomet's headquarters.
- K. Turkish galleys transported overland.

- L. The seven towers, secondary gates south from St. Romanos.
- M. Charsias gate.
- N. Polyandrium gate.

- O. Blachern gate.
- P. Kynegion gate.
- Q. Syllivrin gate.
- R. Golden gate.

stantinople the turban of a Turk than the helmet of a Latin.

Knowing, as the Greeks did, something of the resources of the Turks, the defence of Constantinople with the means at hand seemed all but hopeless. With, at the most, 9000 fighting men of various quality, Constantine's people had to man fourteen miles of fortification. The landward defences, where the chief attack was sure to be made, were five miles long. They consisted of a deep ditch about forty paces wide, an outer wall twenty yards high, and an inner wall of greater command by reason of superior height. Those walls were thickly studded with towers, but both towers and walls were greatly dilapidated; the inner wall was so rotten that cannon could scarcely be placed on it. For centuries the defences had not been thoroughly repaired, and the walls and towers on the nine miles of water face were nearly 700 years old, and in effect were in ruins. The northern section of the landward defence, from the Hebdomon palace to the Golden Horn, consisted of but a single wall without a ditch. Constantine had a ditch dug by the Venetian sailors before the siege began, but this section was always weak, and it was surprising that the Turks did not push their principal attack against it. A strong chain of iron and timber was stretched across the mouth of the harbor, behind which lay a poor fleet, numbering in all twenty-six galleys, under the command of the Venetian captain Antonio Diedo. Of those ten only were Greek ships, the others were Genoese, Venetian, Cretan, etc. In artillery the Turks were far superior. For the defence of the city we had about 130 pieces, but most were of insignificant calibre and the largest could throw balls no heavier than 150 pounds.

When the Turks had developed their scheme of siege, and it was plain that their chief attack would be against the gate of St. Romanos, in the centre of the landward defences, Constantine summoned a council of war for the purpose of assigning commanders and troops to the various posts. The first question broached by the emperor was: To whom should be intrusted the defence of St. Romanos? An ominous silence followed the question, broken at length by Giustiniani, a valiant captain of Genoa, who had arrived

with a force of 500 volunteers. With a bow to the emperor, his face glowing with heroic yet modest ardor, he said: "Trusting in God's help I am ready to stand there with my men, and, to the honor of Christ's name, defend the gate against the attacks of the enemy!" Those simple and noble words evoked great enthusiasm, and Constantine warmly thanked the gallant Genoese. The emperor himself took for his headquarters the church of St. Romanos, immediately in rear of the gate, holding a force of some 3000 Greek and Latin troops in immediate support of Giustiniani. To the command of the important Charsia gate was assigned the famous archer Theodore of Karystos. The defence of the weak Blachern position, where there was but one wall, fell to John Grant, a Scottish officer in the Hungarian service. Of some sixteen commands allotted in all, only two were intrusted to Greeks, but one of which, subsequently of great importance, for it was the protection of the harbor front, was given to the Grand Duke Notaras, the grand admiral. The other was that of the central reserve in the square of the Church of the Holy Apostles.

Mahomet had wintered in his European capital, Adrianople, collecting his army and preparing his plans for the siege. Orban the Hungarian, the chief of his cannon foundry, who had been enticed from Constantinople by offers of superior pay, had been zealously engaged in the construction of heavy cannon. The largest of those, which Mahomet named "Basilica," was tested on the plain of Adrianople, and was said to have thrown a stone ball weighing 600 pounds to a distance of over a mile. The Turkish march from Adrianople began in February, but the difficulty of moving the massive siege train occasioned delays, and it was not until April 6 that the sultan's army was before Constantinople. Mahomet's tent was pitched on a knoll somewhat to the Turkish left of the St. Romanos gate. The besieged never knew the strength of his vast host. Tedardi the Florentine, who had seen much war, reckoned its total strength at 200,000 men, of whom, however, but 140,000 were effective fighting men, the remainder being irregulars, servants, camp followers, etc.

Constantine sent to the sultan a final letter, the noble dignity of which moved us greatly. "As it is clear," he wrote, "that thou desirest war, so let it be according to thy desire. I turn now and look alone to God. Should it be His will that the city be thine, where is he who can oppose His will? I release thee from all thine oaths and treaties with me, and, closing the gates of my capital, I will defend my people to the last drop of my blood. Reign in happiness until the Supreme Judge calls us both before his judgment seat!"

At daybreak of 7th April 1453 the Turks broke ground opposite the land-

day with this ponderous siege train which the Turk possessed.

The Turks must have worked hard, for their cannonade began on the morning of the 11th. The signal was given by the first shot fired from the "Basilica." So deafening was the crash that it seemed as if a thunderbolt had torn open the sky. Children became sudden idiots, strong men rushed frantically into the streets beating their breasts and exclaiming, "Kyrie Eleeson; the end of the world has come!" But they soon became accustomed to the cannon roar and during the earlier days of the siege suffered strangely little from the bombardment.

The Turkish gunners were bad marksmen and their fire had hardly any effect; which was further lessened by pouring down the walls a mortar of chalk and brick-dust. It was found that "Basilica" could be fired only seven times a day at most, and on the second day it fell temporarily silent and was under repair. About St. Romanos there was a good deal of shooting, both with bows and with long and heavy arquebusses, with which latter



FIRST NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN THE CHRISTIANS AND THE TURKS.

ward front of Constantinople all along the line from the harbor south to the Propontis. The principal battery, consisting of the "Basilica" and three other huge guns, directly faced the St. Romanos gate, and opposite fourteen other points were built as many batteries, each of four ordinary cannon, nine of those batteries being further strengthened by a heavier piece, so that, exclusive of the "Basilica," the armament of the Turkish batteries consisted of fifty-six ordinary and twelve great cannon, making in all sixty-nine pieces in battery against the land walls of Constantinople. The foreign officers concurred that no European power had a force of artillery to be named in the same

weapon the Turks were not so thoroughly equipped. The first assault occurred on the evening of the 18th. The churches were full of devout people praying on their knees, with lighted tapers in their hands. The moonlit streets were thronged with sauntering pedestrians. Suddenly the alarm bell on the wall clashed out its summons, and was answered from the churches and monasteries. The congregations ran out in panic, the saunterers stood awe-stricken. The reports of firearms, the ringing of the bells, the clash of arms, the shouts of the fighting men, the shrieks of women and the wailing of children filled the air in a dreadful discord. Clouds of smoke fell on city and

camp, and the combatants at last could not see each other. The Turks all but forced an entrance, but at length they were repulsed with heavy loss. When all was quiet save the cries of the wounded, Constantine made the tour of the positions, encouraging his wearied soldiers.

At daybreak of the 20th were descried, sailing toward Constantinople on a strong leading wind, four great galleys, one of which bore the Greek, the others the Genoese flag. They had been anxiously expected, laden as they were with grain and stores, and after their long wind-bound detention at Chios, here they were at last! The Turkish fleet, under command of the Capitan Pacha, moved out of the Bosphorus 145 ships strong, to intercept the Christian vessels. The Greeks thronged to the walls lining the Propontis; the sultan with his retinue was down on the water's edge; besieged and besiegers abating their strife while they watched the issue of the first naval engagement between Moslem and Christian. The Turks attacked valiantly under the eyes of the sultan, and spent their blood as if it had been water. But the big ships crashed through their weaker craft as through paper, rained down Greek fire from bows and tall poops, slew and spared not the clambering boarders; dropped huge, jagged stones on the frail timbers of the Turkish vessels. After heavy discomfiture and terrible loss the Capitan Pacha was fain to withdraw his fleet out of action and retire on the wind up the Bosphorus, while the Christian galleys held their course under a press of sail and passed into the harbor over the lowered chain. From the Seven Towers the Greeks complacently observed the manifest fury of the sultan at the failure of his fleet. He rode out into the shallow water for 100 yards, shaking his sword over his head and shouting terms of Turkish obloquy against his naval commanders. He even ordered the Capitan Pacha to be impaled, but so far relented as to commute the sentence to 100 lashes, the application of which he himself witnessed.

The result of the naval fight gave the besieged great encouragement, and yet more was contributed by reports that the Turks were disheartened. Their assault had been repulsed, their fleet had been

signally worsted, their "Basilica" was out of action, and it seemed that there was much talk in their camp of raising the siege. But those hopes were doomed to speedy extinction, when with the first dawn of April 22 the astounding tidings shot through the city that a Turkish fleet was actually in the upper harbor—near the head of the Golden Horn! Men and women rushed to the walls overlooking that expanse of water, and lo! there lay, sure enough and safe enough, a number of Turkish galleys in the Galata corner of the harbor, under the shelter of a Turkish battery! Many, who until then had hoped against hope, lost all heart that woful morning. How came about this strange thing? asked one of another. The chain across the mouth of the harbor was still intact; there behind it still lay Antonio Diedo's stout galleys. It soon became apparent by what device it was that Sultan Mahomet had made this coup.

A Christian—there were some 30,000 Christians in the Turkish army—had related to the sultan how the Venetians a few years previously had transported their galleys from the River Adige into the Lake of Garda, and Mahomet promptly acted on the suggestion. Thousands of soldiers were set to cut a shallow trench along a valley traversing the neck of land between the Bosphorus and the upper reach of the Golden Horn. This trench, which was five miles long, was lined on bottom and sides with massive planks thickly smeared with grease, and during the night between 21st and 22d April, the Turks transported overland from the Bosphorus into the Golden Horn about thirty ships, drawn along the plankway by relays of buffaloes and steadied in their progress by detachments of soldiers. Throughout the night was maintained a heavy cannonade from all their batteries, which engrossed the attention of the defenders so that the nocturnal movement of the ships was unobserved. The added danger was seen at a glance. Hitherto the Greeks had been able to concentrate their fighting strength mainly on the landward defences. But now they should have to weaken themselves there by detaching troops to hold the face along the Golden Horn. The necessity for this disposition presently became all the more important when the Turks were seen to begin the construction of a floating bridge.

An attempt made on the night of the 28th, by a combined Genoese and Venetian squadron, to destroy the Turkish fleet resulted in disastrous failure owing to treachery. The Turks were fully prepared, the Christian squadron was beaten off with heavy loss and two ships sunk. Their hapless crews swam to the Turkish shore and were next day beheaded by Zagan Pacha in full view of the throngs of soldiers and civilians on the walls of Constantinople.

The siege went grimly on. Orban had repaired the giant "Basilica," whose massive balls made a breach in the outer wall near the St. Romanos gate. But at noon of May 1 Giustiniani made a fortunate shot which dismounted the huge cannon. In a passion the sultan shouted "Yagma! Yagma!" (the Turkish call to storm), his army echoed the shout and the Moslem soldiery plunged through the moat and strove vehemently to storm the breach. Its defenders were sparse, for the hungry Greeks had dispersed in quest of food. Giustiniani and his men heroically stood fast; the emperor, rushing to the port, gave him efficient support; the alarm bells rallied the stragglers; but the fight was long and stubborn, and not until after nightfall were the Turks finally repulsed. Continuing day by day their steady battering with reinforced artillery, the Turks by the night of the 6th had made a wide breach near the St. Romanos gate, and maintained their fire during the night to prevent its repair. But Giustiniani was equal to the occasion. He made no attempt to repair the breach, but in its rear threw up a strong retrenchment commanded by an improvised tower. At midnight of the 7th a mass of Turkish soldiers, many thousands strong, furiously assailed the breach. Giustiniani at their

head, the defenders valiantly met the attack, and a desperate struggle ensued. Giustiniani narrowly escaped death from the cimeter of a huge janissary. Omer of Romania, a famous Turkish warrior, brought up reinforcements, but was met by Colonel Rangabe, a stalwart Greek. Rangabe cut Omer in two with his double-handed sword, and fell himself next moment, hacked to pieces by Omer's maddened soldiers. Rangabe's Greeks took a panic, but Giustiniani's more steadfast Genoese held their ground bravely, and the Turks had to relinquish the assault.

Nevertheless it was too evident the defence was not prospering. The Turks

were throwing balls into the town, and the churches were full of terrified wretches praying to the holy picture of the Virgin, which had once saved the city and might in mercy save it again. Another attempt on the Turkish squadron in the Golden Horn had failed, and the crews were now quitting their ships and taking share in the land



MAHOMET II.

defence. The pontoon bridge had been finished and guns planted on it, from which and from the Turkish batteries a fire was kept up on the Kynegion section of the walls facing the upper harbor. The end had all but come thirteen days before the actual fall. On the evening of the 16th May, after the vigil in St. Sophia, Constantine and his commanding officers were discussing the project of a grand sortie when a breathless messenger brought the startling news that the Turks had carried the weak defences of the Hebdomon section, between the Polyandrium gate and Blachern. The emperor rushed to the point of danger, meeting on the way fleeing soldiers, whom he rallied and carried forward with him. Nearing the Hebdomon he found that the Turks were actually inside the walls, and fighting in

the streets. But Cantacuzene brought up the reserves with a rush, brave Theodore of Karystos hurried with his archers from the Charsias gate; stout John Grant struck in lustily from his Blachern position. Yet shrewd men said that if the emperor had not arrived with fresh assistance in the nick of time, that night would have seen our final destruction. The Turkish loss was set down at 10,000 men.

During the night between the 17th and 18th, curious noises were heard outside the walls, and daybreak disclosed, opposite the Charsias gate, a lofty tower made of heavy beams, covered with hides as a protection from Greek fire, which had been wheeled up within a few yards of the ditch. On the city face of its upper story were loopholes from which throughout the day archers and sharpshooters kept up a mischievous fire. The same day, under the reinforced fire of the great battery, one of the towers of the St. Romanos gate and part of the adjoining wall crumbled into the moat. Under cover of night the emperor and Giustiniani made extraordinary exertions. They made good the St. Romanos breach and backed it with stout palisading; then they organized a detachment of brave men, who, headed by Giustiniani, crossed the moat under the Charsias gate, climbed the counterscarp, assaulted the Buffalo tower, killed its garrison and reduced the huge structure to ashes. The exploit moved the sultan himself to admiration. "If," said Mahomet, "all the 37,000 prophets had told me such a feat was possible, I would have laughed them to scorn!" During the siege the constancy and gallantry of Constantine had won great popularity and devotion. As prospects darkened, senators, prelates and military commanders united in a strong representation that the time had come when he should leave the city and withdraw to a safer place. Quietly and patiently he listened, gave a few moments to deep thought and then replied, "No doubt my departure might be for my personal advantage. But how could I leave the churches of our Lord, the throne and my people in extremity which you would have me evade? No, my friends, I am resolved to die here with you!" With those words he turned his face aside, for the tears were in his eyes; and with him wept all of us in a moving silence. Worn

with constant toil, sleepless nights, crushing anxiety and severe fasting, his physical strength was weakened, but his soul was high and steadfast.

The Greeks knew on the 27th that the sultan, as a compromise between the grand vizier's opinion that the siege should be raised, and that of the eager soldier Zagan Pacha, in favor of an immediate storm, had resolved to adventure a general assault in the early morning of the 29th, and in the event of its failure to raise the siege at once. During the interval every nerve was strained to push on the repairs of the fortifications, under the constant personal superintendence of the emperor. He was ubiquitous, now encouraging a faint-hearted group, now placing a gun in position, now mustering the troops, who now amounted to scarcely 4000 fighting men. On the 28th a solemn procession from St. Sophia, headed by priests bearing the sacred and miraculous relics, perambulated the walls. The priests uttered fervent prayers for strength and victory, and the bishops blessed the soldiers, sprinkling them with holy water. Before vespers the emperor assembled the commanders and the chief citizens. He begged of all not to spare themselves, but to spend their blood in defence of their city. He appealed to the Venetians and to the Genoese to prove once again their world-renowned valor. "Let us strive together to gain for ourselves liberty, glory and eternal memory!" "Let us die for faith and country! Let us die for the church of God and our emperor!" was the enthusiastic response, with tears and embraces and mutual forgiveness of quarrels. Then Constantine entered the crowded fane of St. Sophia, where he prayed with great fervor, prostrated himself before the great icons of Christ and the Virgin Mother, and received the holy communion. From St. Sophia he went to the imperial palace, where he took farewell of the state dignitaries, courtiers and servants; and then, mounting his horse, he rode to his duty on the walls, where he heard from the Turkish camp the clamorous shouts, from the Golden Horn to the Propontis, of "La illah il-Allah, Mahomet resoul-Allah!" "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" At midnight a silence fell on the Turkish host.

At the second crowing of the cocks on

the early morning of May 29 the silence of night was broken by the loud report of a cannon in front of the sultan's tent. With its dying thunder mingled war shouts from 50,000 throats; an avalanche of Turks swept down into the ditch and hundreds of ladders were planted against the walls. This first assault was by the scum of the Turkish army, untrained and poorly armed. It was repulsed with little difficulty, and the assailants fled, chased with Greek fire and missiles. To the second onslaught came the drilled mercenaries, moving in serried ranks to the sounds of drums and trumpets. In the gray dawn their fierce waves dashed on the walls, recoiled, and swept forward yet again. Yet amid the wild turmoil of shouts and groans, the clash of alarm bells and the roar of artillery, the besieged stoutly held their own till a Turkish cannon ball rent a chasm in the outer wall near St. Romanos gate. A second ball widened the breach, and now it was the time for the janissaries to deliver their assault. They repulsed the Venetians, swept up the breach, gained the interval between the walls and planted their ladders, and were climbing the inner wall. The wearied defenders wavered, but reinforcements came up from the reserve. While the emperor was cheering them on a rifle ball pierced the wrist of the brave Giustiniani, cutting an artery. The blood streaming from his gauntlet, all but fainting, he gave over the command to a Genoese officer, and staggered feebly rearward. "Whither goest thou, brother?" asked the emperor. "I must have this bleeding stanchied," he replied faintly, and went away. It has been said that this valiant man was smitten with sudden cowardice and made a pretext of a slight wound; to which the best answer is that he died of it within four days.

The moment of confusion was snatched by a brave janissary, who nimbly climbed a ladder, followed close by some thirty comrades. Half of them were hurled backward, but the rest gained the top, and fighting hard with their sharp cimeters, made good a space into which reinforcements hurried up. Hassan, showered on with stones and arrows, fought with desperation, but was at length slain; and it seemed as if the janissaries were to share the repulse of their predecessors,

when a terrible misfortune occurred. A terror-struck messenger approached at a gallop, shouting that the Turks were already inside the city, and would soon be in the rear of the emperor's position! Then the panic set in and spread like wildfire. The Latins ran toward the harbors, where the galleys were. The emperor was advised to attempt to reach the shipping. "God forbid," he cried. "As my city falls, I fall with it!" Then were heard the shouts of the Turks close by, who had entered the city by a low door on the bed of the moat in the Hebdomon section—an entrance which, in the scarcity of defenders, had been neglected—and were now storming southward, slaying and sparing not. Constantine turned, and with the words: "Whoever is ready to face death, follow me!" rode to meet the Turks, followed by some 200 Greek and Latin horsemen. In a few moments the devoted band was the centre of a whirlwind of raging Turks. They fell fast—Spaniards, Greeks, Dalmatians, Venetians. Constantine fought with blood streaming from a sword slash across the face, and it was not long before the white Arab was plunging about under an empty saddle.

The day of the Eastern Empire had come, and there is naught left to tell save the sack of Constantinople, the state entry of the triumphant sultan, the desecration of St. Sophia, and the finding, under a heap of slain, of the corpse of the last of the Greek emperors.



THE LAST EMPEROR OF THE GREEKS.



CONNAUGHT LAKE.

EPPING FOREST.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

THE best informed of the readers of the *Cosmopolitan* know that there are no matters relating to the future destiny and prosperity of the country where we can achieve so much or can fail so badly as in the management of our forests, in the creation of them where there are none, and in the preservation of them where they remain.

I once met the late George Bailey Loring, for many years the distinguished head of what is now the Department of Agriculture at Washington, and asked him where he had come from. He said: "I have come from what will be regarded 100 years hence as our most important meeting in the last quarter of this century." I am afraid that most readers would not now know what he was talking about. But he was probably right. For he had come from an important meeting of the American Forestry congress, which had taken some measures for the preservation of forests, which will be better known 100 years hence than they are now.

In some other number of the *Cosmopolitan* I shall be glad to show our readers something of the success and of the failure also which attends the work of that congress and of our national legislation in this affair. I speak of it now by way of asking their interest in a matter really of cosmopolitan concern, while I describe

one little detail of what is going forward now in the way of the preservation of forests and at the same time of the education and entertainment of His Majesty The People. I had long since determined that the next time I crossed to England I would see with my own eyes what has been done in the great popular enterprise of the redemption of Epping Forest. I write these words just after a long and satisfactory exploration of the forest itself, under the most admirable instruction from Major Mackenzie, who fortunately has the oversight of it all. And I shall prove myself a very poor narrator if I do not reflect here something of the interest I have taken in what I have been seeing, hearing and reading.

"Epping Forest" has been for centuries the name of a tract of ground in Essex, to the east of London, which at the time of the Conquest was almost wholly uncultivated. It showed still what all England was in Julius Cæsar's time. William the Conqueror granted to "William the Bishop and Godfrey the Portreeve" this forest as a forest or ground for hunting, reserving for the crown certain rights for hunting, which rights were freely given back by the queen to her people in 1882. The splendid pageant of that day will be well remembered.

Now, William the Bishop and Godfrey

the Portreeve represent what we now call the Corporation of London, so far as certain rights go, which the Corporation of London held and holds in this forest. And after centuries of what was really spoliation of the forest—centuries in which all the neighbors stole for their own uses tract after tract, reducing its size—the Corporation of the city of London, acting for the benefit of the people, succeeded in 1882 in recovering the very last of the “steals” and in securing—let us hope, forever—what was left to be a public ground for the benefit of the people of England. This cost ten years of costly litigation and legislation. I do not know who was the one man who held grimly to the business from first to last till it was done. But what appears is, that Mr. John T. Bedford proposed in the London Court of Common Council on the 25th of May 1871 “that a committee be appointed to seek on what terms and conditions the corporation can secure to the people, for purposes of public health and recreation, those parts of Epping Forest which have not been inclosed by the assent of the crown or by legal authority.” This resolution prevailed, and eleven years of litigation, conference and compromise succeeded, resulting in arbitrations, concessions, acts and decrees, the gaining of which cost the city of London a quarter million of pounds sterling. As a reward the city was enabled to give to the people—“to my people,” as the queen said proudly when she opened the forest—this beautiful open ground for recreation. Even in the time of the Long Parliament Epping Forest still covered 60,000 acres. In July 1882 nearly nine square miles of this—rather more than 5000 acres—were recovered for public use.

* * *

ANYONE who is as fond of Amadis of Gaul as I am, and as well fitted for a competitive examination in his interesting and valuable biography, will remember that when Oriana was seized and carried away from

the king, and was pursued and rescued by Amadis, the rescue took place in the forest east of London. I believe the rescue to have taken place in Epping Forest, though that name does not appear in the narrative. Farther back in time, Queen Boadicea and her men marched from their fortress, still existing under the name of “Ambresbury Banks,” within the forest, for their last encounter, and for the great defeat which fills England today with so many Roman names. I gathered heather within poor Boadicea's fortress. Beeches and oaks grow over the ramparts. Oh, how lovely some of the openings are, as you walk among them. Strange to say, the mounds of earth are as easily made out as are those at Valley Forge—of which we know the age. They were made in 1777. I may add that the trees on the embankments at Valley Forge grow more closely than these over Boadicea's intrenchment, and are as large.

But I must not pick out separate bits for description, before giving some general idea of what the forest is.

The 5000 acres of the forest are not in one compact body. They are stretched along a line which runs north-northeast, and sometimes there is scarcely more than a shaded road uniting what I may call the islands in the group. Of these islands, the first, as you approach from the south, was what I may call one of the confiscations. It was the elegant estate of Wanstead—I believe Wanstead park—which was the residence of Wellesley Pole at the beginning of this century. He had married into the family of the Ranger of the Forest, whose office was hereditary. Wellesley Pole will be remembered, I think, by readers of gossiping memoirs, as one of the

great spendthrifts of the Regent's days. He married the very rich heiress of the old ranger, became ranger himself, and in a very short time ran through her great fortune. He was obliged, they say, to escape in a boat from the watch kept by his cred-



RANGER'S HOUSE.

itors, and between night and morning to flee to France.

Wellesley Pole was one of the most rascally of the various rangers who had enriched themselves by selling or granting bits of the forest to private purchasers. From his time until the movement I have described began, the most awful "conveyances" were made in this line. But some good comes even out of such rascality; and one consequence of his ownership is that now this elegant estate, planted and arranged in the best style of the English landscape gardening of that day, has been, by various exchanges, concessions, barterings and arbitrations, made a part of this people's park. There is, therefore, besides the free forest where the good God has been the chief landscape gardener, this bit of manufactured nature, if I may call it so, to show mankind what can be done in that line. Among other things there was one of the "grottos" which we read about, which is said to have cost £30,000. Alas and alas! the grotto was burned down not long since—if you can believe that a grotto would burn—but there are still specimens, which the mineralogist may study, of the crystals brought together for its decoration.

In a large boat I sailed through one and another winding of the ornamental water of this old park, and had the great pleasure of seeing the beautiful herons of the heronry. I dare not say how many—thirty, perhaps forty or fifty—would soar lazily above us, unmolested by gun or falcon, in a way which would delight Professor Langley. This heronry is one of the leavings of Mr. Wellesley Pole's lavish expenditure. Swans prove to be too belligerent. They drive away smaller aquatic birds, such as the forest would welcome. So only a few swans are maintained. The keepers of the waters are troubled by invasions of the little water weed

"Which unlearned duckweed, learned Lemna call."

They give us Americans the credit of it.

It is now a nuisance in canals and rivers in England. They think it came over by accident with some timber. But surely I have heard some other story—of a botanist who is responsible for its introduction. And is not the line I have quoted English, and as old as Doctor Darwin or even farther?

After you leave Wanstead you may walk or ride—north-northeast is the general direction—eight or ten miles in roads or paths more or less devious before you have passed through the main line of the forest. For the backbone of your excursion you have the Green Ride—a pretty horseback road, well named—or more finished driveways. These are all good roads



BOADICEA'S ENCAMPMENT.

—never finished or polished with that absurd detail which so often deforms our American parks—but in good enough order for any practical purpose. There is, however, no fiddle-faddle weeding of the edges or cutting out of occasional brambles, such as our parkmakers fancy. They always seem to think they have been engaged by the day to weed out the walk up to the front door of some old lady in the suburbs. Footwalks, of course, anybody may take where he chooses, for there is much less undergrowth than we are used to.

It would be idle for me, even in much larger space than we have, to attempt to describe these walks or rides in the least detail. Such names merely as Queen Elizabeth's Hunting lodge, Dick Turpin's

cave, King Harold's oak, Queen Boadicea's fort, the Roman camp, Copt hall, the King's head of Barnaby Rudge, the Verderer's park, Waltham abbey, Pump hill, the Hangboy's glades, are enough to show the variety of interest of a historical character which "give the element of pathos" to this wilderness. And the wilderness itself of forest and meadow, covering hill and plain, has the magic beauty which all wildernesses will always have to men who are so far undepraved that they are still willing to walk with God in His great garden.

ALL this forest was thrown open by the queen after the success of the great Arbitration to all her people for their recreation and enjoyment. Before she did this it was Common—common with a large C, that is—it was Commons, if you prefer, with a C and with an s; yes, as our Boston Common is now. And the right of commonage carries with it a great many privileges. Some of these privileges are not very convenient if you wish to make a great park—perhaps an elegant park—for the recreation of "all the people."

Indeed, it is this inconvenience of common rights which has gradually caused their abandonment with us in America, though, as in Boston "Common," some survivals exist as monuments of what were. But on Boston Common no man now pastures cows. And no man now beats his carpets there. I remember when men did both. But some mayor and aldermen forbade the cows, and some other mayor with his aldermen afterwards forbade the carpets. And there was no Hampden to beard them to the teeth, and to insist on pasturing and on beating. Still, I think that at law now, if a Boston man put his cow upon the Common and chose to carry the matter through the courts, it would prove that he has the right to do so still.

In the case of Epping Forest, the inhabitants of the neighboring villages are the "commoners." They have their rights in the forest, which remain, and they use them. Thus a "commoner" may pasture his horse and his cow there, and he does. Goats are "non-commonable," oddly enough, and sheep, I think. So you see no goats nor sheep. But in favorable places you see cows, oxen and horses. This is, of course, bad for under-

growth and the lower growth of trees, and it obliges you to fence in young trees if you plant them.

The commoners had another right—that of "lopping." They might lop off for fuel in fagots any branch not bigger than a man's finger. They did this with terrible certainty and vigor. So it follows that in many places very old trees, as the size of their trunks indicates, have been lopped and lopped, pruned and pruned, year in and out, so that the natural shape of the tree is now quite lost. Fine "pollards" indeed are among the finest trees to be seen in the forest. And I should think, from the general aspect, that in the days of misrule the finest trees must have been pitilessly cut out by somebody.

This "lopping" was a nuisance so manifest that the new rulers of the forest set themselves to devising a remedy, and succeeded. By various engineering they brought the villages which had commonal rights to surrender those rights for certain other privileges, perhaps, which were granted them, and for the payment of £7000, paid them by the managers of the forest. So the trees will henceforth grow as they want to grow, so far as the horses and cattle will permit them.

OF cattle, however, as is generally known, there are two kinds. There are those with four legs and those with two. And all persons interested in these great efforts for the People want to know how the People treats a forest and handles it.

In Epping Forest, from what I learned, I should say that fires are the injury most dreaded, against which constant precaution is needed. The average cockney is not a good forester, and he is the last person to consider what becomes of a stray match or cigar end. I am afraid that every boy's passion to make a fire in the woods has its snare. That passion belongs to human nature. There have also been fires, as one is sorry to know, which have been set with design. The orders to every keeper are to leave any work so soon as he sees or smells smoke, to find the cause and to give the alarm. Thus far, very large fires have been prevented. But there have been some serious ones, of which that which caused the loss of the grotto was the most disastrous.

Children revel in the forest. For one

shilling anyone may go to the forest stations and back from London proper. For children these fares are reduced one-half—so a sixpence gives the day's outing. I saw one excursion, of two long trains, crowded with children on their way there. In a day's walking and riding I met two large parties of women on foot, with their baskets and other provisions for a picnic. But I saw no men excepting the keepers, and one artist. Of course, this does not mean that no other men were there. One sees but few of the fauna in nine square miles, be they bipeds or quadrupeds. But, in fact, while I saw, I suppose, 1000 herons, swans, ducks, cows, horses and women in that day, I saw but this one man and the keepers. The day for men is preëminently Sunday.

They come on Sunday, separately, and very largely in clubs. These clubs make special arrangements for places which may be reserved for them and their picnics. Each club has to be represented, in such an application, by someone who will be responsible that no liquor shall be sold illegally, and, in general, that the park regulations shall not be violated. Under such conditions, large numbers of men come out from London in summer and in autumn on Sunday.

The force by which the park is kept in order seemed to me very small, but the work is admirably done. Under Major Mackenzie, the accomplished chief, are thirteen keepers, who live each in a comfortable house provided for him in his own

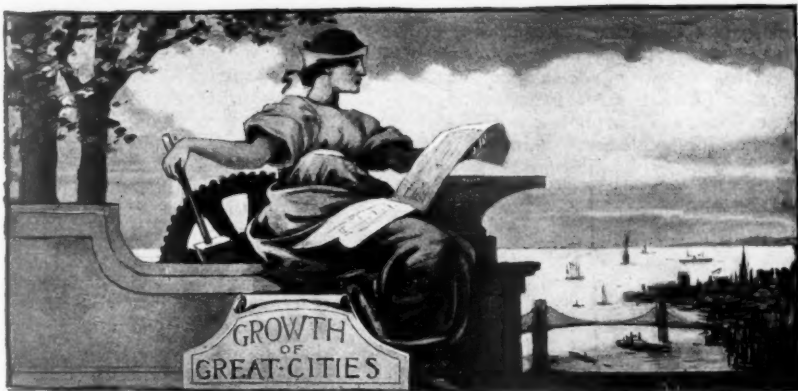
part of the forest. In winter 100 more men are engaged as a sort of foresters, there being much more work in winter and spring than in summer. In summer only fifty or thereabouts are needed. The keepers, besides their houses, are allowed twenty-five shillings a week. The men whom they employ have twenty shillings a week. The roads through the park are kept in order by the authorities, who have the charge of all other highways in the county. They are as well kept as other English roads, which means, as well as there is any need for keeping them; but, as I intimated, there is none of that dandy-jack nonsense which weeds up by hand rue and mint and cumin, which is the Phari-saïc passion of the people who have our great parks in charge. As a consequence, Epping Forest is kept in order at a cost which would sound impossible in Boston or in New York. Nor is there any policeman to tell a foot man that he may not walk in a road in which it is expected that people shall ride.

Epping Forest is becoming more and more beautiful every year, as the good God of nature, who knows what beauty is, and who loves it with infinite love, is permitted from year to year to have His way more and more perfectly.

In another paper I shall try to use some of the suggestions which the success of our friends makes to us, in considering some of the great questions which belong to our American handling of the "woods and forests."



HIGH BEACH.



BY LEWIS M. HAUPT.

AT this time, when towns and cities are undergoing such radical changes, it would seem apropos to devote a little time to the consideration of the development of our great cities, with a view to determine the conditions which may give promise of substantial and permanent growth.

The elements entering into this problem are numerous and diversified, but those which impress themselves as of most importance are of a physical rather than social or political character. The resources, geographical position and topography will be found to exercise a controlling influence, since they determine the greater or lesser facility of locomotion, and it is this feature which regulates, more than any other, the rate of increase. These facilities may be internal or external. In the former case they are generally included under the term Rapid Transit, and are restricted to the transportation of passengers; but this is manifestly an error, as the freight tonnage far exceeds that of the passenger movement and should likewise receive more serious attention that the enormous annual waste of haulage over pavements of great resistance may be eliminated. In the latter case they are known as commercial facilities and include all land and water lines of communication, reaching as tentacles into the tributary territory to supply the body corporate. At the point of transfer between the internal and external transit are to be found the terminal facilities,

which should be commensurate with the character and volume of the business to prevent engorgement.

It is upon this business of transferring freight from one system to another, from external to internal, or from land to water, or vice versa, that the growth of commercial cities largely depends, and as the most advantageous location for such "break of bulk" is at the head of navigation, enabling freights to be carried as far as practicable by water, the cheapest known medium of transit, the locus of the city will be found at that point farthest inland which can be reached by ocean vessels of the deepest draught. But, although water is non-productive of freight, it is a very convenient medium of transportation, and hence, wherever there exists a large body of productive land surrounding or contiguous to a navigable channel, there will be found the elements of a great emporium. Thus London, the metropolis of Great Britain, is not at Land's End, the point of England nearest to the foreign commerce of the world, but at the head of navigation of the river Thames; Paris is not on the sea but on the Seine, and so situated as to place it in the centre of the most highly developed system of interior waterways in the world: Canton, Constantinople, Liverpool, Glasgow, Antwerp and many other foreign cities might be cited in illustration of this principle.

In our own country the same conditions prevail. Baltimore and Philadelphia are

at the head of navigation—New York and Chicago are wedded together by a thousand miles of waterway, at each extremity of which there must of necessity be a break of bulk. Situated at the reëntrant angle of the coast and having the great water artery draining the heart of the country flowing into her magnificent bays, New York has exceptional facilities for controlling inland, coastwise and foreign commerce. There is one link, however, which needs to be opened to render the southwestern commerce more fully accessible, and that is the ship canal across New Jersey from Raritan bay to the Delaware river, and thence across the Delaware peninsula to Chesapeake bay.

A review of the returns of the eleventh census will show that the twenty-eight cities, in which the population exceeds 100,000, are located at the strategic points of transportation systems, and that with few exceptions they are commercial cities, situated upon navigable waters. It will also be observed that as a general rule these great centres of trade follow in the

wake of immigration and are on the western side of the great waterways as well as at the points of transshipment between water and land carriage.

Viewing the United States as a whole, it will be found to consist of four great transportation areas, namely, the regions tributary to the Atlantic, to the Pacific, to the Lakes and to the Gulf, and the strategic points of these four systems are those where the lines of least resistance to traffic are most numerous.

In the centre of the trans-Mississippi region, and equally distant from lake, gulf and ocean, lies Denver, the hub of this great territory, from which ramify more than a dozen lines of railway reaching to all parts of the continent, and in its centre there is to be seen a depressed basin forming a natural site, where the streams of commerce can be readily commingled in the great transfer yards and stations which are being rapidly developed in this enterprising city of Colorado.

As the natural outlet of the northern waterway passes through foreign terri-

CITIES OF THE UNITED STATES HAVING OVER 100,000 INHABITANTS.

Relative Rank.	Name.	Character.	Population.		Per Cent. Increase.	Date of Settlement.	When Chartered.
			1890.	1880.			
1	New York.*	Com. Man.	1,515,301	1,206,299	25	1656
2	Chicago.†	Com. Man.	1,099,850	503,185	118	1837
3	Philadelphia.‡	Man. Com.	1,046,964	847,170	24	1683
4	Brooklyn.	Com. Domestic.	806,343	566,663	42	1636	1667
5	St. Louis.	Com.	451,770	350,518	29	1764
6	Boston.§	Com.	448,477	362,839	24	1630	1822
7	Baltimore.	Com.	434,439	332,313	31	1722	1796
8	San Francisco.	Com.	298,992	233,959	28	1846	1850
9	Cincinnati.	Com. Man.	266,908	255,139	17	1768	1814
10	Cleveland.	Com. Man.	261,353	160,146	69	1796	1836
11	Buffalo.	Com. Man.	255,664	155,134	64	1801	1832
12	New Orleans.	Com.	242,039	216,090	12	1718
13	Pittsburgh.¶	Man. Com.	238,617	156,389	53	{ Mch. 18, } 1816
14	Washington.	Legislative.	230,391	147,893	57
15	Detroit.	Com.	205,876	116,340	77	1796	1824
16	Milwaukee.	Com. Man.	204,168	115,587	77	1838
17	Newark.	Man.	181,830	136,508	33	1666	1836
18	Minneapolis.	Man.	164,738	46,887	252	1872
19	Jersey City.	Com.	163,003	120,722	35	1829
20	Louisville.	Com.	161,120	123,728	30	1778	1828
21	Omaha.	Man.	140,452	30,518	361	1854
22	Rochester.	Man.	133,866	89,366	50	1812	1834
23	St. Paul.	Com.	133,157	41,473	221	1838	1874
24	Kansas City, Mo.	Com.	132,716	55,785	139	1830
25	Providence.	Com. Man.	132,146	104,857	26	1643	1832
26	Denver.	Man.	106,713	35,620	198	1859	1860
27	Indianapolis.	Man. Com. Leg.	105,436	75,056	40	1821	1847
28	Allegheny.	105,287	78,682	34

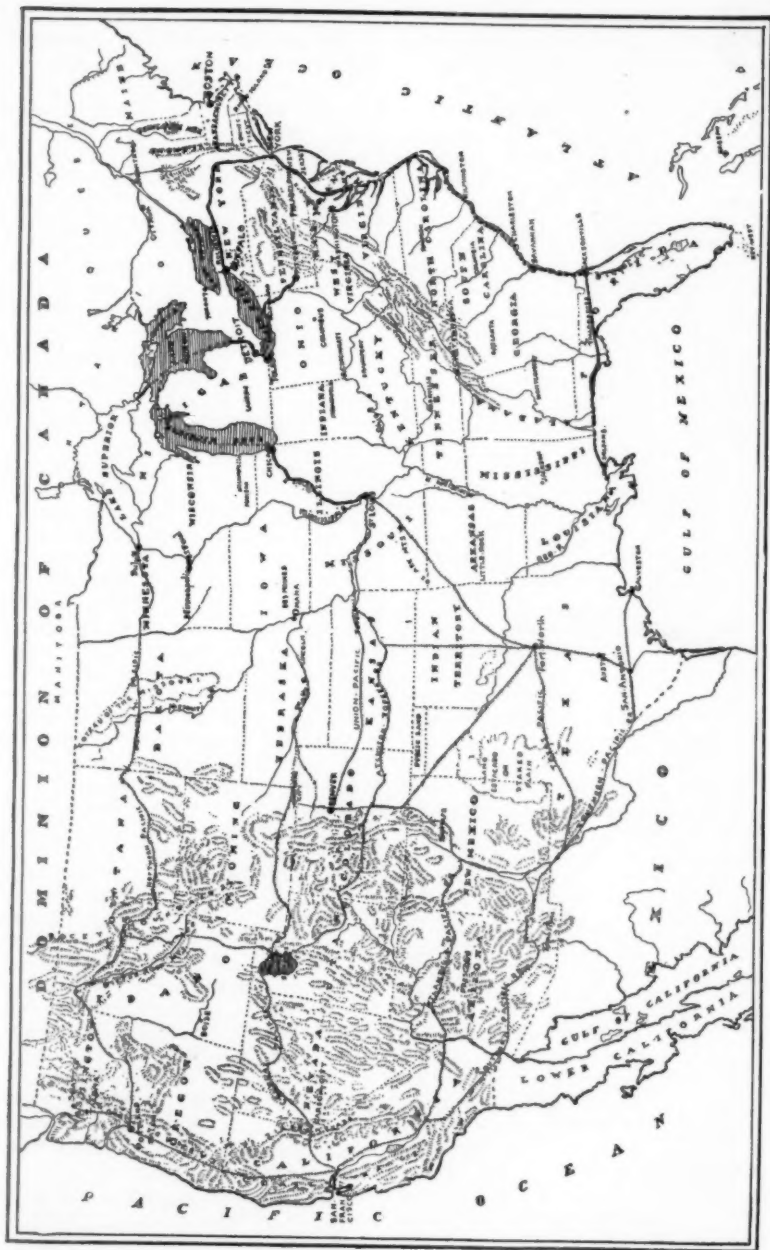
* New York's population reached 100,000 in 1815.

† The great Chicago fire of 1871 covered 2124 acres.

‡ Philadelphia's population reached 100,000 in 1810.

§ Boston has suffered from a number of large fires, especially in 1872.

¶ Pittsburgh's fire of 1845 covered 56 acres.



tory, imposing burdensome conditions, it led to the early completion of the artificial channel via the Erie canal and Hudson river, and at once transferred the commercial supremacy of Philadelphia to New York by rendering the great granaries of the West tributary to this port.

With her 1000 miles of water transportation, reaching to the heart of the continent, New York has nothing to fear from rivals on the coast, and her supremacy will be still further augmented by the present enlargement of the Illinois and Michigan canal, connecting Chicago with the Mississippi river, as well as by the construction of a ship canal across New Jersey to develop the interior coastwise commerce. These works will the more speedily advance her to the enviable position of mistress of the world.

The city proper, although nearly two and a half centuries old, has not maintained a normal growth during the last decade, and even when taken in connection with the rapidly growing suburban cities which are so intimately allied to her interests and progress, it will be seen that the aggregate population will hardly exceed 3,000,000, while the increase in this period is only a little more than thirty per cent. This is due in large part to deficiency of internal traffic facilities and circumscribed area.

In contrasting this with the increment in Chicago's population during the past decade it would seem as if her lacustrine sister at the other end of the system would soon overtake and surpass her oceanic rival, but it must be noted that the 118 per cent. increase ascribed to Chicago was obtained largely by annexation of new territory not included in the former census. Moreover, the increase of traffic facilities at the head of Lake Superior must eventually tend to contract her territory and divide her commerce with her younger competitors on Allouez and St. Louis bays. As the outlet of Lake Michigan lies 400 miles north of Chicago, while Lake Superior extends westwardly a like distance, Duluth and Superior have the advantage in tapping the agricultural and mineral products of the northern belt so much earlier and saving that amount of rail transportation. Hence it is that the "Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas" has risen from the poetic legends of Indian lovers and the

campfires of fur traders to the matter-of-fact transactions of a thrifty, commercial and maritime centre. With her sister cities across the bay the population at the head of Lake Superior is not less than 60,000, while the water power of the St. Louis, the extensive timber, iron and copper ores, the admirable topographic features and facilities for water supply and drainage, with ample harbor capacity, insure a continuous and rapid growth.

Chicago, Superior and Duluth occupy the strategic positions of the northern outlet, and no combinations of capital or conditions can permanently disturb them so long as the lakes retain their present levels. There is, however, an interesting history connected with "Old" Superior which may be mentioned en passant, showing how the cupidity of man may strand his hopes. As early as 1854 a number of prominent Americans purchased the plateau fronting on the Bay of Superior, between the St. Louis and Nemadji rivers, and formed a land company, dividing the property into small lots (25 x 120) which were distributed ad libitum among the members of this syndicate, who put them on the market at inflated prices. For a while all went well and sales were rapid, but the absence of railroads and the contingent commerce soon manifested itself, the taxes accumulated and became onerous, purchasers did not improve and the financial stringency of 1857 soon burst the bubble. For a quarter of a century the residents' chief occupation was tilling the soil or looking after tax titles of non-residents. Concessions made to the Northern Pacific after it had built into Duluth, in the way of a grant of a half interest in the town site, gave a slight stimulus to the place, but the property complications were so intricate that it was found more profitable to take up the site now known as West Superior, on the St. Louis front, for a terminus, and virtually to abandon the old town. Certain it is that cities do not grow by nature: there must be favorable conditions as to location and resources, which must be developed by the coöperation of capital and labor.

"God made the country, but man made the town."

The strategic position of the southern drainage system is that point of the Gulf coast having the greatest tributary area,

and this condition would place it near the eastern terminus of the old transcontinental portage from Corpus Christi via El Paso del Norte to San Diego. As yet no very great city has been established near this site, because the physical conditions for its existence are not presented by nature, and science has not yet successfully combated the forces which have debarred the entrance to the Gulf inlets with their feeble tides.

Galveston has long been the principal port of entrance for this region, but the difficulty, risk and expense of transshipments at that city have limited the amount of her commerce and consequently growth. Her population is 29,084. During the past decade her increase was only 6836 souls, being a little more than three per cent. per annum—and this notwithstanding the great material development of the state and the increase in the railroad mileage. Although more than a score of years have been spent in futile efforts to deepen the channel over the outer bar, no important results have been secured, but, on the contrary, the effect has been rather injurious, as the crest of the bar has been driven gulfward considerably over a mile, and the completion of the existing plan gives no assurance of success either by scour or by dredging. The problem of a deep-water harbor on this coast is, however, not indeterminate, as has been supposed, if the existing natural forces are correctly applied.

The opening of the South Pass in 1879 does not seem to have produced the great effect upon the commerce of New Orleans which was anticipated, probably because of its distance from the sea as well as because, having once entered the river, the freight may as readily be carried to other points of distribution further inland. The growth of population at this place has been but 1.2 per cent. per annum, which is less than that of any of the large cities.

The best harbor on the Pacific ocean being at the Golden Gate, San Francisco has become the entrepôt for this coast, yet, being cut off from an extended territory and dense population by a rugged topography, her rate of increase is comparatively low for a city of her size, being only 2.8 per cent. Although the number of harbors on this coast is few yet some

of them are capacious and safe and capable of great improvement. This done, cities of considerable importance would spring up at the termini of the various transcontinental lines, as at Portland, where a single jetty has produced some decidedly beneficial results; at Tacoma and Seattle, where, with other points on Puget sound, there is an ample depth. In fact, in many places the shores are so precipitous that at a safe distance from the banks the water is too deep for anchorage. These termini on the sound have had an abnormal development during the past decade. Thus, for Seattle, with 42,837 population, the rate was 1112 per cent.; for Tacoma, with 36,006, it was 3179 per cent.; while for the interior city at the falls of the Spokane river, in eastern Washington, it was 5592 per cent. This is the highest rate of any city in the United States, as reported in Census Bulletin No. 52. It is due to the development of extended mineral and agricultural resources, combined with adaptation for use of an excellent water power and concentrated railroad facilities.

Before leaving these three cities it may be well to mention the peculiar topographic features of their sites. In one direction they are limited by steep and deeply indented alluvial bluffs, up which the streets are opened in terraces with grades, which in some places approach twenty per cent., making the ascent very difficult and the descent dangerous. A more careful adjustment of the streets to the topography would have saved much expense for the construction and maintenance of municipal works, and would have diminished greatly the wear and tear of all local service. This point, of prime importance in a city, is too frequently entirely disregarded, to the permanent injury of the place. The rectangular system of streets is by no means the best for such sites.

The grades are too steep also for sewers without increasing greatly the danger of their destruction from rapid currents, and the wash of water in the streets during the rainy season is a serious item of expense that would disappear had the grade been taken account of and the streets laid out to secure the least possible fall.

An inspection of the table on page 84 will reveal at once the intimate relation

existing between transportation and the growth of these large centres. For instance, New York, Brooklyn and Chicago are the termini of the great water artery of the northern states; Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, at the head of navigation for large agricultural and manufacturing districts. St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Kansas City and many others are points of transfer from water to land for the back country, and generally they are on the western banks of the rivers or lakes; while a few places, like Omaha, Denver and Indianapolis, have had greatness thrust upon them by the railroads concentrating at those points. It is remarkable also that there should be so large an interval as that existing between Brooklyn and St. Louis, of nearly 350,000 persons, and again, between Baltimore and San Francisco, of 130,000, and that the younger city on the Pacific should increase at a less rapid rate than her eastern sisters on the Atlantic.

A point of great promise in the near future which appears to fulfil the conditions for rapid growth, as outlined in this paper, would seem to be Norfolk, Virginia, where an excellent harbor is to be found located almost on the coast, with extended rail facilities covering the most densely settled portions of the eastern, middle and southern states. It is the nearest seaport to Chicago and the country tributary thereto, while the extensions of the Norfolk and Western and the Richmond Terminal railroads have done and will continue to do much more to extend her

patronage. Lacking a water connection with the interior, however, her air-line rail advantage is in a great measure lost, and she cannot hope to rival the American metropolis.

Another city possessing great possibilities which are as yet imperfectly developed is Baltimore, at the head of deep-sea navigation on the Chesapeake. If, instead of shipping her foreign commerce via Cape Charles, the long-desired ship canal penetrating the Maryland-Delaware peninsula were an accomplished fact, it would save about 380 miles on the round trip and would work a revolution in the movement of through freights to foreign ports, especially for coal and grain. A recent examination of the various surveys of this project has convinced the writer that it is one of the most promising commercial enterprises afforded throughout the length and breadth of the federal domain. For the comparatively small sum of \$2,500,000 the present Chesapeake and Delaware canal, fourteen miles in length, may be enlarged from a summit-level, with ten feet draught, to a tide-level waterway having twenty-seven feet draught and sufficient width to pass any vessel now afloat. As a national defence it would be invaluable.

Of the many other elements affecting the welfare of cities, such as the honesty, economy and efficiency of its administration, the enterprise of its citizens, the climatic conditions of its site, or its social aspects, it is not the purpose of this paper to consider.





BY JOHN P. HOLLAND.

APPARATUS for mechanical flight, including aeroplanes, will be found to be the only means so far proposed that afford any prospect of successful navigation of the air. To prove the uselessness for that purpose of balloons and of airships that employ buoyancy chambers or gasholders would be a waste of time and of the *Cosmopolitan's* valuable space.

It will be news to many that there is reason to expect anything but failure in attempts to succeed with flying machines, that there is no insurmountable obstacle in the shape of unsolved problems to be faced, no extraordinary difficulties to be encountered, and no call for a spirit of foolhardiness to nerve the aeronaut for the experiment. Equally unexpected will be the information that there is nothing required for their successful operation that has not been done and proved repeatedly, and that there is wanting only a suitable design combining appliances in everyday use.

That the above propositions are true will be apparent if we examine what conditions must be satisfied for mechanical flight, and whether, by the use of means now available, a



Last January *The Cosmopolitan* offered \$250 for the most valuable paper on aerial navigation, and \$100 for the essay next in value. The first was awarded to Mr. Hiram Maxim for his article, "The Aeroplane," which appeared in the June *Cosmopolitan*, and the second to Mr. John P. Holland for the accompanying paper.

Mr. Holland is an Irishman, and came to this country in 1873. He built a submarine boat that in the opinion of naval experts was the first successful vessel of its kind. This was in 1879. His design defeated those of Mr. Nordenfelt and others in competition before the Navy department in 1888 and 1889. His design for an armed torpedo boat was approved by the same department in 1890 and again in 1891. For many years Mr. Holland's thoughts have been turned to flying machines, his first design being dated 1863, since when he has been constantly occupied with the problem.

simple practical machine can be devised that will fulfil them.

ESSENTIAL CONDITIONS.

1. The machine must be able to lift and support itself in the air.
2. It must be incapable of tipping over or upsetting.
3. It must be capable of rising and alighting vertically, and slowly or rapidly at will, in storm or calm.
4. It must be capable of rapid horizontal motion.
5. It must be easily and steadily steered in any direction.
6. The complete machine and each of its parts must be so strong that there would be required to destroy it a strain or stress six to ten times greater than any to which it is ever likely to be subjected.

As there is apparently nothing else essential to success it is only reasonable to believe that a machine fulfilling these conditions must succeed. The points now to be determined are whether we have the required appliances at hand and whether we can combine them in a flying machine.

The motor is well known to be the vital point. Can we find one that will be powerful and light enough to lift, say double its own weight, by means of air-screw propellers, like those employed to produce ventilation, and with the assistance of an aeroplane—that is, a great, well-balanced kite—to move it steadily through the air?

Certainly we can. Such motors are in use by the score in torpedo boats. Herr-eshoff, Yarrow, Thornycroft and others have built large numbers of torpedo-boat motors that weigh, complete, sixty pounds per horse power.

Mr. Norman L. Munro's yacht *Norwood* had boilers and engines weighing only nineteen pounds per horse power.

Mr. H. S. Maxim has built and operated a boiler and engines that weigh together only nine pounds per horse power.

Mr. Stringfellow, of London, built a complete steam motor nearly a quarter of a century ago, that weighed only thirteen

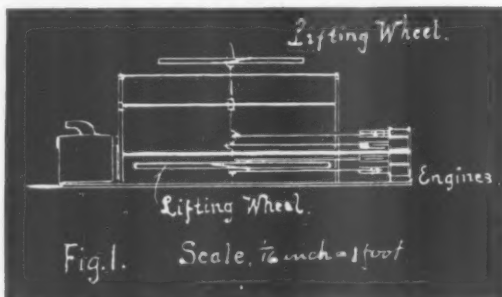
pounds per horse power. Professor Langley is authority for the statement that effective steam engines have lately been built weighing less than ten pounds per horse power.

Sixty-three per cent. of the power applied to his wheel by Doctor Freninges was utilized in lifting it.

Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, obtained a lifting power of 240 pounds per horse power.

Mr. H. S. Maxim obtained the same lift with apparatus similar to that employed by Professor Langley.

Any of the motors mentioned is, therefore, quite light enough for the purpose. Even the heaviest, the torpedo-boat motor, weighing sixty pounds per horse power, has a considerable margin of power. Sixty



pounds weight per indicated horse power will be about ninety-five pounds per applied horse power, after making the ordinary allowances for waste and friction, and yet the weight is less than one-half of what the horse power can lift. It will be shown later that fourteen pounds per horse power is a sufficient allowance for the remainder of the machine; total, 109 pounds, leaving a margin of 131 pounds before reaching the limit already attained.

The next point to determine is whether we can employ a motor, say, like the *Norwood's*, in a machine capable of fulfilling the six essential conditions mentioned above.

Suppose a pair of propeller wheels of suitable dimensions be placed in a frame concentrically or on concentric shafts with the *Norwood's* boiler and engines, placed as shown in Figure 1, the engine frame, bed plate, and reversing gear

being dispensed with, and the cylinders fastened to the frame of the machine. Care must be taken in placing the machinery that the centre of gravity is under or in the propeller shafts. If the engines be started, and the propellers caused to revolve rapidly in opposite directions, forcing a current of air downwards, there will be an equal upward thrust on the wheels, and it is clear that when the upward thrust exceeds the weight the machine will rise. The maximum speed of ascent will depend on the amount of reserve lifting power, and every degree less than that down to stationary suspension, as well as the speed of descent, may be commanded by regulating the throttle valve.

The machine in this condition is superior to a balloon because it can fulfil perfectly the first, second and third, and sixth essential conditions given above.

As it is clear that there will be no trouble in providing a motor that shall be light and powerful enough for the work, attention may now be given to the fourth condition, namely, rendering it capable of rapid horizontal motion.

This may be attained without providing special propelling power for the purpose, by employing aeroplanes and modifying the design as shown in Figures 2, 3 and 4, to permit of inclining the axes of the screws to a horizontal position, so that the power may be applied directly to lifting at first; and when a suitable elevation has been attained, the axes of the screws, with the engines and the frame containing them inside the spindle-shaped body of the machine, may be gradually revolved around their common centre of gravity until the axes are horizontal.

While the machine is ascending vertically the power exerted affords support and gives motion upwards. On inclining the axes only the part of the power causing ascent need be expended to produce horizontal motion. The remainder continues to support the weight. But the portion expended horizontally—that due to the sine of the angle of inclination—being drift force, may be more effective in lifting than when it was applied vertically; its effectiveness in this respect depending on the surface and inclination of the aeroplanes. This operation is reversed while descending, so that, taking account

of the direction and force of the wind, and compensating for it by regulating the inclination of the axes, the descent may be made vertically even during a storm. It is thus perfectly fitted to fulfil the third and fourth conditions. The fifth condition will be satisfied by placing vertical and horizontal rudders, like those employed on submarine boats and Whitehead torpedoes, at the tail end of the machine, thus conferring the power of steering in any direction.

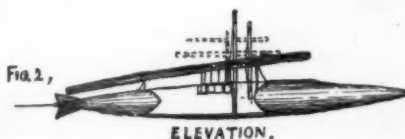
AEROPLANES.

The superficial extent of the aeroplane surfaces may be obtained from Mr. Chanute's table with the certainty of making no error in the direction of insufficiency, because the table appears to be based on experiments made with perfectly flat planes of considerable thickness and with square, instead of sharpened, leading edges. Professor Langley notifies his readers that his experiments were made with flat, blunt-edged planes, and that other shapes and sharpened edges may give better results.

Very interesting experimental tests of a thin, flat plane against concave planes with convex backs and sharpened edges were made by Mr. Horatio Phillips, of London, England, in 1885. Even though the trials were confined to inclinations of fifteen degrees with the horizontal, yet the results were remarkable and well worth thorough investigation with Professor Langley's very complete apparatus.

The thin, flat plane inclined fifteen degrees gave a lift equal to 4.5 times the drift.

Under similar conditions as to surface and inclination, Mr. Chanute's table shows lift equal to 3.714 times drift. There is uncertainty regarding the influence of thick edges in this table, but arguing from its general close agreement with Professor Langley's work, there must have been a very close similarity in the



planes and in the results that gave data for the construction of the table.

Mr. Phillips got sixteen per cent. better results than the others, and the only apparent explanation is that he employed plates having finer edges.

But the planes concaved in the line of direction of the wind, and convex at the back, with sharpened leading edges, show a very marked superiority. One of this kind, moderately concaved, but quite thick towards the leading edge, gave a lift equal to 10.34 times the drift. This is 2.74 times better than the performance of the square-edged flat plane, and if perfectly trustworthy experiments support Mr. Phillips, we will employ only 365 square feet of aeroplane where the table would prescribe 1000 square feet. The superiority of the planes employed by Mr. Phillips may grow less at small angles, but there are reasons for believing it will still hold good with the smallest angles practical with aeroplanes.

The shape of their sections appears to modify the stream lines with the effect of greatly reducing the drift and leaving the lift unaltered, thus permitting us to employ a considerable angle of inclination not liable to the vibration that Mr. Maxim observed with very small angles, and giving the power of a very large surface, at small inclination, without its disadvantages.

Taken in connection with the observed facts that aeroplane surface, with a given lift, is inversely as speed squared, and that lift and drift are as speed squared, we can see possibilities of great speed with a very compact machine; but we must not indulge in speculation until it has a foundation of more extended and suitable experiments.

We shall now find the extent of aeroplane surface with the aid of the table, contenting ourselves with the assurance that if Mr. Phillips's work be proved reliable our aeroplanes may be reduced to nearly one-third of their area.

The table shows plainly that a small angle of inclination must be selected in order to carry a good weight and attain high speed. One square foot inclined four degrees to the horizontal, moving eighty miles per hour, will give 4.448 pounds lift

and 0.3104 pounds drift. This surface must be thrust or towed 7,040 feet per minute against a constant resistance of 0.3104 pounds, thus absorbing 2,185.216 foot pounds per minute; and this is equal to 0.0662 horse power per square foot of aeroplane.

Engines like the Norwood's, developing 400 indicated horse power, have been suggested for our machine. Their efficiency will be taken at sixty-five per cent.—less than is obtained in some torpedo boats—and there remains 260 applied horse power.

$260 \div .0662 = 3928$ square feet of aeroplane surface; $3928 \times 4.448 = 17,471$ pounds total lifting power.

Necessary modifications in the boiler to fit it for burning petroleum instead of coal, and then eliminating the excess in size, reduce its weight by at least one-third.

Dispensing with the engine bed, frame, shaft, screw, reversing gear, bilge pump, blower and its engine, circulating pump and condenser, will more than cover the change to a quadruple compound engine, and still leave a large margin of reduction. A very moderate estimate of the saving in weight will be four pounds per horse power, thus reducing the weight from nineteen to fifteen pounds per indicated horse power. It will be shown later that all the remainder of the machine, with the operators, will weigh less than fourteen pounds per indicated horse power.

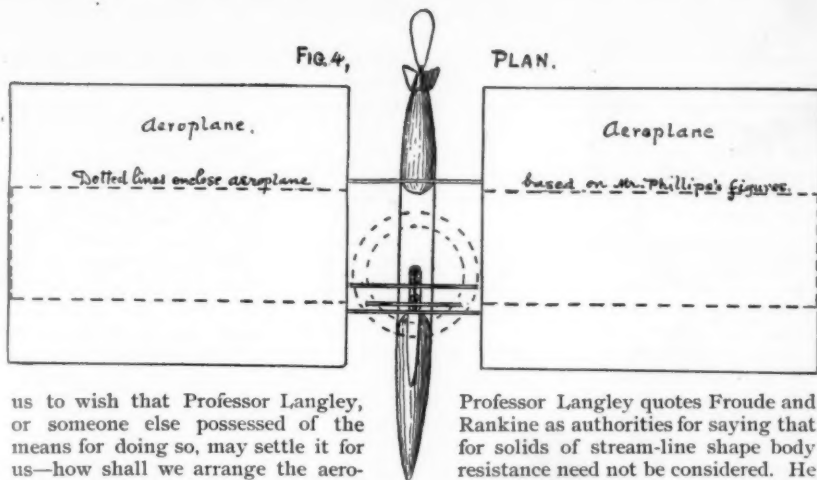
Total weight elevated and carried at	
eighty miles per hour,.....	17,471 pounds.
Weight of motor complete 400	
I. H. P. \times 15 pounds =	6000
Weight of machine and operators	
400 I. H. P. \times 14 pounds =	5600—11,600 "
Reserve lifting power.....	5871 "

Guided by Mr. Chanute's table we must provide 3928 square feet of aeroplane, but only 1433 square feet if we may rely on Mr. Phillips's work.

We are now met by another uncertainty—not great enough, indeed, to offer any serious obstacle to the progress of our design, but quite urgent enough to cause

FIG. 3. END VIEW.





us to wish that Professor Langley, or someone else possessed of the means for doing so, may settle it for us—how shall we arrange the aeroplane surface? It is well known that air resistance to exposed surfaces increases in a higher ratio than the increase of surface. Mr. Froude's experiments with water friction showed that surfaces short in the direction of the stream and of greater length transversely to it encountered more resistance than if these dimensions were exchanged, and that, therefore, such an arrangement would be effective for aeroplanes. Professor Langley has proved and settled that point; but we are left in uncertainty as to the value of a large continuous surface, especially when it is capable of concaving—with increase of effectiveness, as is proved in sailing vessels—while it is in action. Does this gain equal or overbalance the known advantage of narrow planes, and how far does it go? The large plane has the advantage in simplicity, also in lightness, although it may be inferior to a large number of small planes in security against some accidents. An inspection of Figures 2, 3, 5 and 6 will leave no doubt as to which is the more presentable.

Mr. Chanute points out that the elements of resistance to flying machines are three in number: 1. The hull resistance. 2. The drift. 3. The skin friction. He believes that head or hull resistance will probably be found to be the chief element which will limit the possible speed of flying machines.

Professor Langley's as well as Mr. Horatio Phillips's figures for the drift force include the skin or surface friction.

Professor Langley quotes Froude and Rankine as authorities for saying that for solids of stream-line shape body resistance need not be considered. He also says that frictional resistance at 100 feet per second is only about one-fiftieth of one per cent. of the normal, and may therefore be disregarded.

Mr. Froude showed that ship-shaped bodies completely immersed in a fluid—as our machine is in the air—and moving endwise, spend no power on wave making—that is, body resistance; and that the only resistance is from friction and eddies.

As the loss from friction and eddies of the aeroplanes and propellers is already included in the drift force, only the body, stays and supports are capable of offering any additional resistance, and all these have ship-shape longitudinal sections.

But Professor Langley points out that the loss from thick edges amounts to something, and as comparison with Mr. Phillips's experiment shows that it is something considerable, we shall err in good company if we are mistaken in believing that the edge resistance of the experimental plates, and included in the drift, suffices to cover friction and other small resistances at all speeds, and that only drift resistance need be considered.

DIMENSIONS OF SCREW PROPELLERS.

The particulars of a pair of concentric wheels capable of lifting 17,471 pounds with 400 revolutions may be deduced from an experimental wheel made by Doctor Freninges, of Copenhagen. The diameter

was 1 foot; pitch, 1 foot; surface, .142857 square foot; weight, .35 pound. At 13 revolutions per second, the axis being vertical, it just lifted its own weight; at 52 revolutions per second it lifted 6 pounds, including its own weight, with an expenditure in work of 100 foot pounds per second.

If we compare the efficiency of Doctor Freninges' wheel with one calculated from Mr. Chanute's table, employing the same elements, we shall find that Doctor Freninges' wheel will lift 4.16 pounds, just 2.2 times more than will be indicated for the calculated wheel. The cause of this difference is that when in operation, especially when moving, the inclination of the blades becomes practically very small—much smaller than is practicable with a flat inclined plane. This will be readily understood when it is remembered that the inclination is not to be considered with reference to the plane transverse to the axis but to the direction of the current of wind striking the blades. The effective angle of inclination corresponds, therefore, with the angle of slip. A reference to Mr. Chanute's table will show that with a pitch or inclination of nine degrees in reference to the plane transverse to the axis the lift is about seven times greater than the drift or revolving power. When the wheel is moving in the direction of the axis, with a slip of twenty-two per cent., the blades are inclined only two degrees to the advancing current, and the lift becomes twenty-eight times greater than the drift—four times that obtained when the inclination to the air encountered was nine degrees. An increase of speed of revolution would, of course, change the conditions of the free wheel.

The induced current generated by the propeller wheel that does not move in the direction of its axis produces what is equivalent to a greater inclination of its surfaces, but the greatest gain in efficiency becomes apparent when it is free to move in that direction. These points are well illustrated in Doctor Freninges' experiments. When his wheel was prevented from moving forward, and revolved fifty-two times per second, the efficiency was thirty-three per cent. of the power applied; but when it was left free to move in the direction of the axis the efficiency rose to

sixty-three per cent., even though the wheel had a pitch quite unsuited for the experiment.

Including this ratio of gain in our estimate, and remembering that the power with similar wheels, at the same number, of revolutions per minute, is in proportion to the fourth power of the relative dimensions and to the second power of the speed, we shall find that the larger of the concentric wheels must be 16.89 feet in diameter and the inner one 14.16 feet, both having equal power at the same speed. A considerable error either in excess or defect in size may be compensated by corresponding alterations of speed and pitch.

The air propellers are placed exactly over the centre of gravity when rising, and eight feet above it. They are on the plane of the centre of resistance to horizontal movement, and this centre is five feet above the centre of gravity.

WEIGHT OF MOTOR AND GEAR.

Boiler, complete, with water.....	4000 pounds.
Engines, propellers and frame.....	2000 "
Total weight of motor.....	6000 "

Weight of motor and gear per indicated horse power :

$$6000 \div 400 = 15 \text{ pounds per horse power.}$$

WEIGHT OF BODY, AEROPLANES, CONNECTIONS AND OPERATORS.

Aeroplane frame.....	1800 pounds.
Body.....	900 "
Cover for both.....	1176 "
Trussing, stays and braces.....	200 "
Three men.....	450 "
	4526 "

Weight of machine and operators per indicated horse power :

$$= 4526 \div 400 = 11.31 \text{ pounds.}$$

Weight of machine and motor, complete, with operators, per indicated horse power :

$$10,526 \div 400 = 26.31 \text{ pounds per horse power.}$$

CARRYING POWER.

Total lifting power at 80 miles speed...	17,471 pounds.
Total weight, complete, but unloaded...	10,526 "
Carrying power.....	6945 "

REGARDING ACCIDENTS AND DIFFICULTIES.

The design being now completed a little space may be devoted to the question of its liability to accidents. Railroad engineers will appreciate its advantages in that respect owing to the smoothness of motion—no jarring in starting, no unevenness in roadbed, no rail joints, no curves or vibrations of track, no open switches or bridges, no care for signals, and no obstructions. As to breakdowns, it is true that notwithstanding the greatest care and strength of design and construction the engines may break down. In that case the machine will not come to a full stop and drop down at once, but it will continue on its course until the energy due to its speed and elevation is expended. The descent may be controlled so as to alight on a smooth place, at low velocity, and with a sliding contact that will cause no shock and injure nothing. This appears to be the method adopted as the safest by Mr. H. S. Maxim, so that it cannot be very dangerous. Alighting on water removes all risk of dangerous shock from contact, and the machine will float like a boat. If the injury can be quickly repaired it can rise again from the surface of the water and continue its flight.

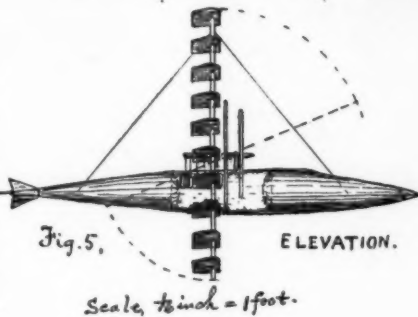
A breakdown of the boiler would have the same results as the disabling of the engines, but careful construction, inspection and management can be relied on to prevent such an occurrence.

Neither the framing nor propellers will break, simply because they can be made strong enough for all contingencies.

An examination of the relative positions of the point of application of the towing force and the centres of resistance, support and gravity, during horizontal motion, and of the centres of support and gravity during ascent and descent, will afford evidence that it cannot perform any undesirable acrobatic feats, because the laws of nature forbid them.

It may be objected that, on account of the small angle made by the aeroplanes with the horizontal, small errors in steering in the vertical direction may cause the aeroplanes to lie parallel with the wind current and thus cause plunging. In this case it would be without support, and its stability would quickly be effective in re-

DESIGN with SUPERPOSED AEROPLANES.



storing the ordinary conditions, and the increased velocity and consequent gain of lifting force would cause it to return to its former level. A slight tilt upwards would produce an increased elevation at the expense of speed, and that would be similarly and rapidly corrected.

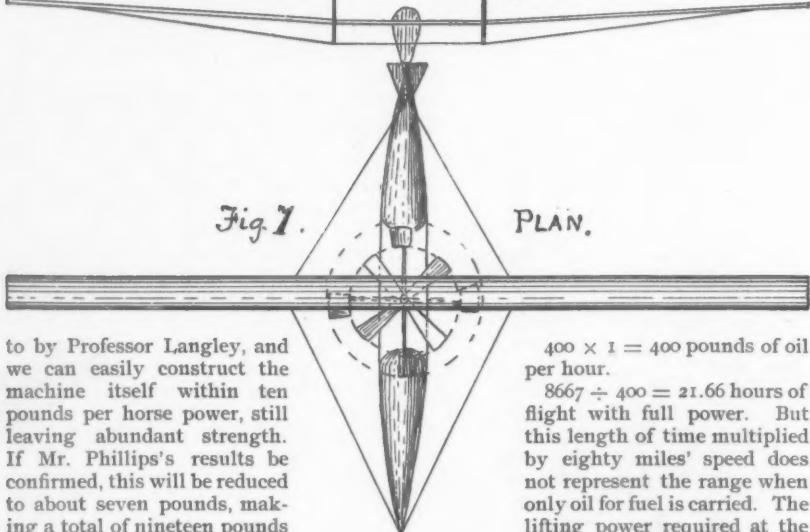
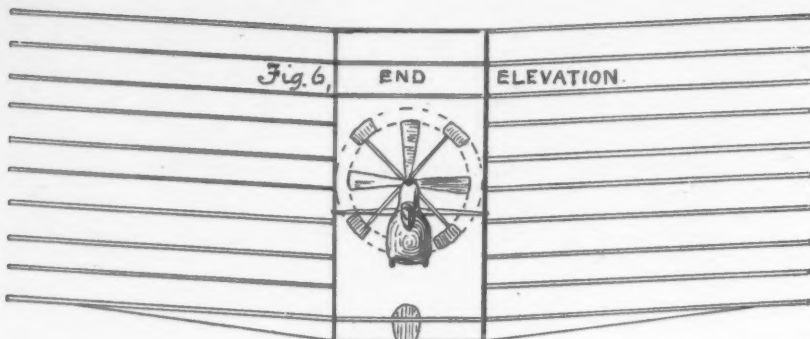
This trouble, complicated by nearly coincident centres of buoyancy or support, and gravity, and by movable centre of gravity, are precisely the things that prevented successful submarine navigation until the writer foresaw and remedied them in a boat built in New York in 1877. The results of his experiments form the basis of the requirements now demanded by our Navy department for vessels of this class.

These difficulties in aerial and submarine navigation are clearly analogous, and can be controlled by the same now well-known devices. We will therefore employ these devices, in conjunction with rudders of small surface, thus preventing plunging and insuring the power of steady steering.

RANGE AND CARRYING POWER.

The foregoing renders it clear that a successful flying machine may be constructed with the means now available, but before closing it may be interesting to examine what improvements are within our reach with specially constructed machinery, even without cutting down weight to the limits of safety required in Atlantic passenger steamers.

We will add two pounds per horse power to the weight of the motor referred



to by Professor Langley, and we can easily construct the machine itself within ten pounds per horse power, still leaving abundant strength. If Mr. Phillips's results be confirmed, this will be reduced to about seven pounds, making a total of nineteen pounds per horse power. We will, however, take the higher figure, and content ourselves with a total weight of twenty-two pounds per horse power for machine and operators. A condenser—the aeroplanes properly fitted—and its accessories are included in this estimate. The upward tilt of the planes towards their outer ends is intended to cause the water of condensation to return by gravity to the hot well.

Total lifting power at eighty miles speed	17,467 pounds.
Total weight with operators, 400 x 22...	8,800 "
Reserve lifting power.	8,667 "

There will be one pound of petroleum oil burned per horse power per hour. Coal may be burned, but the range would be reduced more than one-half.

$400 \times 1 = 400$ pounds of oil per hour.

$8667 \div 400 = 21.66$ hours of flight with full power. But this length of time multiplied by eighty miles' speed does not represent the range when only oil for fuel is carried. The lifting power required at the end of the flight drops to 8800

pounds. The mean lift will therefore be $(17464 + 8800) \div 2 = 13133$ pounds, requiring a mean of only seventy-five per cent of the maximum, = 300 horse power.

$8667 \div 300 = 28$. The time of flight will, therefore, be twenty-eight hours, and the range $28 \times 80 = 2240$ miles; or 4333 pounds weight can be carried 1120 miles with an expenditure of the same weight of petroleum oil, = 733 gallons, and costing about twenty-three dollars.

With an increase of dimensions the carrying power will increase more rapidly than the cube of the ratio of increase, because the speed will increase as the square root of the same ratio, if friction does not increase unduly. Great range and carrying power are, therefore, attainable with a machine of reasonable dimensions.



PHILIP made his farewell visit upon Mrs. Castleton that same night, and found her at the piano, counting one, two, three—four, five, six, for the benefit of her fourteen-year-old daughter, Mildred. The girl, who loathed practising, was delighted at his arrival. She kissed her mother with a girlish effusion which was but an expression of her sense of relief from the odious task, and she came near kissing Philip, too, but caught herself just in time to remember that perhaps it wouldn't be proper. Her mother patted her cheek and laughed at her affectionate gaucherie; and Philip caught her in his arms as she was about to escape, and after a mock quarrel and a little romp stole a kiss on her cheek as he released her. She ran out of the room, blushing like a peony, but proud, happy and bashful, with all the violent feelings of fourteen in joyous commotion.

Mrs. Castleton's parlor consisted of a huge chimney fireplace made of rough granite, around which a number of low, cushioned, rattan chairs of a variety of shapes were scattered. The room was finished in light and dark ash, exhibiting the tints and texture of the wood; and a broad, magnificent staircase, easy of ascent, led with indolent windings to the second floor. There was something spacious and hospitable about the room which impressed you as an audible welcome. A certain rich and home-like cosiness invited you to linger and made it difficult to depart. Books, in choice bindings, were to be seen on tables and chairs; and there was an indefinable air of refinement and good taste about every-

thing which the house contained. The hostess who was the presiding genius of this lovely home had a native grace and dignity in her bearing which put everyone at his ease in her presence. She appeared always to Philip as an illustration of how enormous a woman's opportunities are in our American life, if she has the wit and the gift to avail herself of them. This whole household revolved visibly about Mrs. Castleton and was animated by her genial contentment and governed by her wise, firm and affectionate spirit. How could these children, born of such a mother, guided and fashioned by her loving supervision, fail to become noble men and women, and in turn the centres of similar homes, radiating blessings upon all those who in future shall spring from them, or come within the sphere of their beneficent influence? How infinitely wide and ramified is, therefore, the influence of one good and high-minded woman, who takes a lofty view of her calling! And how much poorer would, in turn, our land be for the loss of one such life, or its failure to seize and make the most of the golden opportunities which God has put in its way!

Reflections of this character always invaded Philip's mind whenever he entered Mrs. Castleton's house.

"I see you have something on your mind, Mr. Warburton," the lady observed, as soon as the child had ascended the stairs.

"You know I am going back to the city tomorrow," Philip replied; "and you surely would not expect me to be hilarious with the chance of not seeing you for three months."

"Ah, that is very nice, but not strictly true. You have something else you want

to confide to me. Your face is so transparent that it is useless for you to try to wear a mask."

"Why shatter my armor of self-esteem in this ruthless manner, Mrs. Castleton?" the young man exclaimed with his good-humored laugh. "However, it is only to your subtle insight I appear transparent. Ordinarily, I fancy I can be as successfully hypocritical as any woman."

A few minutes of this preliminary banter, which was like a light prelude to a grave theme, sufficed to bring their minds into tune before the note of confidence was struck. It was a peculiarity of Mrs. Castleton that she could jest without being frivolous; for a certain rich undertone of individuality gave resonance and color to her lightest remark, and moreover, the lovely amplitude of her person, both physical and mental, which paused on this side of redundancy, was like a beautiful accompaniment which nobly interprets the text, imparting to it a genial glow and afflatus.

"And then you are going to return to your malodorous chemicals and ledgers," Mrs. Castleton was saying. "I should think the transition would be cruelly abrupt after your month of delightful idling here in Atterbury."

"Oh, yes, I shall not find it pleasant. But then I am so made that martyrdom has a certain attraction to me. An unpleasant task is a wholesome, bitter tonic which my disguised Scotch-Presbyterian self requires to keep up its self-respect. There is a hereditary strain in me which has a subtle relish for the disagreeable. If the sun were shining warmly on one side of the house, and a sharp north wind were blowing on the other, I verily believe that this foul-weather strain in me would make me prefer to sit down in the blast."

"But if you are such a foul-weather Jack," Mrs. Castleton remarked with mischief in her eyes, "you ought not to take young ladies with you when you go sailing."

"Ah, then you've heard," said Philip, straightening himself up in his chair, and gazing at his hostess with a sort of anticipatory excitement.

"I won't say 'A little bird sang it to me,' for a whole chorus of little birds have been singing nothing else to me, since you returned about six o'clock."

"They must have been female birds."

"Well, some of them were; but one of them was my neighbor the doctor, who watched you from his piazza through his telescope, and got all the life-saving crew ready to put to sea, and his resuscitating apparatus spread out on the beach."

"I hope you are joking."

"No, my dear sir, I am not joking. You have supplied a long-felt want—a first-class thrilling sensation, and at the next meeting of the Village Improvement society I shall have Mr. Castleton move a vote of thanks to you."

Philip listened with a thoughtful mien to this recital, contemplating all the while the heel of his boot with a lively interest.

"What do you think of her, anyway, Mrs. Castleton?" he asked, lifting his head abruptly and fixing upon his interlocutor a gravely questioning glance.

Mrs. Castleton divined at once how much he had at stake in that question.

"I like her very much," she answered with simple sincerity; "she has the material in her for a lovely wife and mother."

She was superior to the hypocritical affectation which prescribes the ignoring of life's most beautiful relation, as long as it is in future, and Philip appreciated her plain speaking, because it revived the vision with which he had himself been haunted, of Maud as his wife, with a babe sleeping at her white breast. He had frequently been struck with this rich promise of her nature to grow healthily and naturally into the normal destinies of womanhood and to fill each with a noble serenity and fitness.

He was in no haste to reply to Mrs. Castleton's verdict, but sat pondering it, and finding it marvellously satisfactory.

"I am aware that question was not quite fair, Mrs. Castleton," he observed after a while; "you couldn't help yourself. You knew I was not disinterested."

"Perhaps I did. But if I had not liked the young lady I wouldn't have said so, even at the risk of displeasing you."

Philip again sat silent for a minute or two, nursing his leg, and looking thoughtfully at the wide stretch of tumbling waves which was visible in the dusk through the windows. Mrs. Castleton gave some directions to a maid who entered with a large, ornamental lamp, which was placed upon a tall tripod of

wrought brass. The shades were drawn, and a fire of driftwood was lighted upon the hearth.

"Tell me what you like about her," demanded Philip, when the maid had vanished behind a portière.

"Well," Mrs. Castleton answered with that charming air of candor which made her good opinion a support to the self-respect of every man who possessed it, "I like, first of all, her daring to be herself. I divide people into two classes (with many subdivisions), those who are themselves, and those who are constantly trying to appear what they are not."

"You mean those who talk for effect—who try to show off?"

"Yes; and you, being an obtuse masculine creature, can have no idea what a torture that is in a woman's life. Eight women out of every ten you meet are possessed by an uneasy demon who impels them to make jacks of themselves by draping themselves in all sorts of imaginary grandeurs, and talking with a view to impressing you with their social or intellectual or ancestral magnificence. If they succeeded I could pardon them. Their glib and fluent mendacity often arouses my admiration. But the fact is, very few of them are clever enough to carry such a part. They invariably strike a false note in the very opening sentence; and then the illusion is gone, and it is you who have to play the rôle of the admiring and gullible dupe who believes every fairy tale that is told to him."

"I am glad," Philip remarked with an amused smile in his eyes, "that you don't class Miss Bulkley in that order. I fancy that's what makes her so lovely in my eyes—that she is fundamentally true and free from the quirks and contortions of an uneasy vanity."

"Then I presume you are ready to accept my congratulations," said Mrs. Castleton cordially.

"No; I was afraid you would jump at that conclusion. The fact is, the infatuation is all on my side. I have no special grounds for believing that Miss Bulkley reciprocates my interest. And with your permission, Mrs. Castleton, that's the reason why I am impelled to impose upon you by my confidence."

She leaned her head on one side as he spoke, and listened with that radiant in-

terest which women usually display in secrets of the heart.

"You make me extremely curious," she said.

"But I shrink from going any farther. I am afraid you will repudiate me and all my works when you hear what I am going to ask you."

"I hope you are not going to ask me to sound Miss Bulkley's heart with reference to its feelings for you."

"No, not as bad as that. I'll undertake that sounding myself, when the proper time comes."

"And pray, then, what am I expected to do?"

"What I want you to do, Mrs. Castleton," Philip began, laughing off a vague embarrassment, "is to keep an eye on Miss Maud, radiate a little of your rare sweetness upon her and, above all, notify me if you find anyone hunting, with the remotest chance of success, upon my pre-empted preserves."

"That is a very delicate task you intrust to me, Mr. Warburton," his hostess replied, with eyes full of benign sympathy (for she divined what depth of feeling was hidden under his jocose words).

"Just because it is a delicate task I came to you, Mrs. Castleton; and I see already in your eyes that you are not going to refuse me."

"How could I refuse you, Mr. Warburton? No; I'll be frank with you. It will afford me the sincerest pleasure if I can be of service to you. I feel honored by your confidence, and should have



"THE END OF THE PIER WHERE THE TWO CABOATS LAY."

felt a trifle jealous if you had bestowed it upon anybody but me."

A thrill of satisfaction rippled through Philip's frame as he listened to this cordial assurance. She was stanch and true, as always. She was a friend who never failed. Woman though she was, she endured every test and in the decisive moment surpassed all expectations. Why are there so few of these rich and radiant souls in the world? Why have the many whom nature has often nobly equipped been spoiled by some fatal flaw, like a loose or untuned string in a piano, which produces a dissonance in every other chord you strike?

There was something so inexpressibly harmonious and peaceful within the sphere of her presence that Philip could have sat for hours in silence, luxuriating in a certain delightful feeling of home which always stole over him in this house. The driftwood logs crackling on the hearth, the great lamp with its luminous circle of light, the open piano with Diabelli's duets, which the dear little rebellious girl had been practising; the gleam of the fire upon the polished brass of the fire irons; the books, the pictures, the dolls asleep in the sofa corner—all appealed to a dormant marital and paternal sense in Philip and awakened dim yearnings in his heart. Having taken in the scene and revelled in it, he got up somewhat reluctantly and bade Mrs. Castleton good-night.

"By the way," she said, as he was fumbling in a corner for his walking stick, "would it be indiscreet to ask if you have any particular cause for anxiety? Am I to direct my Argus gaze in any special direction, or only be generally circumspect and vigilant?"

Philip grew suddenly thoughtful.

"You know," he burst out, with a comical scowl, "girls are so awfully uncertain—sort of incalculable and frisky—in matters of this kind. I am tortured by the vision of some wholly unsuspected person—some young Lochinvar out of the wild West—popping up serenely and carrying her off, sans cérémonie, while I have been making a fool of myself, wasting no end of tender sentiment on somebody else's sweetheart."

"Then it is this young Lochinvar from the West you want me to look out for?"

"Yes, precisely. There's no one else I am afraid of for the present."

"Very well; if such a character turns up in the course of the summer I'll give you timely warning."

"Thanks; you are very good. If I ever get to be President of the United States I'll make Castleton grand vizier, or minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to Borrioboola-Gha, or anything else he may like."

"Thanks; nothing would suit him better."

They shook hands for the second time and Philip plunged into the windy night, with Mrs. Castleton's voice ringing in his ears.

X.

Four or five weeks after Philip's departure Maud was aroused from her late matutinal slumbers by the consciousness that someone was staring at her. With a dim notion that Peggy or her mother had invaded her room in search of something, she opened her eyes lazily, and was not a little startled at the sight of the yellow face of Mrs. McGregor, gazing at her with the most undisguised admiration. She showed, no doubt, how shocked she was by the extreme coolness with which she returned Mrs. McGregor's greeting; but that cheerful matron, in nowise disconcerted, seated herself at the foot of the bed and in a soothing and cajoling voice, in which there was an undertone of jollity, remarked:

"Doan' yo' fret, honey! Yo' know Phœbe, bress yer dear heart—Phœbe McGregor? I ain't gwine ter hurt yer, honey—doan' yo' pucker up yer beau'ful face at me like dat, now. I's been in ladies' rooms befo'—fine beau'ful ladies in Souf Ca'lina."

"But what do you want, Mrs. McGregor?" asked Maud impatiently, raising herself on her elbow. "You surely didn't come to my room at eight o'clock in the morning only to pay me compliments."

Mrs. McGregor, instead of committing herself to a direct answer, let her liquid dark eyes rest admiringly upon the young girl, whose form was vaguely outlined under the thin covering, and with a little gurgling negro laugh she exclaimed:

"Yo' look mighty 'ticin' lyin' dar now, Miss Maud! Mighty 'ticin' you do look—"

and dat is Phœbe McGregor is a-tellin' yo' so."

"But, Mrs. McGregor," cried Maud, now really vexed, "what right have you to come unannounced into my room before I am up in the morning? Who showed you the way, I should like to know, and what is it you want?"

The mulatto woman, not in the least disconcerted by her wrath, remained sitting, smiling with a kind of insinuating confidence. She had the abject adoration of her race for luxurious surroundings, and she simply revelled in the dainty elegance of this room—the rich toilet articles of ivory, cut glass and silver; the vague perfume which pervaded the atmosphere, the fine texture and precious quality of the garments which lay scattered on chairs and lounges, and the complex wants, so far above her own rude frugality, indicated by all this gorgeous confusion.

"My husban', now, Miss Maud," she began leisurely, "Mistah McGregor, dat is—he's mighty stuck-up; he doan' run no man's errands, Mistah McGregor doan'. He's a bonton, Mistah McGregor is, an' dat is why he doan' want ter do no work—'cept he goes a-scootin' off, when de weather is fine, an' catch some fish."

"But why did you ever marry such a good-for-nothing?" Maud queried, entertained in spite of herself by her guest's garrulity.

"Me? Why did Mistah McGregor marry me?"

Whether she really misunderstood, or considered the question, as it was put, as too preposterous to answer (Mr. McGregor being a bonton), Maud did not trouble herself to determine.

"Yes," she observed lazily, "why did Mr. McGregor marry you?"

"Wal now, Miss Maud," the mulatto woman replied with a half-sheepish expression and an amused gurgle in her throat, "it wa'n't for my beauty, fo' sho'; I reckon it was for my damn killin' ways."

Shocked though she was at the rudeness of this reply, Maud could scarcely help laughing; and Mrs. McGregor, encouraged by this inferential approval, went on with a long and highly embellished autobiography, nine-tenths of which was obviously fiction. The real tragic

part of her experience, in which she had displayed a heroic disregard of danger in her devotion to Mr. McGregor, she did not even remotely allude to, and Maud concluded that she was probably ashamed of it, or perhaps not aware that it was at all laudable. Her Mr. McGregor was not the poor, drunken wretch whose life she had saved when he was dying of the yellow fever, but a luxurious, aristocratic idler, who most properly did not work because he was too high-born and magnificent, and not used to the plebeian ways of meaner mortals. And it was this quality in Mr. McGregor which gave an aristocratic tinge even to his misbehavior. The occasion for her visit was presently divulged in a haphazard, incidental way, at the end of half an hour's conversation. Mr. Fancher, it appeared, was going to give a fox hunt, followed by a hunting breakfast, and in order to give Mr. McGregor a job he had intrusted to him the distribution of the invitations, and imprudently paid him five dollars in advance for this service. But Mr. McGregor, being altogether too great a gentleman to act the part of a messenger, had given the invitations to his wife, commanding her to see that they were delivered to the proper addresses. But unhappily Mrs. McGregor could not read: and this was the cause of her intricate and circuitous behavior. She did not dare to come straight to the point and ask Miss Maud first to pick out her own invitation and then to tell her which to deliver at the six or eight neighboring villas. She fancied, in her simplicity, that a good deal of flattering cajolery ought to precede such a request, and she congratulated herself on her shrewdness when Maud, with a half-shamefaced eagerness, began to rummage through the invitations, arranging them in the topographical order of the villas and liberally imparting her instructions and warnings against mistakes. Mrs. McGregor finally took her leave with profuse expressions of gratitude; and Maud, flinging a wrapper about her, ran into Peggy's room with the large square envelope addressed to the Misses Bulkley. Peggy had, however, long ago both risen and breakfasted, and was now seen rowing about with her father in a small wherry on the lake. Maud had accordingly no choice but to make Sally her confidante; and she

was scarcely disappointed when that cool and precise young lady received the announcement of the hunt without enthusiasm. Sally was not a good horsewoman and could scarcely be expected to rejoice in an occasion which would afford her sister an opportunity to eclipse her. She regarded it as little short of immoral for a young girl to ride such a horse as Sultana, attracting attention by unladylike riding and a daring recklessness which savored of the circus. People would soon begin to surmise that, perhaps, Maud was a professional. No one in their position could afford to do anything too well; for skill of any sort, beyond the point of amateurish dexterity, had a professional flavor, and would injure their social prospects. The only thing which a lady could afford to do professionally well, without danger of falling out of the ranks of elegant idlers, was playing tennis—an occupation to which the ladies of Atterbury accordingly devoted themselves with a zeal and assiduity worthy of a better cause and attained a high degree of proficiency in.

Maud, however, who knew too well the animus of her sister's criticism of her horsemanship, was in nowise disturbed in her plans. She had two posts with a dozen holes in them set up in front of the stable, and upon these a movable lath was made to rest by means of pegs. Sultana, who had never been supposed to be a fencer, fairly distinguished herself in leaping, and being put through her paces every morning for an hour or more, was made to jump two, three and four feet without wincing, carrying the lath with her whenever she missed. Maud was so indefatigable in her efforts to induce her to jump five feet, that she was, in part, consoled for Philip's absence, and accused herself every evening of the basest treachery for not being able to persevere in her tragic mood. She had always fancied that she had a deep nature and was capable of the sublimest attachment. But, though she longed for Philip and wished him back, she was not as miserable as she had hoped and expected to be. The anticipation of the hunt, with the excitement of riding to the hounds, tingled in her blood. She fancied herself dashing across country in the front rank, leaving the field behind her, flying over fences, and astonishing everybody by her daring horsemanship.

Sultana, in the meanwhile, learned to take her four feet and a couple of inches over, and showed up remarkably well both as to speed and bottom, in the experimental runs which Maud took on the sly across the moors, for the purpose of practising and to guard against startling surprises. In fact, Maud strongly suspected that she was not new to the business.

The meet had been fixed for Saturday, so as to enable that part of the Atterbury community which spent the week in New York to take part in the hunt. The September morning rose cool and sunny, with a stiff northeast breeze, and the atmosphere surcharged with exhilaration and ozone. While the Bulkley family sat at breakfast, grooms with blanketed horses were seen riding by every three minutes, and there was an air of bustle and excitement about the quiet place which communicated itself to the dogs, who kept up a perpetual joyous barking in front of the stables.

And, à propos of dogs, permit me to remark that Mr. Bulkley hated dogs, and could not be made to see how they added to his dignity and social prestige. He appeared to take a satisfaction in appearing stupid when Sally and Maud tried to explain to him that it was the mark of a gentleman to keep high-bred animals, and it was, no doubt, with a lurking malice that he intimated his preference for cats. He was emboldened to go so far in his opposition, because he well knew that Mrs. Bulkley detested dogs quite as much as he did; though for social reasons she professed to share the sentiments of her daughters. She could talk dog laboriously by the hour, and admiringly exhibit her own specimens of dachshunds and bull terriers, which she privately thought hideous.

At half-past nine o'clock the groom Prellmann—according to report a cashiered German cavalry officer—had the horses in readiness, and Maud and Sally, in tall beavers and riding habits, appeared upon the piazza. They were both swung into the saddle, where they fussed a good deal while giving contradictory orders to the groom to fix them this way and that way, to lengthen and shorten the stirrup leathers, to tighten or loosen the saddle girth, and half a dozen other commands which were but the expression of a ner-

vous apprehension in the elder sister's case and of a nervous exhilaration in the case of the younger. Sally rode a handsome but rather sedate bay nag named Yuba Bill, who would, no doubt, refuse the first fence. But she knew, from report, that a number of other horses would do the same thing; so that there would be nothing ridiculous in her situation. She was constitutionally timid, and always felt unsafe on horseback. But rather than be missed on so "swell" an occasion as the present, I verily believe she would have faced the probability of a broken neck. She had always definite and well-formulated reasons for whatever she did. When the innumerable preparations were at an end the two sisters, followed by the groom, started up the road toward the meadow where the meet was appointed for ten o'clock, for this was to be a morning (and not, as usual, an afternoon) run, and was to end gloriously with a one-o'clock breakfast, at which half the élite of the Long Island watering places were expected to be present.

There were twenty or thirty vehicles already on the ground, conspicuous among which were two four-in-hands drawn by stout coach horses, besides a great variety of other traps, drawn by as many varieties of horses. It was a very pretty spectacle under the vast windy sky, in the clear sunny morning. The bright liveries of the grooms, the gay parasols of the ladies in the carriages, the confused baying of the hounds and the neighing and champing of the hunters produced an animated medley of sights and sounds which was marvelously exhilarating.

At the edge of the meadow Marston Fancher, gorgeous to behold in a red coat, buckskin breeches and riding boots, met the two sisters, and saluted them in military fashion with his crop. His splendor almost took their breath away. He was simply dazzling. He rode a spare, clean-limbed gray hunter, and there was a look in his face of dignified responsibility, and perhaps, too, a consciousness of his faultless get-up. Maud's eyes flew instinctively over the field to discover, by comparison, whether her own "style" was equally irreproachable; and she drew a sigh of relief when she had satisfied herself that nothing was amiss.

"Have you ever ridden to hounds before, Miss Bulkley?" Fancher inquired, addressing himself with the utmost deference to the elder sister.

"No, Mr. Fancher," Sally replied. "I was just looking about to see whether you had provided ambulances for such cases as mine."

"Ha, ha, ha! That's awfully good, don't you know!" The master of the hunt laughed with a degree of appreciation which quite startled the perpetrator of the joke.

"You may think it good fun," she replied, with comical self-condolence, "but I doubt if it will strike me in the same light. However, I am willing to take my risks; and if it turns out that Yuba Bill does not take kindly to fences and ditches, I'll join the rearguard or the provision train."

This flash of vivacity on her sister's part made so deep an impression upon Maud that she had difficulty in concealing her surprise. Sally was one of those who rarely thought it worth the trouble to be agreeable in the bosom of her family, and who therefore was supposed not to possess the faculty. That she had with cold-blooded deliberation set out to captivate Fancher was the conclusion which Maud jumped at; and though she had no immediate ambition to contest that prize with her, a spirit of diablerie impelled her to enter the lists for the mere fun of the thing. There could be no harm in teaching Sally a little lesson of which, moreover, she was greatly in need.

"I needn't ask whether you have ridden to hounds before," Fancher remarked, turning to Maud; "I have seen you so much in the saddle that I really have forgotten how you look on your feet."

"But you never saw me follow the hounds," Maud replied, with the insinuating sprightliness of a girl bent on destruction.

"You don't mean to say that you never did?"

"Yes, unhappily; but I have made the acquaintance of all the fences within ten miles, and I'm not afraid of them."

"Well, now, really, you don't say so," he laughed, a little absent-mindedly, for a large barouche, drawn by a superb pair of bays, came rolling up the road and swung in at the gate. "I hope you'll

pardon me," he said, saluting as before; "my duties as host call me elsewhere. You'll, no doubt, find friends wherever you turn."

He spurred his horse and rode up to the barouche, which was occupied by Mrs. Van Horst and her recently divorced daughter, Mrs. Emmerick. The elder lady—who was stout and rosy, with the complexion of a healthy infant—was spread out as if she felt that her dignity demanded that she should take up as much room as possible, while the younger sat smilingly erect under her blue parasol, looking so cool and sweet and distractingly appetizing that you felt vaguely tempted to take a bite of her. Maud and Sally both watched with strained attention the reception which these august ladies accorded to Fancher, and as they observed the dignified cordiality with which Mrs. Van Horst returned his greeting a pang nestled in their hearts, and a sudden blight fell upon the bright and festal scene. This was the drop of gall in their cup of triumph; and if they had not long been familiar with its bitterness, they would have yielded to an impulse, which they could scarcely repress, to invent an excuse for betaking themselves home. But that was out of the question. They knew what kind of reception awaited them at home if they yielded to such weakness. With a strange fascination they continued to watch the Van Horst carriage, and both marvelled why this lady, who was far from looking the haughty ogress she evidently was, had taken it into her head to make their life miserable. They fancied they discovered in Fancher's demeanor a studied and exaggerated deference very different from the perfunctory politeness with which he honored his other guests, and they even scrutinized, with malice prepense, the expression of his face, whenever it was turned toward them, determined to discover an unwonted animation and gratified vanity under the smiles of the beautiful divorcée. While they were in the midst of these miserable cogitations a horn was blown by somebody on the top of a tally-ho, and Sultana, startled by the suddenness of the blast, began to prance and pirouette in an alarming fashion. As it happened, Maud had her hands full for a couple of minutes in quieting the mare; and when,

after much backing and plunging, she finally got her under control, she found herself separated from Sally and vis-à-vis with Mrs. Castleton, who hailed her from her carriage in the friendliest fashion.

"How do you do, Miss Maud?" she cried, with a sweet cordiality which dispelled, as if by magic, all the bitterness in the girl's mind. "How lovely you look—if you'll permit me to be personal! I venture to predict that you'll come in for the brush."

"I shall be content if I come whole-skinned out of the brush," Maud replied, laughing. "I am told it is going to be a frightful run through woods and underbrush and over all sorts of obstacles."

"I don't believe it. That would be inviting accidents. But you have less reason to fear it than anybody else."

"You mean I have a good mount?"

"Yes, I should say the finest in the whole field."

I believe nothing in the world pleases a man more than praise of his horse; and in the case of a woman it takes precedence of everything except admiration of herself. Maud flushed with delight at the compliment bestowed upon the capricious Sultana, and she had that feeling of light-hearted gayety, mingled with a vague pride and a keen zest in mere living, which in this reflective and dyspeptic age no one experiences except in the saddle. The world swam about her in brightness and sunshine; the long brown moor, enlivened here and there with violet patches of blooming heather, stretched out invitingly before her; and the glorious sky canopied the glorious earth. She was young and had a right to be glad; and only the least touch of cordiality was needed to make her mind rebound from its morbid deflection to its natural altitude of youthful gayety and enjoyment.

"I am going to confide in you," she said, bending a pair of laughing eyes upon Mrs. Castleton. "I am awfully afraid of those snake fences. You've got to get into position in order to get a clean jump, and I don't see how you can do that when you are riding at full tilt."

"I wish I could tell you, my dear," Mrs. Castleton replied; "but in the days when I rode, drag hunting was not yet invented. Perhaps Mr. Castleton might

give you a point. You see him over there on that big sorrel hunter."

"I shouldn't dare to ask him."

"I'll ask him for you."

She managed within a few minutes to catch her husband's eye, and in obedience to her signal he rode up to the carriage, and saluted Maud with that jocose cordiality which was habitual with him. He was a tall, portly man of forty, with a very pleasant face, but looked younger than he was. He was light-haired, wore a full blond beard, and was extremely handsome.

"Well, Miss Maud," he said, in response to his wife's query; "as regards the snake fences, I'll tell you, in strict confidence, of course, that they are all rotten. Don't bother about getting at them diagonally, but simply dash straight ahead and the top rail will fly into splinters if your horse happens to strike it."

"Thank you, Mr. Castleton," the girl rejoined, "I am greatly obliged; I don't want to be left behind, you know; and there is nothing else I am afraid of."

"By Jove!" cried Castleton admiringly; "then you actually intend to come in at the death."

"Yes, of the anise-seed bag."

"The anise-seed bag makes no difference as far as the run is concerned. You can ride quite as hard on a drag scent as after a live fox. And the drag has the advantage that it is sure to be there; while the fox is a 'mighty oncertain' customer."

A bugle call now summoned the field, and from all parts of the meadow ladies and gentlemen were seen trying to wheel their spirited steeds into line. Maud, who had by this time learned all the tricks of the wayward Sultana, anticipated



"HE GOT UP SOMEWHAT RELUCTANTLY AND BADE MRS. CASTLETON GOOD-NIGHT."

her plunge, and excited Castleton's admiration by her firm and gentle manner of controlling her. There were forty-four mounts and thirteen couple of hounds. A prettier sight is rarely seen than that field exhibited in the bright autumnal landscape against the background of the forest, under the clear, metallic sky. There were twenty ladies, at least, all well mounted, and their fair faces lighted up with a pleasure which was healthy and beautiful. Presently, at another signal, the hounds were cast off and, after a few minutes' nosing over the ground, started in full cry westward over the moors toward the heathery Cockroach hills. It was a very spirited start, and with a magnificent impetus the forty-four horses dashed away, Fancher and Maud well forward in the first flight, Sultana giving his hunter all he could do in keeping abreast of her. The wind whistled in Maud's ears, her nerves tingled, her pulses bounded, and her blood was stung with a strange thrill, an intoxication of joy, which was like a divine madness. She breathed more deeply, she felt more keenly, she thought more clearly than she had ever done in her life before. The possibilities of this

earthly existence flashed upon her in ecstatic glimpses; and like a vague pang the reflection that this could not last, that she must again return to life's humdrum prose, flitted through her mind. The mad baying of the hounds—how merrily it sounded in the crisp air! Halt! there was a fence—of the villainous snake variety, too; and as the whole field bore down upon it—not in straight line, but in a long, irregular flight—the hounds were already fifty yards beyond, working over the ground with their loud, anxious yelp, and filling the air with their clamor. Maud's heart gave a big thump as she faced that ragged zigzag of sprawling rails, and her discretion would have gotten the better of her valor if she had not remembered Castleton's assurance. So pulling Sultana back upon her haunches she threw herself back in the saddle, dug her heel into the mare's side, and whiz! away she went like the wind, carrying the top rail with her and kicking it into splinters. It was a very pretty jump, and what was more, she was the first woman to land on the further side. She heard a tremendous snorting behind her, mingled with shrill screams and half hysterical protestations.

"Beautiful, Miss Maud, beautiful," someone cried close to her ear, and turning her head she saw Fancher, very much flushed, bending forward in the saddle, with his head set against the wind.

"Glorious!" she answered, a wild joy tingling through her nerves. She scarcely knew to what she was replying; but the exultation that hummed in her brain demanded a jubilant expression.

"That was a savage fence," said Fancher, after a minute's pause, now well abreast of her. "I thought it would play the mischief with the majority."

"Do you know what has become of my sister?"

"I think she has taken to the road."

"I was afraid Yuba Bill would refuse that fence."

"He was not the only one. Miss Bulkley has an abundance of company."

They went along thus, at a rattling pace, but taking good care to economize the strength of their mounts, even though they were passed by a half dozen whose enthusiasm hurried them on, without regard for consequences.

The pack here made a sharp double and then dashed northward, where the ground was encumbered with a dense underbrush of scrub oak and brier, and their cry rose louder and shriller than ever. "Now here's the rub," cried Fancher, urging his horse through the tall shrubbery, though he reared and snorted and seemed determined to turn back. Maud, fired with feverish zeal, came crashing along at his side; and Sultana, rising to the occasion, behaved splendidly. With fine intelligence she avoided the brier jungle, and was presently in the open, before Fancher's hunter had cleared the pestiferous bushes. Maud had no time to look back, to count the accidents, but she noticed presently, as she glanced over her shoulder, that scarcely a dozen were visible on this side the jungle, foremost among whom were Castleton and Fancher. Then there came a country road, with two low board fences and another clean run of a couple of miles. Up and down, over the beautiful heathery hills, went the gay cavalcade, Maud and Fancher keeping neck and neck, exchanging brief remarks, which seemed to establish a delightful confidence between them, and feeling a kind of glorious comradeship in the distinction of leading the hunt. Presently a riderless horse was seen dashing past them; pausing, neighing and running again with bewildered aimlessness. Maud naturally wondered who the luckless rider was, and was rather gratified when her companion declared it was young Langley Van Horst. The track doubled again and ran close along the bluff overhanging the water, where the turf was black from recent burning; and the dogs spread and puzzled out the scent with difficulty owing to the strong burnt odor. But they presently caught it again, and another tolerably straight run of a mile and a half brought them to the top of a round hill, where they stopped, tumbling over each other, and began to scatter, running in large and smaller circles, and yelping in a lost and bewildered way. Maud made a dash straight up, comprehending that this was the finish; and whether from gallantry or from necessity Fancher failed to dispute her lead, and came galloping up with Castleton and a young sprig of a college boy, named Harlow, close at his heels. Then a bugle was

blown; and all that was left of the Atterbury hunt—eight or ten horsemen in all, and Maud the only lady—was seen sharply silhouetted on that windy hilltop against the cold blue sky. They all congratulated Maud with profuse cordiality and, as was proper, awarded her the brush, and she was so absurdly happy that she felt like shouting or embracing someone, or committing some other breach of propriety. She had never known what it meant to live until now. She was seized with a dim pity for herself, when she thought of all the gray, colorless years she had spent, and what crude notions she had had of what constituted pleasure. Here was a select little remnant of people, self-restrained and well-bred, who had reduced living to a fine art, and knew how to cull from the tree of life only the choicest and most fragrant flowers. Maud felt already as if she were one of them, and entitled to share to the full their refined enjoyments. The thought darted through her that Philip Warburton distinctly claimed not to belong to them, and professed to look down upon their pursuits as effeminate and frivolous. A faint echo of her conversation with Philip, two months ago, rang in her ears and caused a vague uneasiness. She could see from where she was the very bend of the road, near the overgrown clearing, where he had so earnestly declared his determination to work for the amelioration of the lot of his suffering fellow men, and to turn his back upon the pleasant things of life which dulled the voice of conscience within us. Now, curiously enough, Fancher and Warburton, friends though they were, became to Maud representatives of two opposing and irreconcilable views of life. She saw Philip, with his strong and earnest face, with that grave smile under his mustache, and it was undeniable that he was a more impressive personality than the eminently proper Fancher, whose thoughts rarely rose above horses, amusements and creature comforts. But for all that the latter appealed to her snobbish instinct (which lurks in the very best of us). In style Philip certainly could not compete with him; nor in that kind of distinction which consists in conscious superiority and a high-bred disdain for all that is "vulgar." There was something, to a woman, extremely uncomforta-

ble in Philip's persistent self-questioning and his tendency to see riddles and problems in the most common events. Maud could well fancy how much more dignified and serenely enjoyable life would be with a placid, aristocratic idler like Fancher than with a restlessly toiling plebeian philosopher like Warburton.

Strange thoughts will invade the human brain at most inopportune moments, and it was not Maud's fault that she could not banish the spectre of Philip during the homeward ride, nor could she make up her mind to a resolute choice between the two contending forces. She saw plainly enough the admiration in Fancher's eyes, and it amused her to think that it was her horsemanship to which she chiefly owed his now undisguised homage. Though he possessed none of his friend's eloquence, he managed yet to convey a sufficiently vivid impression to Maud that his heart drew him to her, even though his duties as host might compel him temporarily to desert her. He then left her in Castleton's charge; and thus she returned a little after one o'clock, arriving at the Casino, which was beleaguered by a Pharaoh's host of horses and chariots.

XI.

It was the morning after the hunt that Mrs. Castleton sat at her writing desk (which was of ebony, inlaid with silver and mother of pearl), and wrote as follows to her friend in the wholesale drug business in New York:

"MY DEAR MR. WARBURTON,—Unless I am much mistaken the young Lochinvar has come from a quarter where he was least expected. I won't tell you who he is, for there is a bare possibility that I may be mistaken, but I will leave it to your ingenuity to discover, when you come down here for a little autumn visit, as I have no doubt you will, before long. It was at the hunt ball yesterday that he startled the Atterbury clan by waltzing suddenly out of the region of the insupportable. He danced perpetually with the 'fair Ellen' and brazenly carried her off to the piazza, so that no one else should dance with her, when it suited his sovereign pleasure to converse in the dusk

rather than to gyrate rhythmically to the noise of a piano and two violins. I am aware that this last revelation will cause you some discomfort, but, you know, it is not well for man to be too comfortable, and a little tender disquietude will do you no harm, and will, moreover, make you realize the significance of the following verse :

'He stayed not for brake and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk river, where ford there was none.'

Which, applied to your conditions, would read :

'He stayed not for business but rushed to the tryst,
He swam the East river when the ferry he missed.'

"Even Mr. Castleton, who is a trifle obtuse in such matters, suspected the presence of the young Lochinvar, and asked me quite innocently whether I didn't think the aforesaid gentleman was 'rather rushing it'? and it was this remark which confirmed my fears and made me mindful of my promise to warn you, in case anything in the shape of a suitor appeared.

"Mr. Castleton wishes me to tell you that your protégé Mr. McGregor is in a bad way, which will probably not surprise you. He offered the boat you gave him for sale, a few days ago, 'probably in order to buy the one thing needful. But Mr. Castleton has warned all the people here not to buy it, as the man's living depends upon it.

"By the way, I have a profound secret to tell you which you must not divulge : our Mildred has composed a waltz which she has named the Warburton. What do you think of that? I hope you duly appreciate the honor. And Bertha, who, as you know, is trying to rival Paganini, has written out a violin score, and the two propose to play it to you as a duet when you come down here. If that will not bring you, you deserve to have the young Lochinvar carry off the fair Ellen ; for then I shall pronounce you a laggard in love and a dastard in war ; and remain,

"Cordially yours,

"HARRIET CASTLETON."

At the very hour when this missive reached Philip Warburton (Mrs. Castleton mailed her letters in her husband's pockets and had a poor opinion of the mail ser-

vice), Marston Fancher, accompanied by his two huge mastiffs, Turk and Whiskey (who resembled each other as two drops of water) was seen wending his way up the gravel path to the villa of Thorn Hedge. He was greatly tempted to stop at the stable in order to ascertain whether it was properly kept, for he had ineradicable convictions regarding the proper way of keeping a stable. The hardwood box stalls, beautifully polished, were his particular pride ; and the great glass case, in which the harness was hung up, was an invention of his own which had afforded him the greatest satisfaction. As for the carriage house, it was so handsomely finished and (in his own day) so immaculately kept that it could, at a pinch, serve for a ballroom, and as a matter of fact had frequently been used for that purpose. Marston Fancher claimed that he could always judge of a gentleman by the condition of his stable ; and he had, in the present case, a suspicion that Mr. Bulkley did not come up to his requirements. That his tenant was an altogether objectionable party he did not question. His general appearance, his high, cracked voice, utterly devoid of modulation, and above all, his ragged, yellow chin beard, stamped him sufficiently to make a closer acquaintance unnecessary. But then, on the other hand, the family (which was really very presentable) had so far succeeded admirably in keeping him in the background, and if Mr. Bulkley would consent to perpetuating this arrangement—being, as it were, permanently suppressed—the question of selecting him for a father-in-law might not be unworthy of consideration. Mr. Fancher had, during the last four days, made much progress in Maud's favor, having met her every morning on the beach, and promenaded with her along the dunes. He had been more than ever impressed with her cleverness, and found her vastly sympathetic on the subject of dogs, horses and tennis. He discovered, too, that they were in the most beautiful accord with reference to drag hunting, which they both held to be an eminently manly sport, no whit inferior to fox hunting ; and what was still more surprising, she entirely shared his sentiments on the subject of mastiffs as being a more gentlemanly dog to breed than setters and bull terriers. She gave un-

qualified adherence, too, to his cardinal conviction that an easy trot was the only proper gait for a saddle horse, especially for long distances, and that cantering and racking were equally objectionable. In dog breeding she confessed herself a tyro, and accepted all his opinions with the sweetest docility and gratitude. What had particularly charmed him was her enthusiastic manner of receiving his remarks, as if they were very remarkable. Fancher had never known a girl who managed to put him in better humor with himself; and he was, indeed, far from suspecting any design in her guileless exclamations of approval.

Now the fact was, Maud had felt flattered at Fancher's attentions, being well aware what a great personage he was and what an object of spirited rivalry among the fair denizens of Atterbury. She would have been more than feminine if the consciousness of the envy she excited on the beach when she carried Marston and his mastiffs off in triumph had not accelerated her pulse-beat and given a keener zest to existence. It was strange how he appealed to all the worldliness in her, and suppressed, by the mere sense of distinction she felt in his company, her aspiring self, and brought her lower, snobbish self to the front. In the case of Philip it had been exactly the reverse. All artificial divisions of society seemed in his presence of small account, and only the human worth, determined by character and aspirations, seemed of enduring value. But it was so long since she had seen Philip; his words, if she heard them at all, sounded so remote. Her better nature—if indeed that was the better which he addressed—needed the constant stimulus of his voice, or it sank out of sight and allowed its snobbish twin sister to have full sway over her thoughts and actions.

This was the situation as far as Maud was concerned, on that sunny afternoon in September when Marston paused outside the Thorn Hedge stable and wrestled with a mighty doubt as to the propriety of going in and inspecting the premises. But he concluded after five minutes' meditation that he would not himself fail to resent such an intrusion, even on the part of his landlord, and he therefore resisted the temptation and walked rapidly to the piazza, where he lifted a great bronze

knocker, the reverberation of which brought the butler to the door. Marston handed his card to this dignified functionary and inquired for Miss Maud. He was shown into the parlor, which was furnished in the most exquisite taste with the spoils of a dozen European pilgrimages. All those beautifully carved Venetian pieces had their history to Fancher; and he almost begrudged the present occupants of the house their dearly bought right of absorbing the aroma of his treasures. He was reflecting vaguely upon the oddity of having other people live in an environment which was his and expressed him, profiting by the refinement of his taste, when the portière from the adjoining room was pushed aside, and Maud, dressed with intent to kill, slipped in with a furtive swiftness. She gave him her left hand with an adorable air of confidence and sank into a Louis xv. chair opposite to him. What a marvellous change of attitude this implied, since the monosyllabic stiffness and shy reserve of their first meeting, could not escape even Fancher's callous perceptions.

"Hush! Don't speak loud until he's gone," she whispered, with a breathless, laughing agitation.

"Until who is gone?" Fancher queried, much interested.

"Oh, it is a gentleman friend of—of ours from the West," she declared, with a fresh burst of suppressed laughter; "I fear he has come to spend Sunday; and if father sees him, he will be sure to invite him."

"But what did you do with him?"

"Oh, I saw him coming from my window upstairs and I told the butler that I was not at home. But then he asked for Peggy, and she is sure to receive him. He's waiting for her out on the piazza."

In spite of the obvious preference for himself which this confession evinced, a slight uneasiness stole over the young man at the thought of this western suitor. For unless he had been a suitor, how could Maud have known that she was the one he wanted to see; and furthermore, who but a suitor would come all the way from the wild West, to call upon a girl who was spending the summer on Long Island? Now what possible right could this presumptuous westerner have to take it for granted that his visit would be agreeable? And did not the circumstance that he came,

apparently uninvited, with the intention of spending Sunday, hint at an intimacy which Maud, for diplomatic reasons, now chose to disavow? These and a number of other uncomfortable reflections thronged Marston's mind, as he sat vis-à-vis with Maud and beheld with the admiration of a connoisseur the style and charming effect of her garments. What an atmosphere there was about her, to be sure, and how beautifully she harmonized with the rich setting of the room! The tea-gown, of a pale lavender hue, which seemed as light as spider web, fell in soft folds about her noble form, and the pale-rose silk stocking, of which he caught a glimpse as it peeped forth under the hem of the miraculous gown, was like a little grace-note of color that emphasized the harmony. The whole girl had something wildly alluring about her which made him long to touch her, hold her, possess her forevermore. A truly artistic toilet has always an aroma about it—it expresses its wearer in a certain character, and usually the character to which her physique most fully lends itself. Maud had aspired hitherto for a certain stately statuesqueness, à la Romola, and her costumes had expressed dignity and avoided coquettish and kittenish suggestions. But today—possibly with an unconfessed desire to captivate Fancher, whose ideal of womanhood, she well knew, was not in the direction of the statuesque—she had donned this cobwebby and subtly insidious gown, so airily, fairly piquant, so tantalizing, as elusive in its effect as a fragrance and as insistently and evasively assertive. The subdued light in the room, shaded by the luxuriant vines without and diaphanous draperies within, gave him a sense of delicious privacy which was heightened by the knowledge of that forlorn adorer who sat on the windy piazza, shut out from the light of her countenance.

"I say, Miss Maud," Fancher began, ungenerously glorying in his privilege, "aren't you rather hard on that fellow—what's his name—out there on the piazza?"

It must not be supposed for a moment that he underestimated his own worth, or was oblivious of the distinction he conferred upon a woman by his company, but he was yet masculine enough to feel flat-

tered by the favor of a beautiful young girl, and, in the consciousness of her charm, to hold his own importance in abeyance.

"I have simply nothing to do with him," Maud declared with gratifying promptness. "I have not invited him to come and see me."

"I—I—only hope Miss Peggy will take pity on him," he chuckled, gazing with admiration into her eyes, and fidgeting in his chair.

"Why should you care?" queried Maud, in a high, flute-like note, letting her eyes wander about the room so as to evade the persistence of his gaze. The fact was neither he nor she cared a rap about the young man, but merely wasted speech upon him, in order to fill the awkward pauses.

"That was a fine run we had, the other day, over the moors," said Marston with the most barefaced purpose of making conversation; "that mare of yours is a stunning beast."

He had made this remark at least a dozen times before, but it might serve as well as any other as a substitute for silence. He had more than half made up his mind to ask Maud to marry him; and all he lacked was a fitting introduction to the subject, which somehow refused to suggest itself. The matter had been fermenting in his consciousness ever since the hunt; and he had come to the conclusion that, all things considered, he could not do much better. He needed ample resources; he required an establishment on a large scale, and his own means had of late suffered an intolerable contraction. He did not profess to be wildly in love with Maud—he was not the kind of character that could be wildly anything—but he was vaguely fond of her. He admired her and he had a notion that she would make a comfortable and ornamental wife to any properly constituted man. As for the father-in-law, Marston fancied he could easily devise a plan for making him invisible. Some drawback there was bound to be in any affair of this sort. As a family skeleton Peleg was, on the whole, of a rather harmless and unobtrusive character.

These were the reflections which floated through the young man's brain, as he sat contemplating the lovely girl opposite

him in all the glory of her youth, her beauty and her Worth gown. He was a good critic, in a certain way, of those elusive phases of character and appearance that are the result of breeding and inheritance. His ambition was to lead a well-fed, well-clad and commodious life, untroubled by the discomfort of thought, untroubled by cares or economic problems. He saw in Maud an aid to the accomplishment of this purpose; and though he had noted minor points in her toilet and manner which he meant, in his marital capacity, to correct, yet, taking her all in all, he approved of her, nay, found her, at times, altogether charming.

They fell to talking presently about McGregor and his mulatto wife, and seemed to be drifting further away than ever from the topic which was closest to the heart of both.

"It is a deuced pity for a man of his family to have to put up with a woman of that sort," Marston was saying, leaning forward in his chair and clasping his hands about his knee.

"I should rather say that it was a pity for a woman, whether she were white or brown, to have to put up with a man of his sort," Maud replied with unexpected spirit.

Fancher opened his eyes in astonishment and ejaculated: "How so?"

"I am told he is a man of very bad habits," she rejoined warmly; "and it is simply touching to see the devotion of that simple creature, who seems to feel honored even by his abuse."

"Well, you mustn't judge that class of people according to your own standard. She hasn't been accustomed to anything better. She ought to feel honored. Whatever his habits may be, he is a gentleman; and it seems a shame for a man, born as he is, to be obliged to drag a mulatto woman through life, simply on account of some piece of boyish folly."

"If it hadn't been for her, he wouldn't have had any life to drag himself or anybody else through," Maud retorted bravely.

"Well, even if that were so, it isn't fair for her to claim his life because she saved it. It wasn't much of a gift on such conditions. I frankly told McGregor so when he asked me. I told him people might put up with his drinking, for

there's many a man in good social standing who goes on periodic sprees; the only important thing is to do it as quietly as possible, and avoid making scandal; but a mulatto wife society would never tolerate, and it was the wildest absurdity for him to expect to be taken up by anybody as long as he stuck to that creature."

Maud hesitated a moment before replying. Another scene rose out of her memory and another voice, with a ring quite different from that of her present visitor, sounded in her ears.

"Was it you, then, Mr. Fancher," she asked, with a sudden curious insistence, "who gave Mr. McGregor that advice?"

"Yes, to be sure. How did you know about it?"

"I? Well, only by chance."

She could not bear to describe to him that stormy afternoon, when she had overheard the conversation in the boat-house before she and Philip went sailing. She felt suddenly miles away from Fancher; and he, perceiving a change in her manner, put it down to coquetry and became the more zealous in his pursuit, as she seemed bent on escaping. He began to talk eagerly, defending his view of McGregor's relation to the mulatto woman; but Maud, though she answered with assenting monosyllables, scarcely heard what he was saying. She had felt from the moment he entered the parlor that he meant today to ask the fateful question; and she, though she had experienced a whimsical desire to put it off—to temporize—felt yet in the bottom of her heart a vague triumph, a joyous sense of conquest and gratified vanity. She had by no means made up her mind unalterably to marry Marston Fancher; but she had a dim fear lest in the decisive moment she might succumb to her baser self and accept him. She had loved to play with this dazzling temptation, to fondle it in thought, first, with the idea that it was perfectly harmless, and recently, with a sort of mental proviso that possibly she might come to view it in a different light. She might possibly, some day, grow sensible, as her mother expressed it, put romantic notions out of her head, and make a rational match with a man who by his social standing would advance her and the whole family. Such a match was

now within her reach. She had, with a perfectly clear-headed calculation, labored to bring it within reach. And now, when the decisive moment was at hand, she wavered.

Never before had Maud seen the alternatives of her life so clearly presented. On the one side, a rich, comfortable existence, with fine trappings and daily gratification of vanity; a gradual loss of enthusiasm, perhaps, a gradual contraction of the horizon of her interests, and a gradual flagging of the aspirations in which formerly she had gloried; and in return a steeping in physical comfort, a stimulation of that competitive luxury which is the most degrading concomitant of wealth, in our American life. You may say it was odd that so young a girl should have seen the problem in this light, rather than rejoice in the show, the glitter, the fascinating pageantry of the fashionable existence to which her admirer was about to invite her. And the fact was, she was fully alive to all the allurements of an assured position and luxurious surroundings. Siren voices in her heart sang a most enchanting strain, to which she could not help listening. The kingdoms of the world with all their glory lay spread out at her feet, and she knew that they were hers, if she would only say the decisive word. But what made her hesitate to utter this word, what produced this fatal clearness of vision which saw the reverse no less vividly than the obverse, was no precocious ingenuity of her own, but simply the memory of that strangely solemn talk she had had with Philip, now more than two months ago. She recalled not only his phrases, which now seemed far stronger and more strikingly true than when she first heard them, but she remembered even the cadence of his voice as he uttered them, the expression of his face, the insistent iteration of the locusts' song, and the splendid, spacious setting which the landscape supplied to his tall, impressive figure.

It was while her visitor was developing his views on McGregor's obligation, or rather non-obligation, to his wife, and incidentally sketching his notion of what constituted a gentleman, that Maud found time to take fate to task for having placed her in such a cruel dilemma. She wished for a moment that she had never

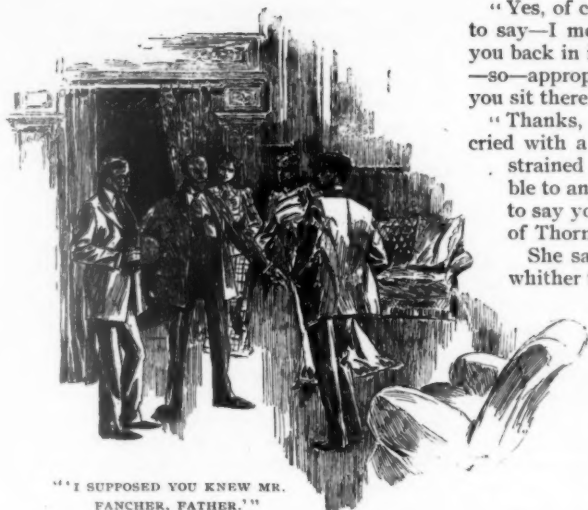
seen Philip Warburton and never heard the earnest ring of his voice, because she would in that case have had no higher standard by which to judge her present suitor and find him wanting.

"I fancy, Miss Maud," the unconscious subject of her criticism was saying, "that we agree pretty well, after all."

"Agree? Oh, yes," she murmured faintly; for in her intense self-absorption his words had conveyed no meaning to her mind. But now the situation became painfully vivid, and she was again confronted with the cruel "either—or."

"I suppose, Miss Maud," he observed, resting a glance of vague entreaty upon her, "that—that—you like Atterbury rather better than the West?"

"Like Atterbury? Oh, yes, I am very fond of Atterbury," she declared with perfunctory haste, while her thoughts kept laboring away with a feverish intensity. What should she do? What should she answer? Should she put him off so as to gain time, or should she give him that hearty encouragement which would precipitate the question and settle it forever? How could she know that Philip loved her? What obligation had she toward Philip? He had never told her that he wished to marry her. Perhaps she had merely deluded herself when she fancied he cared for her. And her own love for him—might not that, too, be a piece of romantic folly, or a species of that self-delusion to which girls of her age, she had been told, were so fatally liable? Could she afford to dismiss Fancher merely because Philip might, at some time or other, take it into his head to love her? Did she not at this moment hold the fate of her whole family in her hand? It was with a feeble hope that something of this very nature might come to pass that she and all the rest of them had invaded this aristocratic paradise by the sea. If her mother and Sally knew that the dearest hopes of their lives had been wrecked by her (and they would be sure to find it out), would they ever forgive her? Though she was remotely aware that there was a flaw in this kind of argument, she persisted in reinforcing it to the best of her ability. She launched presently into a vivacious discussion with Fancher, agreeing with the most enchanting cordiality to everything he said, and



"I SUPPOSED YOU KNEW MR.
FANCHER, FATHER."

with accomplished coquetry inspiring him with admiration and leading him toward the dangerous topic. The high-pitched key of her voice did not betray to him the agitation under which she was laboring; neither did he detect the occasionally forced note in her gayety, or her involuntary tremulousness, which she vainly tried to shake off. A glow of exhilaration, such as he rarely felt in the presence of a woman, sent his blood with a swifter impetus through his veins, and he rose to bold resolutions.

"Miss Maud," he began with reckless ardor, "I've got something—which—which—I've long been wanting to tell you."

"Indeed, Mr. Fancher? You make me excruciatingly curious," she exclaimed with adorable girlishness.

A perverse spirit seemed to be urging her to do the very thing which she had resolved not to do, for she was far from having settled the fateful question as yet. But, somehow, it seemed bent on settling itself independently of her volition.

"I wonder—I fancy—that is to say, I have a notion that I shall be awfully sorry to have you leave this house," he broke out desperately.

"But I imagine it would be rather uncomfortable in winter," Maud observed with the air of a sagacious canary bird.

"Yes, of course—but—I meant—that's to say—I meant that I should like to see you back in it next summer—you look so—so—appropriate—so much in place, as you sit there in that wicker chair."

"Thanks, awfully, Mr. Fancher," she cried with a mock hilarity in which the strained note would have been audible to anyone but him. "You mean to say you want to make me a present of Thorn Hedge?"

She saw with inexorable clearness whither this was bearing, but the demon of perversity that had taken possession of her forced her remorselessly on.

"Yes, exactly," he replied, his face lighting up with a happy idea. "I will make you a present of Thorn Hedge, but only on one condition."

"And that is?"

"That you will take me into the bargain."

"You, Mr. Fancher? Why, you don't mean it? What should I do with you?"

She was now so violently agitated that she had to rise and go toward the window, for she felt in the clutch of a relentless necessity from which she could not escape except by physical motion. How could it be possible that she was so little mistress of herself that she had actually precipitated a proposal which she fancied she had intended to stave off, and was now on the point of accepting a man whom she had more than half made up her mind to refuse? Well, she could not reason about it. She seemed to be under a spell. An imperious force seemed to be driving her, willy nilly, toward the destiny from which she had half made up her mind to escape. Marston, on the other hand, had the beautiful fatuity of a man of limited intellect, who solves all problems with ease, simply because he does not suspect their intricacy. It was to him a charming exhibition of femininity and nothing more, this flight of Maud toward the window. As he approached her, full of masculine confidence, he saw through the shutters Peggy, wrapped in a shawl, but blue and shivery, conversing with the young man from the West, who had buttoned his coat up to his chin, but seemed too polite to tell

her how uncomfortable he was. Maud, too, seemed absorbed in the same spectacle, and with a sort of numb apprehension felt Marston's arm stealing about her waist, and his breath, charged with cigarette smoke, enveloping her as in an oppressive enchantment. What was there in the sight of the resolutely amiable Peggy and the dreary young man in ill-fitting clothes, which, somehow, paralyzed her will and made her submit, with a shivering reluctance, to Marston's caresses? Reduced to its other alternative—was not that perhaps what her life might be? This young man with his crudely good-natured face and his free and easy manners, was he not exactly the kind of young man she had had to put up with until this year, and whose deficiencies she had never until this year suspected? What a prince of gentlemen Mr. Fancher seemed, to be sure, in comparison with him, and how very essential to her happiness were the mere superficial polish and finish in which he excelled! From the bottom of her heart she pitied poor Peggy, who had not yet made this discovery, who was artlessly and unaffectedly delighted at seeing any friend of her childhood, no matter how undesirable he might be from the social point of view. Of course she did not mean to compare Philip with this young drummer—she had a dim recollection that he was or had been a drummer—but by some subtle mental process this loud-speaking and offensively cordial fellow became a representative of the life from which she had escaped or was escaping, and from which Fancher seemed her only refuge. For Philip was, after all, a most elusive uncertainty, upon whose doubtful purposes she could scarcely afford to stake her life's happiness.

She was yet standing in the embrasure of the window, surrounded by some wide-spreading palmettos on a raised stand, and with Fancher's arm about her waist, when she was startled by the hilarious voice of her father, who was greeting the young man on the piazza. Anticipating the interruption of their tête-à-tête Marston imprinted a kiss upon her cheek (at which she could not help giving a little shiver) and drew her back toward the lounge, where with a pale and half-frightened face she sank down passively at his side. He repeated here, more formally,

his offer of marriage, and she replied; she never could quite recall what she replied, but that he took it to mean an acceptance of his suit was obvious enough from his satisfaction and the air of tender proprietorship with which he regarded her. But the conversation out on the piazza was now becoming so audible as to demand a share of their attention, much to the relief of Maud and to the chagrin of her admirer.

"Well, well, if it ain't Luke Perkins," were the words which they heard. "I'm awfully tickled to see you, Luke. How are your folks? and how did ye find us out, to be sure? But why do you sit out here on the piazzer spooning with Peggy? I kinder fancied it was Maud you was sweet on, in the old times. Well, she'll be glad to see you, Luke. Guess she's around here somewhere. But come in, old fellow. It is too darned chilly to be sittin' here in this kinder weather."

It was quite in vain that Peggy tried by ocular telegraphy to convey the intelligence to him which she had received from the butler. Peleg was obtuse in such affairs, and failed to catch any sort of meaning from her troubled and warning glances. He even failed to catch a glimpse of her beautiful self-sacrifice in keeping the young man, who did not want to see her, occupied, for her sister's convenience. It was habitual with this plain and unappreciated Cinderella to play the most unheroic parts, as a sort of benevolent intriguer in the little love dramas of which her sisters were the heroines. But her father, though he loved her dearly, was as blind as a bat to this pathetic phase of her existence.

Seizing Luke Perkins by the arm Peleg dragged him with friendly urgency into the front vestibule, in spite of Peggy's pantomimic remonstrance; and pushing open the parlor door, exclaimed:

"You wait here, Luke, and I'll go and find Maud. Mighty comfortably fixed here, ain't we? Pretty snug box, I tell ye—though they keep it too darned dark for me—"

He had gotten so far when a formidable figure, arrayed in drab, rose out of a dusky corner and with the utmost ceremony advanced to greet him. Mr. Bulkley, who wore a black alpaca coat, baggy black trousers (he had a notion that gar-

ments, in order to be decent, ought to be dark) and deerskin slippers, and was smoking a corn-cob pipe, was so taken aback by the unexpected appearance of this serious-looking young man that he stared at him with open mouth, and scarcely had the wit to grasp his extended hand.

"Well, I'll be blowed," was his first remark; and there is no knowing in what strain he would have continued, if Maud had not suddenly collected herself and come to the rescue.

"I supposed you knew Mr. Fancher, father," she said, with a forced composure; "you know Mr. Fancher is our landlord."

"Oh, yes," Peleg exclaimed, seizing the young man's hand, and staring at him with a frank curiosity which to anyone of less impregnable self-esteem would have been disconcerting; "glad to see yer, Mr. Fancher. I hope your agent is as prompt in handing over the cash to you, as I am in handing it to him."

"Mr. Fancher did not call to collect the rent, father," Maud explained, blushing with embarrassment. She thought she would sink into the earth with mortification, and was afraid of glancing at her fiancé, lest she should discover in his face a dawning regret at having connected himself with so vulgar a family. But she caught a glimpse in the mirror of his profile, and saw there a disgust so unmistakable that she lost heart even for making apologies.

Of course Peleg had not the remotest perception of the emotions which he aroused in his daughter and her visitor.

"I didn't know you was havin' company, Maud," he observed, addressing himself to his daughter; "but here is Luke Perkins—he has come all the way from St. Louis to see you. I reckon you'll be glad to see Luke, and he was a-sittin' out there on the piazzer gassin' with Peggy, and nearly bein' blown out to sea, because that blockhead of a butler didn't tell you he was here."

There was something almost touching to Maud in the ignorance of social values which placed Luke Perkins and Marston Fancher on the same level—as merely marriageable young men—with perhaps a leaning in favor of Luke as the better business man of the two, and the most

competent to make his fortune. Luke himself, however, though he was not wanting in self-confidence, had a very much livelier perception of the advantage "the swell" had over him as an aspirant for Maud's hand; and he felt decidedly uncomfortable under the rigid and wondering stare which Fancher fixed upon him, as if he were some curious freak of nature that had escaped from a museum. Maud, who in the meanwhile had come forward and shaken hands rather frigidly with her quondam friend, saw that an introduction was inevitable, and concealing her embarrassment as well as she was able, performed the disagreeable ceremony. Fancher presented two fingers to his rival's hearty grasp, and retired instantly into an adamant shell of sulky reserve. He felt simply outraged at having been brought into contact with such vulgar people. If he had suspected that P. Leamington Bulkley was so glaringly objectionable as he had just now shown himself to be, it would have made a mighty difference in his arrangements for the future. How could he make life endurable with such an impossible father-in-law? If he only had had a vice which might finish him in a couple of years, he might perhaps reconcile himself to a disagreeable necessity; but Peleg was disgustingly healthy and virtuous, and had obviously no intention of shuffling off this mortal coil for at least a quarter of a century. It was, therefore, in no genial humor that Fancher got up and took leave of his prospective relatives. He looked abused and sour; but his good breeding was a second nature and he omitted no ceremony which politeness demanded.

What incensed him most, however, as he walked back to the Casino, where he had left his tandem, was not Peleg's probable longevity, but his allusions to Luke Perkins as one whom Maud would like to see—one who had some sort of claim upon Maud's interest. The idea of such a creature daring to lift his eyes to the woman whom he—Marston Fancher—honored by his preference seemed too preposterous to merit consideration! But the fact that it did not strike Mr. Bulkley as in the least preposterous showed how barbarously innocent the whole family were as to the intricacies of civilized society, and how incapable they accordingly were of rating

Marston Fancher, Esq., at his true value. He had a good mind to leave them with their Luke Perkins in their native slough. He writhed under a sense of outraged dignity, which was to him the keenest distress of which he was capable. Should he disavow the whole affair, and wriggle out of it as best he could? If the Luke Perkins episode had occurred before instead of after his proposal, he had a lively conviction that there would now have been no betrothal to wriggle out of.

Marston arrived, however, at no final conclusion as to what action he should take; and a dozen different aspects of the affair presented themselves to him in the course of the afternoon. And when all his chagrin had expended itself, two distinct and palpable considerations remained in his mind: first, that Maud was a beautiful, accomplished and altogether desirable young woman; secondly, that P. Leamington Bulkley was a very rich man.

XII.

Four months elapsed without any noteworthy incident, except the desertion of the seaside and the return of the fashionable world to New York. The Christmas holidays were over, and the Bulkleys had, through Fancher's influence, begun to be recognized by society as people whom it was proper to know. They had ventured to give a few dinners, every detail of which was submitted in advance to the future son-in-law, and it was entirely due to him that Knickerbockers of unquestioned social eminence accepted the invitation. Peleg, accompanied by his daughter Peggy, went on a pretended business trip to the Northwest, lest he might by his appearance and cheerily unceremonious manners bring confusion to the carefully prearranged programme; and it must be admitted that he amused himself admirably, and was in no haste to return. He met no end of old friends whom he was glad to see, and whom, in his artless manner, he liked to impress with his magnificence, even though privately he detested it. He bragged a little, in a gentle and harmless way, of things against which, at heart, he rebelled, and in the admiration of these simple folk found a guileless satisfaction. He begrudged in nowise his wife the privilege of dining with the big-

wigs, and rather congratulated himself on his escape from the ceremony and restraint of such lugubrious occasions; but that did not prevent him from expanding with an agreeable sense of dignity in the company of people in whose eyes that privilege was a claim to distinction.

It was one day early in January, when Mrs. Bulkley was returning from a ride in the park with her daughters and Fancher, that the servant handed her half a dozen cards on a silver salver. She glanced at them first carelessly, then suddenly clutched one and held it up before her eyes, staring at it with an air of fierce triumph. "At last," she said, with a deep sigh of relief, as she crumpled the card in her hand, having first made sure, however, that there were two more, bearing the same name, upon the salver.

"Upon my word, Gussie," her husband exclaimed (he had returned a few days since from the West), "what's the row now? I never saw you so excited about anything as long as I can remember."

Mrs. Bulkley said nothing, but with the same fierce empressment handed him the crumpled card.

"Mrs. P. Stuyvesant Van Horst," Peleg read. "Gimme-crack-corn, you don't say so? Well, I'll be blowed if I would have cared a tinker's darn, if I had been you. I had no idea you was hankerin' so for her acquaintance."

"Hankering, Mr. Bulkley! Hankering! You'll see presently how much I hanker, as you express it, for Mrs. Van Horst's acquaintance. I do not intend to return her call——"

"Why, mother!" both the horrified girls ejaculated in one breath.

"That is to say," Mrs. Bulkley continued, as the soberer second thought prevailed, "I intend—to take my time about it."

It was, of course, Maud's engagement to Fancher which had induced Mrs. Van Horst to take the very serious resolution to break through her wall of tradition and prejudice and admit an outsider to her charmed circle. She felt it herself to be a terribly revolutionary proceeding, and had debated it exhaustively with all the members of her family, individually and collectively, before she could make up her mind to take the fateful step. But she regarded Marston Fancher

as such a proper and high-bred young man that she could not believe him capable of falling in love with a girl unless she were from the social point of view unexceptionable. When Maud, within the prescribed week, returned her call with her mother and sister, she quite captivated Mrs. Van Horst, who pronounced her "altogether charming." Marston had scarcely hoped for so unqualified an indorsement of his fiancée from this august lady, and he was conscious of a little thrill of satisfaction. In fact, Maud acquired an additional distinction in his sight, and when Mrs. Van Horst issued invitations for a dinner in her honor—or in honor of the engagement—the last shadow of doubt regarding her disappeared and he was serenely and dignifiedly happy.

Mrs. Bulkley and Sally also began to discover hidden virtues in Maud, after the acceptance of Mrs. Van Horst's invitation. They praised her to her face and deferred to her opinions in a way that made her open her eyes in amazement. She often caught them looking at her with an acute dramatic interest, as if she were an entirely different person from what she had been before. She felt a burning glow shoot through her veins, followed frequently by an insidious shiver. She felt as alien to herself as if actually a new personality had been superimposed upon or substituted for the old, leaving but an uneasy memory of her former self, and a vague unrest. She was aware, of course, that the battle was now won, and that she had won it. It was for this they had come to New York; it was for this they had schemed and manoeuvred and endured slights and snubs. Much as she shrank from the question, she could not help wondering at times whether the game was worth the candle. She supposed it must be, of course, since all seemed to be striving for it, and counting no expenditure of health and money excessive, if it advanced them socially. She plunged now into a whirl of fashionable gayeties; and so breathless was her pace that she had no time for any query which did not concern the moment. Every morning she found on her plate at breakfast a little heap of notes containing invitations to dinners, routs and balls. She was kept perpetually busy devising new and appropriate costumes, and Marston, who was even

more interested than herself, participated with an air of superior authority in these debates concerning millinery, and distinguished himself by making excellent suggestions. This intimate half-professional knowledge of the details of the feminine toilet was one of the things which displeased her in her fiancé. But she lacked courage to tell him how much she disliked it.

A very curious relation had gradually established itself between them. It was not a lover-like relation by any means, but rather a *bonne camaraderie*. Marston was immensely flattered and gratified by Maud's social success, and plumed himself on his perspicacity in having perceived her rare quality, while she was yet languishing in obscurity. When her full-page portrait appeared as a supplement to the *Weekly Tattler* and fluttered in the wind on the news stands of the Elevated railway he pretended to be greatly annoyed, but in his heart of hearts he was elated. Of all the belles of the season she had made the most pronounced sensation; and all her triumphs redounded to his honor. He had therefore acquired a sense of her preciousness which she was not slow to detect and to utilize. And she utilized it chiefly to secure immunity from what she styled "affectionate persecution." Though Marston had too acute a sense of propriety to be demonstrative in anything, he was yet, at first, too lover-like to suit Maud; and she gradually succeeded in making him renounce most of the privileges which are supposed to belong to the affianced estate. And when, occasionally, touched by his patient submissiveness, she relented and granted him a caress, he was the more keenly appreciative of the favor.

It was a relief to her that he broke off his intimacy with Philip Warburton. She was morbidly afraid of being in any way reminded of Philip, and she put aside with anxious care all things which recalled his existence. She was, therefore, also obliged to "drop" the Castletons, of whom she was sincerely fond, for Philip was a constant guest in their house. But a still weightier reason was perhaps the suspicion that Mrs. Castleton was unable to do justice to her complicated motives in accepting Mr. Fancher. She could not know, of course, how much was at stake in this

engagement; far less was she capable of divining that Maud was the sacrificial lamb, offered up by her family to propitiate the deities who preside over the social destinies of men. In this capacity she seemed to herself by no means contemptible; nay, perhaps even vaguely heroic. That her social ambition itself was a mean one and not worth the sacrifice she would not have admitted. She had breathed too long its atmosphere to judge justly and clearly. If at rare intervals she suffered an accession of heart-ache and the vision of the years to come seemed dreary, she ordered with nervous haste her carriage, and driving up the stately length of the avenue, received smilingly the greetings of her fashionable acquaintances. She was kept bowing almost incessantly, distributing nicely graded salutations, conveying just the intended degree of cordiality; and she could not suppress a certain girlish exultation when she remembered how she and Peggy, with

a lost and envious feeling, had tramped this very pavement a year ago, never once seeing a friendly face or receiving a kindly greeting. And when she glanced at Marston, who sat at her side, she could not but realize what a solid acquisition he represented both to her and hers. That she had chosen the lesser and meaner life, when perhaps the higher was open to her, was an idea which sometimes knocked at the door of her mind, but which she strenuously strove to exclude. And if, nevertheless, a pang occasionally nestles in the region of her heart, at the thought of what perhaps might have been, she plunges with an added zest and interest into the social whirl and waves the palm of her victory over the heads of a host of envious rivals.

According to the world's standard there is no doubt that her triumph is complete. She has realized its ideal of happiness, which perhaps in time she will succeed in making her own.

TO WALT WHITMAN, THE MAN.

[Washington, May, 1863.]

BY JOHN JAMES PIATT.

HOMEWARD, last midnight, in the car we met,
While the long street streamed by us in the dark
With scattered lights in blurs of misty rain;
Then, while you spoke to me of hospitals
That know your visits, and of wounded men
(From those dread battles yonder in the South)
Who keep the memory of your form and feel
A light forerun your face where'er it comes,
In places hushed with fever, thrilled with pain,
I thought of Charity, and self-communed:
"Not only a slight girl, as poets dream,
With gentle footsteps stealing forth alone,
Veiling her hand from her soft, timid eyes
Lest they should see her self-forgetful alms,
Or moving, lamp in hand, though glimmering wards
With her nun's coif or nurse's sacred garb:
Not only this,—but oft a sunburnt man,
Gray-garmented, gray-bearded, gigantesque,
Walking the highway with a cheerful stride,
And, like that Good Samaritan (rather say
This Good American!), forgetting not
To lift the hurt one as a little child,
And make the weakest strong with manly cheer,
On Red-Cross errands of Good-Comradeship."



BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

THERE is something about the match-making of birds that is not easily penetrated. The jealousies and rivalries of the males and of the females is easily understood—it is quite human; but those sudden rushes of several males, some of them already mated, after one female, with squeals and screams and a great clatter of wings—what does it mean? There is nothing human about that, unless it be illustrative of a trait that has at

times cropped out in the earlier races and which is still seen among the Esquimaux, where the male carries off the female by force. But in these sudden sallies among the birds the female, so far as I have observed, is never carried off. One may see half a dozen English sparrows engaged in what at first glance appears to be a general melee in the gutter or on the sidewalk, but if you look more closely you will see a single female in the midst of the mass, beating off the males who, with plumage puffed out and screaming and chattering, are all making a set at her. She strikes right and left, and seems to be equally displeased with them all. But her anger may be all put on, and she may be giving the wink all the time to her favorite. The Esquimaux maiden is said by Doctor Nansen to resist stoutly being carried off even by the man she is desperately in love with.

In the latter half of April we pass through what I call the "robin racket"—trains of three or four birds rushing pell-mell over the lawn and fetching up in a tree or bush, or occasionally upon the ground, all piping and screaming at the top of their voices, but whether in mirth or anger it is hard to tell. The nucleus of the train is a female. One cannot see that the males in pursuit of her



John Burroughs, the son of a well-to-do farmer of New York state, was born in 1837. He received the ordinary, common school education, working on the farm in summer and going to school in winter. At seventeen he became a school teacher and with money thus earned completed his own education. He began writing for the newspapers in 1859, and in 1860 contributed his first essay to the Atlantic Monthly. Shortly after this he became a clerk in the Treasury department, a position he held for nine years. During this time he published *Wake Robin*. In 1873 Mr. Burroughs was appointed receiver of a broken bank; this led to his becoming a National Bank Examiner, a position he held for ten years. Of late years he has become a fruit farmer both for profit and pleasure. Mr. Burroughs has published numerous volumes of essays on outdoor subjects, and also a volume on indoor studies. In 1867 he published a book called *Walt Whitman as Poet and Person*, and regards as his best work his early defence of that poet.

are rivals ; it seems rather as if they had united to hustle her out of the place. But somehow the matches are no doubt made and sealed during these mad rushes. Maybe the female shouts out to her suitors, "Who touches me first wins," and

each describes the segment of an arc about the other, thus:



How courtly and deferential their manners towards each other are ; often they pipe a shrill, fine strain, audible only a few yards away. Then, in a twinkling, one makes a spring and they are beak to beak and claw to claw as they rise up a few feet into the air. But usually no blow is delivered ; not a feather is ruffled ; each, I suppose, finds the guard of the other perfect. Then they settle down upon the ground again and go through with the same running challenge as before. How their breasts glow in the strong April sunlight ; how perk and military the bearing of each ! Often they will run about each other in this way for many rods. After a week or so the males seem to have fought all their duels, when the rush and racket I have already described begins.

The bluebird wins his mate by the ardor of his attentions and the sincerity of his compliments, and by finding a house ready built which cannot be surpassed. The male bluebird is usually here several days before the female, and he sounds forth his note as loudly and eloquently as he can till she appears. On her appearance he flies at once to the box or tree cavity upon which he has had his eye, and as he looks into it calls and warbles

in his most persuasive tones. The female at such times is always shy and backward, and the contrast in the manners of the two birds is as striking as the contrast in their colors. The male is brilliant and ardent ; the female is dim and

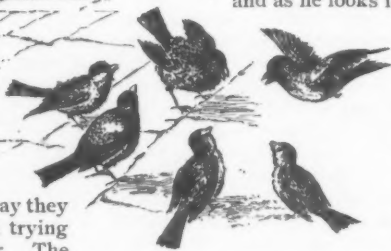
retiring, not to say indifferent. She may take a hasty peep into the hole in the box or tree and then fly away, uttering a lonesome, homesick note. Only by a wooing of many days is she to be fully won.

The past April I was witness one Sunday morning to the jealousies that may rage in these little brown breasts. A pair of bluebirds had apparently mated and



away she scurries like an arrow. The males shout out, "Agreed !" and away they go in pursuit, each trying to outdo the other. The game is a brief one. Before one can get the clew to it the party has dispersed.

Earlier in the season the pretty sparring of the males is the chief feature. You may see two robins apparently taking a walk or a run together over the sward or along the road ; only first one bird runs, and then the other. They keep a few feet apart, stand very erect, and the course of

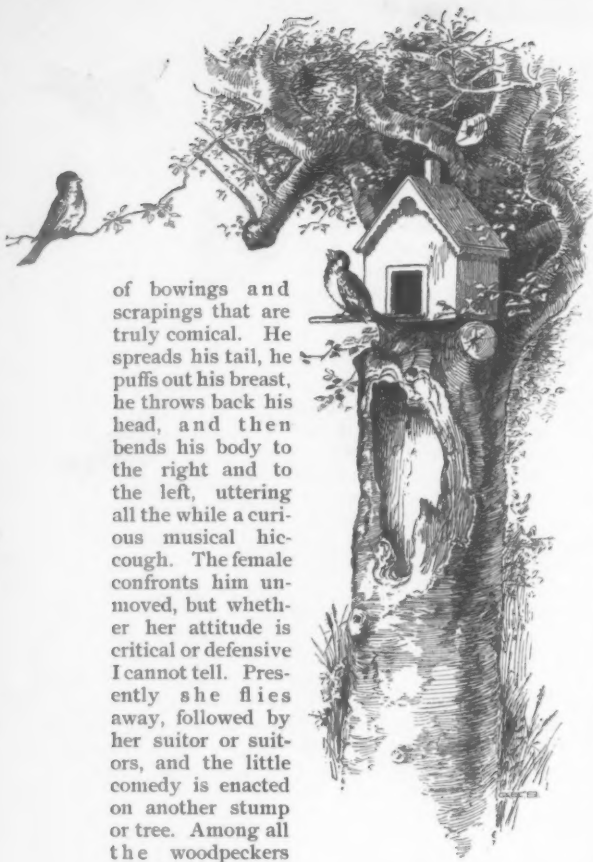


decided to occupy a woodpecker's lodge in the limb of an old apple tree near my study. But that morning another male appeared on the scene and was bent on cutting the first male out, and carrying off his bride. I happened to be near by when the two birds came into collision. They fell to the grass and kept their grip upon each other for half a minute. Then they separated and the first up flew to the hole and called fondly to the female. This was too much for the other male and they clinched again and fell to the ground as before. There they lay upon the grass, blue and brown intermingled. But not a feather was tweaked out or even disturbed, that I could see. They simply held each other down. Then they separated again, and again rushed upon each other. The battle raged for about fifteen minutes, when one of the males, which one, of course, I could not tell, withdrew and flew to a box under the eaves of the study and exerted all the eloquence he possessed to induce the female to come to him there. How he warbled and called and lifted his wings and flew to the entrance to the box and called again! The female was evidently strongly attracted; she would respond and fly about halfway to an apple tree and look toward him. The other male in the meantime did his best to persuade her to cast her lot with him. He followed her to the tree toward his rival, and then flew back to the nest and spread his plumage and called and warbled, oh, so confidently, so fondly, so reassuringly! When the female would return and peep into the hole in the tree what fine, joyous notes he would utter; then he would look in and twinkle his wings and say something his rival could not hear. This vocal and pantomimic contest went on for a long time. The female was evidently greatly shaken in her allegiance to the male in the old apple tree. In less than an hour another female responded to the male who had sought the eaves of the study, and flew with him to the box. Whether this was their first meeting or not I do not know, but it was clear enough that the heart of the male was fixed upon the bride of his rival. He would devote himself a moment to the newcomer and then turn toward the old apple tree, and call and lift his wings. Then, apparently admonished by the bird near him, would

turn again to her and induce her to look into the box and warble fondly. Then up on a higher branch again, with his attention directed toward his first love, between whom and himself salutations seemed constantly passing. This little play went on for some time, when the two females came into collision, and fell to the ground tweaking each other spitefully. Then the four birds drifted away from me down into the vineyard, where the males closed with each other again and fell to the ploughed ground and lay there a surprisingly long time, nearly two minutes, as we calculated. Their wings were outspread, and their forms were undistinguishable. They tugged at each other most doggedly, one or the other brown breast was generally turned up, partly overlaid by a blue coat. They were determined to make a finish of it this time, but which got the better of the fight I could not tell. But it was the last battle; they finally separated, neither, apparently, any the worse for the encounter. The females fought two more rounds, the males looking on and warbling approvingly when they separated, and the two pairs drifted away in different directions. The next day they were about the box and tree again, and seemed to have definitely settled matters. Who won and who lost I do not know, but two pairs of bluebirds have since been very busy and very happy about the two nesting places. One of the males I recognize as a bird that appeared early in March; I recognize him from one peculiar note in the midst of his warble, a note that suggests a whistle.

The match-making of the highholes, which often comes under my observation, is in marked contrast to that of the robins and bluebirds. There does not appear to be any anger or any blows. The male or two males will alight on a limb in front of the female, and go through with a series





of bowings and scrapings that are truly comical. He spreads his tail, he puffs out his breast, he throws back his head, and then bends his body to the right and to the left, uttering all the while a curious musical hic-cough. The female confronts him unmoved, but whether her attitude is critical or defensive I cannot tell. Presently she flies away, followed by her suitor or suitors, and the little comedy is enacted on another stump or tree. Among all the woodpeckers the drum plays an important part in the match-making. The male takes up his stand on a dry, resonant limb, or on the ridgeboard of a building, and beats the loudest call he is capable of. The downy woodpecker usually has a particular branch to which he resorts for advertising his matrimonial wants. A favorite drum of the highholes about me is a hollow wooden tube, a section of a pump which stands as a bird box upon my summer house. It is a good instrument; its tone is sharp and clear. A high-hole alights upon it and sends forth a rattle that can be heard a long way off. Then he lifts up his head and utters that long April call, Wick, wick, wick, wick. Then he drums again. If the female does not find him it is not because he does not make noise enough. But his sounds are all welcome to the ear. They are

simple and primitive and voice well a certain sentiment of the April days. As I write these lines I hear through the half-open door his call come up from a distant field. Then I hear the steady hammering of one that has been for three days trying to penetrate the weather boarding of the big icehouse by the river and reach the sawdust filling for a nesting place.

Among our familiar birds the matchmaking of none other is quite so pretty as that of the goldfinch. The goldfinches stay with us in lorn flocks and clad in a dull olive suit throughout the winter. In May the males begin to put on their bright summer plumage. This is the result of a kind of superficial moulting. Their feathers are not shed, but their dusky covering or overalls are cast off. When the process is only partly completed the bird has a smutty, unrepresentable appearance. But we seldom see them at such times. They seem to retire from society. When the change is complete and the males have got their bright uniforms of yellow and black the courting begins. All the goldfinches of a neighborhood collect together and hold a sort of a musical festival. To the number of many dozens they may be seen in some large tree, all singing and calling in the most joyous and vivacious manner. The males sing, and the females chirp and call. Whether there is actual competition on a trial of musical abilities of the males before the females or not I do not know. The best of feeling seems to pervade the company; there is no sign of quarrelling or fighting; "all goes merry as a marriage bell," and the matches seem actually to be made during these musical picnics. Before May is passed the birds are seen in couples, and in June housekeeping usually begins. This I call the ideal of love-making among birds, and is in striking contrast to the squabbles and jealousies of most of our songsters.

All the woodpeckers, so far as I have observed, drum up their mates; the male advertises his wants by hammering upon a dry, resonant limb, when in due time the female approaches and is duly courted and won. The drumming of the ruffed grouse is for the same purpose; the female hears, concludes to take a walk that way, approaches timidly, is seen and admired, and the match is made. That the male accepts the first female that offers herself is probable. Among all the birds the choice, the selection, seems to belong to the female. The males court promiscuously; the females choose discreetly. The grouse, unlike the woodpecker, always carries his drum with him, which is his own proud breast; yet, if undisturbed, he selects some particular log or rock in the woods from which to sound forth his willingness to wed. What determines the choice of the female it would be hard to say. Among song birds it is probably the best songster, or the one whose voice suits her taste best. Among birds of bright plumage it is probably the gayest dress; among the drummers she is doubtless drawn by some quality of the sound. Our ears and eyes are too coarse to note any differences in these things, but doubtless the birds themselves note differences.

Birds show many more human traits than do quadrupeds. That they actually fall in love admits of no doubt; that there is a period of courtship, during which the male uses all the arts he is capable of to win his mate, is equally certain; that there are jealousies and rivalries, and that the peace of families is often rudely disturbed by outside males or females is a common observa-

tion. The females, when they come to blows, fight much more spitefully and recklessly than do the males. One species of bird has been known to care for the young of another species, which had been made orphans. The male turkey will sometimes cover the eggs of his mate and hatch and rear the brood alone. Altogether, birds often present some marked resemblances in their actions to men, when love is the motive.

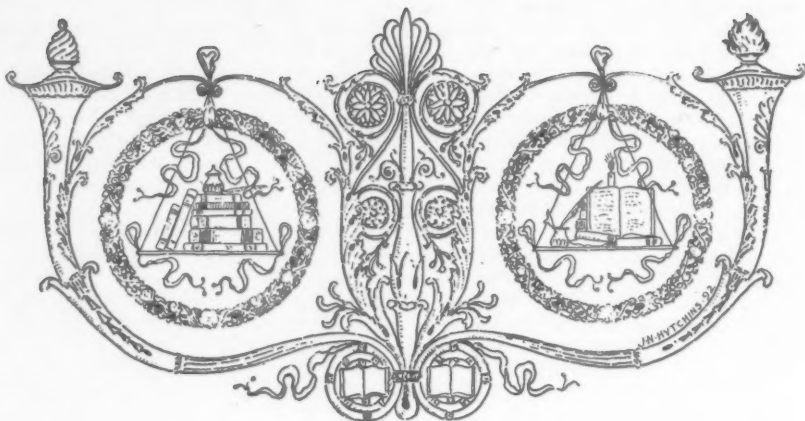
Mrs. Martin, in her *Home Life on an Ostrich Farm*, relates this curious incident:

"One undutiful hen—having apparently imbibed advanced notions—absolutely refused to sit at all, and the poor husband, determined not to be disappointed of his little family, did all the work himself, sitting bravely and patiently day and night, though nearly dead with exhaustion, till the chicks were hatched out. The next time this pair of birds had a nest the cock's mind was firmly made up that he would stand no more nonsense. He fought the hen [kicked her], giving her so severe a thrashing that she was all but

killed, and this Petruchio-like treatment had the desired effect, for the wife never again rebelled, but sat submissively."

In the case of another pair of ostriches of which Mrs. Martin tells, the female was accidentally killed, when the male mourned her loss for over two years and would not look at another female. He wandered up and down, up and down, the length of his camp, utterly disconsolate. At last he mated again with a most magnificent hen, who ruled him tyrannically; he became the most hen-pecked, or, rather, hen-kicked of husbands.





TWO STUDIES OF THE SOUTH.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

ONLY the literature of a country teaches us to understand its institutions," said one of the acutest of modern French critics, the late J. J. Weiss, in his last volume of essays; and he added, with perhaps not quite the same proportion of truth, that "to the historian, who grows pale over them, collections of ordinances, codes and constitutions yield only lifeless laws." That the laws afford us only the skeleton of a dead and gone society we may admit; and we are quick to see that it is literature which cases these bare bones in flesh and blood. Unless its literature is rooted in truth, a civilization may pass away and be misjudged—honestly misjudged, in good faith misunderstood—even at the moment of its passing. Such, so Mr. Thomas Nelson Page declares, has been the fate of the Old South; it has had no historian, and so it is in danger of perpetual misinterpretation; its civilization left no literature; and of its laws the best known is the slave code. The one book which deals with the life of the Old South, and which has gone to the furthest corners of the earth, is the one book by which the lovers of the Old South do not wish to see it judged—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The one book which was actually written in the South between 1825 and 1850, and which

seems to me to give the most accurate account of one aspect of southern civilization, is *Mrs. Kemble's Journal of a Residence on a Georgia Plantation*; and that again is not a book by which the lovers of the Old South would wish to see it judged.

Why was it that the Old South contributed so little to the literature of America? Why was it that before the war Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth flourished and Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz? Why is it that immediately after the war we had only the encyclopædic romances of Mrs. Augusta J. Evans and the saccharine stories of "Christian Reid," as remote from reality as though they had been translated from the French of Georges Ohnet or from the German of E. Marlitt? Why was it that Brer Rabbit, having had his misadventure with the Tar Baby in countless plantations throughout the South before the war, found no Uncle Remus to come forward and tell them for our delight until long after the war?

These are questions which every student of American literary history must put to himself sooner or later; and there are many other questions like these. For an answer we cannot do better than turn to two books which were published

last spring, two studies of the South, by two representative Southern writers. One of these books is the biography of William Gilmore Simms, prepared for Mr. Warner's series of American Men of Letters by Mr. William P. Trent, Professor of History in the University of the South; and the other is Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's volume of papers called by him *The Old South: Essays, Social and Political*. Both books are welcome; both are candid and honest; both are unusually well written, Professor Trent's having the solid framework of the historian, and Mr. Page's having the warm coloring of the poet. Both books, moreover, are the product of that young, hearty, loyal and energetic New South, which is the best legacy the Old South left to the Union. Mr. Page, as becomes a poet, has a fondness for the past, while Professor Trent, as is fit in one who is instructing youth, has his face set resolutely towards the future.

There are yet a few southern writers who turn their backs on the present and prefer to abide amid dead memories. Professor Trent is not one of these. He is willing to let the dead past bury its dead. In this volume we find a new spirit—a spirit not frequent even now in works of southern authorship. His book is solid in research, worthy in workmanship, dignified in manner and brave in tone; it is not only a good book, it is a good deed. It is emphatically a proof of the existence of that New South which has been so loudly proclaimed and so often. In telling the career of William Gilmore Simms Professor Trent has taken occasion to sketch for us also the environment which made Simms what he was—which, indeed, kept him from being more than he was. Believing "that Simms was a typical southerner," Professor Trent thinks that it would be "impossible to convey a full idea of his character without a constant reference to the history of the southern people during the first seven decades of this century." As this history has been little studied and still less understood, Professor Trent has been led to present it with a fulness of treatment which at first may seem disproportionate, but which at least has resulted in giving to his book a breadth and an interest not possible, if it had been merely the biography of William

Gilmore Simms. The life of the author of *Guy Rivers* and of *The Yemassee* is here set down thoroughly and once for all, but accompanying it is a study of the literary conditions of the South, such as no one has ever before attempted.

Mr. Page is also a man of the New South, as he proves unconsciously in a dozen passages of the eight essays which he has gathered together under the general title of *The Old South*. Some of these essays were delivered before various literary alumni societies in the South; one of them was read before the Nineteenth Century club here in New York three or four years ago—that on Authorship in the South Before the War. Among the others are four pleasant and picturesque papers on Social Life in Old Virginia Before the War, *Glimpses of Life in Colonial Virginia*, *The Old Virginia Lawyer*, and *Two Old Colonial Places*—Old Yorktown and Rosewell. All these papers have the fragrance of style which would have given charm to Marse Chan and to Meh Lady, even if these stories had themselves been less touching. They have the devotion to the past commingled with loyalty to the present which made Mr. Page's recent short story, *A Gray Jacket*, so significant—just as Miss Jewett's equally recent short story, *Decoration Day*, is quite as significant to those who happen to dwell on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line.

Only one of Mr. Page's papers is devoted specifically to the literature of the South, but scattered throughout his book are passages which cast a sudden and a penetrating light on the social conditions of the South before the war, and thus explain the circumstances and the conditions under which that literature was produced. Here, for example, is one passage: "The social life formed of these elements in combination was one of singular sweetness and freedom from vice. If it was not filled with excitement, it was replete with happiness and content. It is asserted that it was narrow. Perhaps it was. It was so sweet, so charming, that it is little wonder if it asked nothing more than to be let alone. They were a careless and pleasure-loving people; but, as in most rural communities, their festivities were free from dissipation. There was sometimes too great an indulgence on the

part of young men in the state drink, the julep; but whether it was that it killed early, or that it was usually abandoned as the responsibilities of life increased, an elderly man of dissipated habits was almost unknown. They were fond of sport, and excelled in it, being generally fine shots and skilled hunters. Love of horses was a race characteristic, and fine horsemanship was a thing little considered only because it was universal. The life was gay. In addition to the perpetual round of ordinary entertainment there was always on hand or in prospect some more formal festivity—a club meeting, a fox hunt, a party, a tournament, a wedding. Little excuse was needed to bring them together where everyone was social, and where the great honor was to be the host. Scientific horse racing was confined to the regular race tracks, where the races were not little dashes, but four-mile heats, which tested speed and bottom alike. But good blood was common, and a ride even with a girl in an afternoon generally meant a dash along the level through the woods, where, truth to tell, she was very apt to win. Occasionally there was even a dash from the church. The high-swung carriages, having received their precious loads of lily-fingered, pink-faced, laughing girls, with teeth like pearls and eyes like stars, helped in by young men who would have thrown not only their cloaks but their hearts into the mud to keep those dainty feet from being soiled, would go ahead; and then, the restive saddle horses being untied from the swinging limbs, the young gallants would mount, and, by an instinctive impulse, starting all together, would make a dash to the first hill, on top of which the dust still lingered, a nimbus thrown from the wheels that rolled their goddesses. The chief sport, however, was fox hunting. It was, in season, almost universal. Who that lived in Old Virginia does not remember the fox hunts—the eager chase after ‘grays’ or ‘old reds?’ ”

This is a beautiful picture of a lovely life; but such an existence was too luxurious, too easy-going, too enervating, for the cultivation of letters. Literature is not an affair of slippers and armchair, of mint julep and fox hunt; it is a task, a toil, unceasing and unrelenting; it is a labor

of love, no doubt, but none the less a labor. Literature is like the other arts, a jealous mistress, and she refuses her favors to all who do not woo her with single-hearted devotion. This devotion literature received from no southerner in the old days except from Poe. Literature did not receive this devotion from Simms, as Professor Trent makes clear to us; and Simms was a man of ability who, under more favorable conditions and under a stimulus to sterner self-discipline, might have left a book likely to last.

Of ability there was never any lack in the South. As Mr. Page says: “The causes of the absence of a southern literature are to be looked for elsewhere than in intellectual indigence. The intellectual conditions were such as might well have created a noble literature, but the physical conditions were adverse to its production and were too potent to be overcome.”

And he declares that the following were the principal causes which deprived the South of literature:

1. The people of the South were an agricultural people, widely diffused, and lacking the stimulus of immediate mental contact.
2. The absence of cities, which in the history of literary life have proved literary foci essential for its production, and the want of publishing houses at the South.
3. The exactions of the institution of slavery, and the absorption of the intellectual forces of the people of the South in the solution of the vital problems it engendered.
4. The general ambition of the southern people for political distinction, and the application of their literary powers to polemical controversy.
5. The absence of a reading public at the South for American authors, due in part to the conservatism of the southern people.

That all five of these causes were potent there is no doubt. But I wonder how it is that Mr. Page did not note that four of these five causes are as potent now as they were before the war. Slavery has disappeared, that is the only change; the other conditions are much the same. And yet that the New South has a literature today she does not need to declare, for whoever reads our language knows the books of the new writers who have sprung up since slavery was abolished. Mark Twain

has written about life on the Mississippi and Mr. Cable about the creoles of New Orleans; Mr. Harris has given us Georgia sketches in black and white, and Mr. Page himself has painted the young men and maidens of Old Virginia; Charles Egbert Craddock has taken us up into the mountains of Tennessee, and half a score of other authors have revealed to us nooks of the earth and types of humanity hitherto unsuspected. Yet the people of the South are still agricultural, still ambitious of political distinction, still without cities and without publishing houses and without a wide reading public—for these new Southern authors have brought out at the North, in northern magazines and by northern publishers.

This leads us to believe that of the five causes given by Mr. Page one was more important than all the rest. This one was slavery. There was, I think, another cause not given by Mr. Page, but to this I shall return later. That slavery was at bottom really responsible for the southern abstention from literature is evident to any impartial reader of Mr. Page's volume and of Professor Trent's. As Mr. Page himself puts it, "the standard of literary work [in the South before the war] was not a purely literary standard, but one based on public opinion, which in its turn was founded on the general consensus that the existing institution was not to be impugned, directly or indirectly, on any ground or by any means whatsoever. This was an atmosphere in which literature could not flourish. In consequence, where literature was indulged in, it was in a half-apologetic way, as if it were not altogether compatible with the social dignity of the author. Thought, which in its expression has any other standard than fidelity to truth, whatever secondary value it may have, cannot possess much value as literature" (p. 71). And Professor Trent again and again makes the same declaration, telling us that "a southerner had to think in certain grooves."

Professor Trent also makes clear to us the little-understood fact that the southerners "retained a large element of the feudal notion." So we see that "slavery helped feudalism and feudalism helped slavery." "If feudal England was merry England," says Professor Trent in a passage I cannot forbear to quote, "the feudal South

was the merry and sunny South; nay, more, it was 'a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers.' The South was never barbarous, for it possessed a picturesque civilization marked by charm of mind and manners both in men and women. But the South had forgotten that, in the words of Burke, 'the age of chivalry is gone.' It ignored the fact that while chivalry was a good thing in its day, modern civilization is a much higher thing. Even now many otherwise well-informed gentlemen do not understand the full meaning of that expression 'southern chivalry,' which they use so often. They know that it stands for many bright and high things, but they seem to forget its darker meaning. They forget that it means that the people of the South were leading a primitive life—a life behind the age. They forget that it means that southerners were conservative, slow to change, contented with the social distinctions already existing. They forget all this, but the expression has meanings which probably were never known to them. It means that southerners lived a life which, though simple and picturesque, was nevertheless calculated to repress many of the best faculties and powers of our nature. It was a life affording few opportunities to talents that did not lie in certain beaten grooves. It was a life gaining its intellectual nourishment, just as it did its material comforts, largely from abroad—a life that choked all thought and investigation that did not tend to conserve existing institutions and opinions—a life that rendered originality scarcely possible except under the guise of eccentricity."

In considering the southern attitude toward slavery, both Mr. Page and Professor Trent point out the fact that the southern feeling against slavery was growing at the time of the revolution. That it suddenly changed was due probably as much to the invention of the cotton gin as to anything else. If that Connecticut Yankee, Eli Whitney, had not whittled out his machine, slavery would perhaps have disappeared as peaceably from Virginia and North Carolina and Georgia as it had done from New York and New Jersey and Pennsylvania. But Eli Whitney did invent the gin which made cotton king, and the necessity for slave labor became at once apparent. And at

this juncture, when slavery was sharply changed from a disappearing evil to a sacred institution, feudalism was also resuscitated by the vogue of the Waverley novels.

There is in Mark Twain's book on the Mississippi a strong statement of the evil wrought in the South by Sir Walter Scott's stories. After remarking that the French revolution and its product, Napoleon, did much harm, but they did also this good, they broke up the feudal system, root and branch, he arraigns the author of *Ivanhoe* in this wise: "Then comes Sir Walter Scott with his enchantments, and by his single might checks this wave of progress and even turns it back; sets the world in love with dreams and phantoms; with decayed and swinish forms of religion; with decayed and degraded systems of government; with the sillinesses and emptinesses, sham grandeurs, sham gauds and sham chivalries of a brainless and worthless long-vanished society. He did measureless harm—more real and lasting harm, perhaps, than any other individual that ever wrote. Most of the world has now outlived good part of these harms, though by no means all of them; but in our South they flourish pretty forcefully still. Not so forcefully as half a generation ago, perhaps, but still forcefully. There, the genuine and wholesome civilization of the nineteenth century is curiously confused and commingled with the Walter Scott middle-age sham civilization, and so you have practical common sense, progressive ideas and progressive works mixed up with the duel, the inflated speech and the jejune romanticism of an absurd past that is dead and out of charity ought to be buried. . . . Enough is laid on slavery, without fathering upon it these creations and contributions of Sir Walter."

Slavery and feudalism, either of them, would make literature difficult; both of them together made it impossible. And lack of independence of thought combined with the fascination of the pseudo-chivalric to encourage the acceptance of foreign standards in literature; to keep the southern people, in fact, in an attitude of colonial dependence to Great Britain at the very time that the North was develop-

ing authors of its own. Cooper today keeps his place close at the heels of Scott, while Simms is fading into oblivion as fast as G. P. R. James, with whose work his may fairly be compared, although Simms was probably far richer in native gifts.

Now slavery is dead and feudalism has departed, and with them is disappearing the pseudo-chivalry which made the books of the southland ridiculous. Though oratory still survives in the South, and though he who "orates" is often tempted into perverid rhetoric, there are now not wanting writers who take their stand on the solid realities of life. The new authors of the New South are not now making second-hand imitations of foreign romance. They have come to the knowledge of the great discovery that literature consists not so much in the mere making up of stories as in the frank telling of the truth. With the abolition of slavery came the freedom to speak the truth, with an eye single to nature, without any squint around the corner to be sure that the truth might not perhaps interfere somewhere with the peculiar institution. With the departure of feudal ideals came the ability to see that life as it is—the everyday existence of the plain people—is the stuff of which literature is made. Nowadays anyone who chooses to read any American magazine can assure himself that the authors of the South have laid firm hold of the "principle of literary art," to quote Professor Trent, "which requires that a man should write spontaneously and simply about those things he is fullest of and best understands." Professor Trent has applied this principle and so has Mr. Page; and that is partly why these two books of theirs, the biography of William Gilmore Simms and studies of *The Old South*, are contributions to literature and therefore welcome to all who care for letters and for what letters can give. They are welcome also to all who are interested in considering the development of our national character on whichever side of Mason and Dixon's line they may live; they are doubly welcome to one, like the present writer, who, although a New Yorker by residence, is a Virginian by maternal descent and a Louisianian by birth.